34 Holiday Activities for Kids

The Curious Flight of American Airlines

ONE DOLLAR
DECEMBER 11, 1978

NEW YORK

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DEC 5 1978

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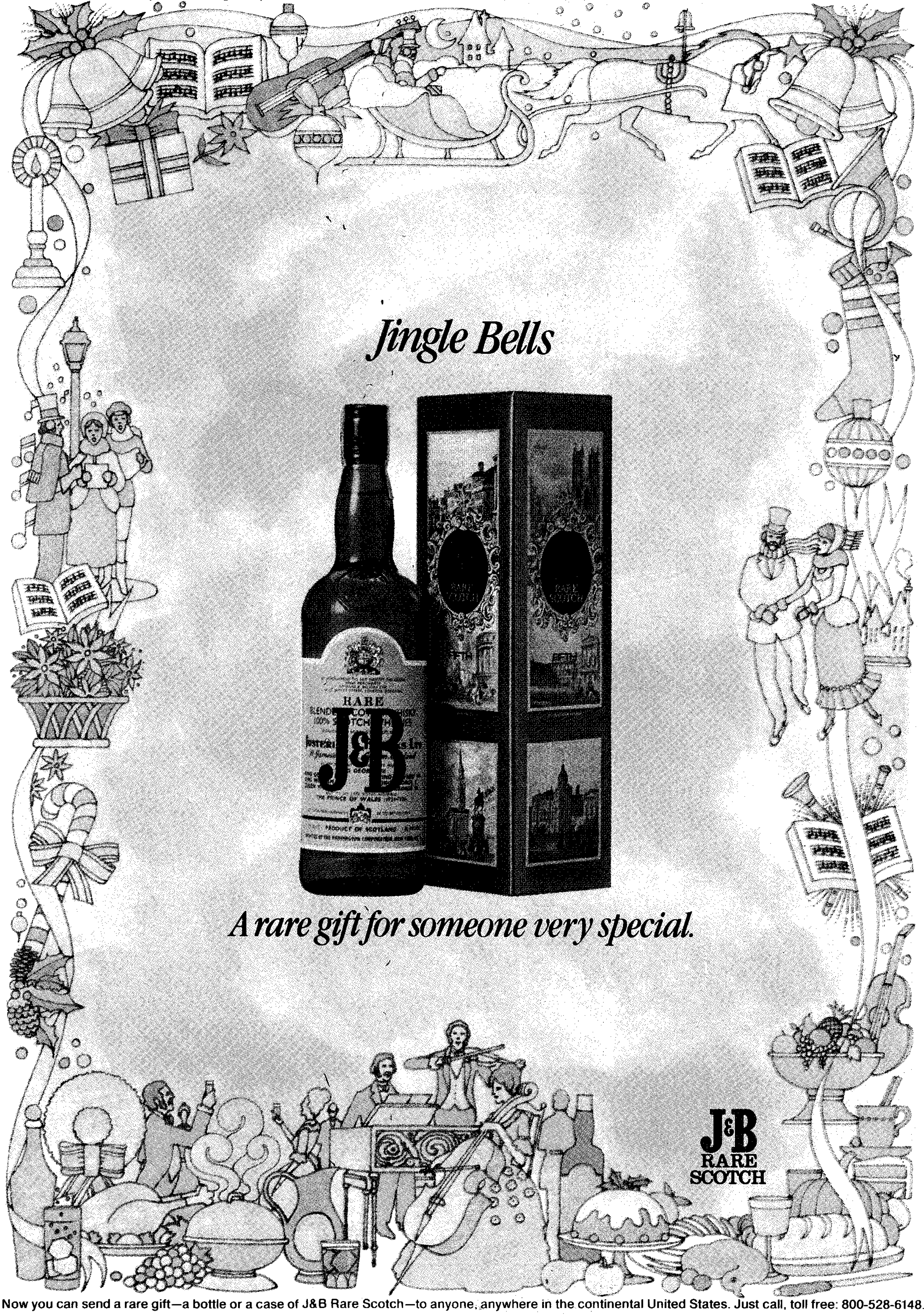
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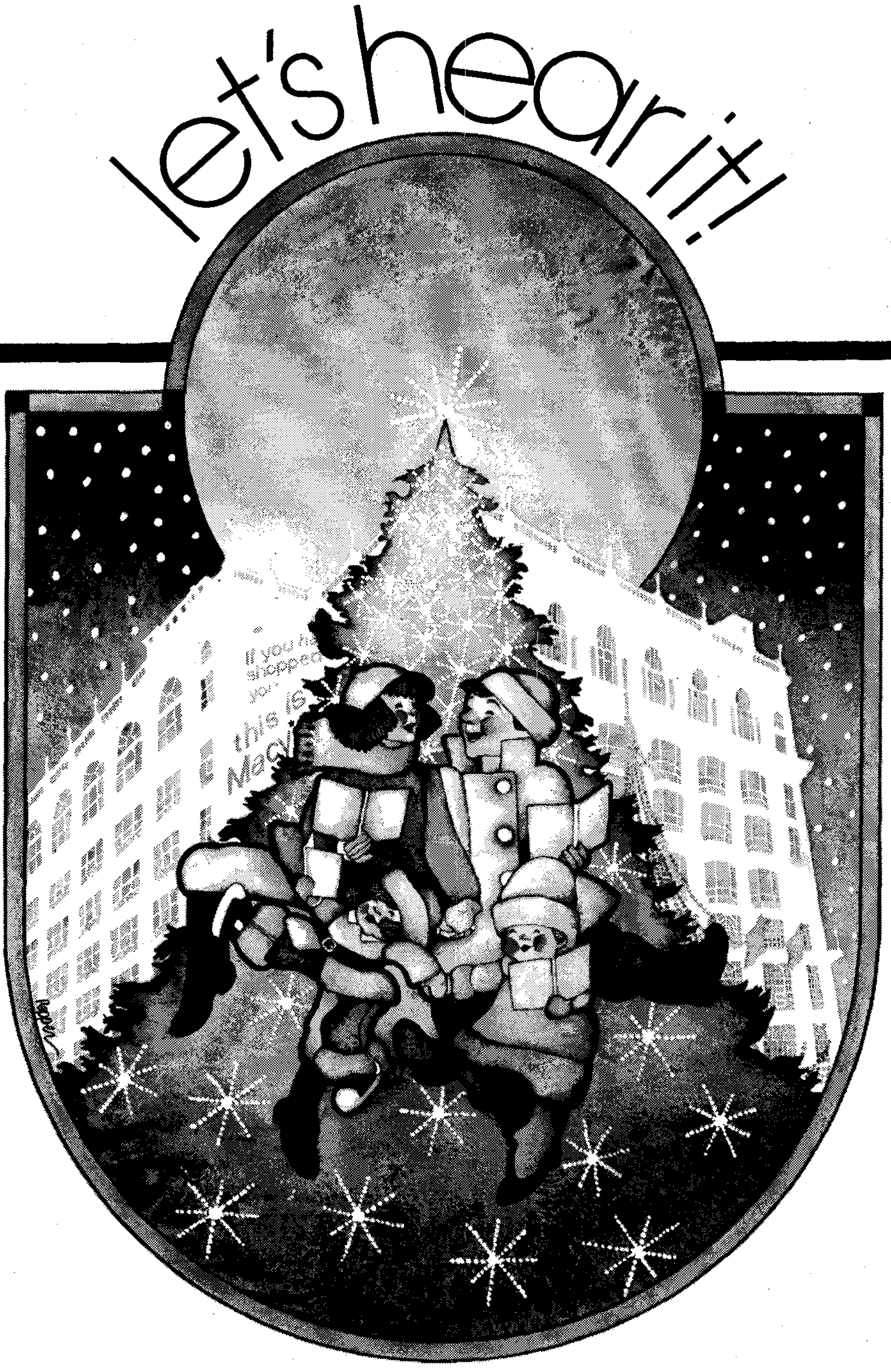

Next Sunday night, December 10 at 8:15 p.m. join Robert Merrill in Macy's 2nd Annual Christmas Sing-Along.

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Right here, our special thanks go, in advance, to the New York Department of Parks, New York Police Department, New York Transit Authority and many other city agencies for their cooperation in making this Macy Christmas so brilliant.

For additional information on Macy's Christmas Sing-Along, call Special Productions, OXford 5-4400, ext. 2615.

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macy's

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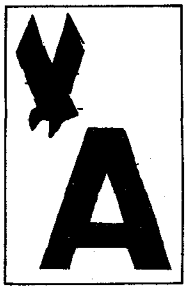
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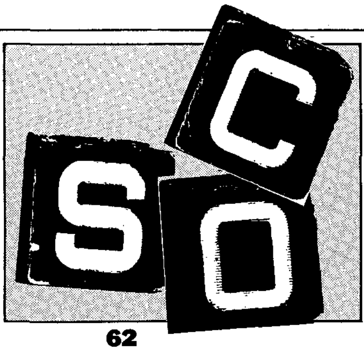
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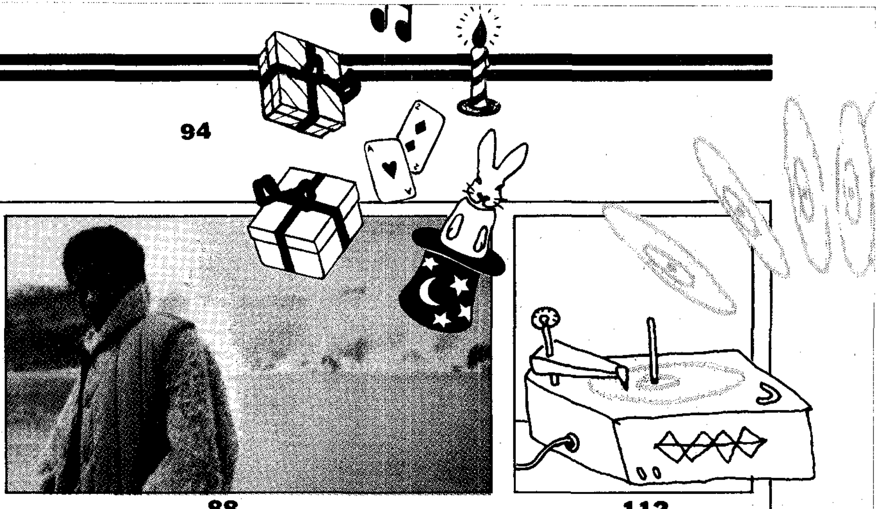
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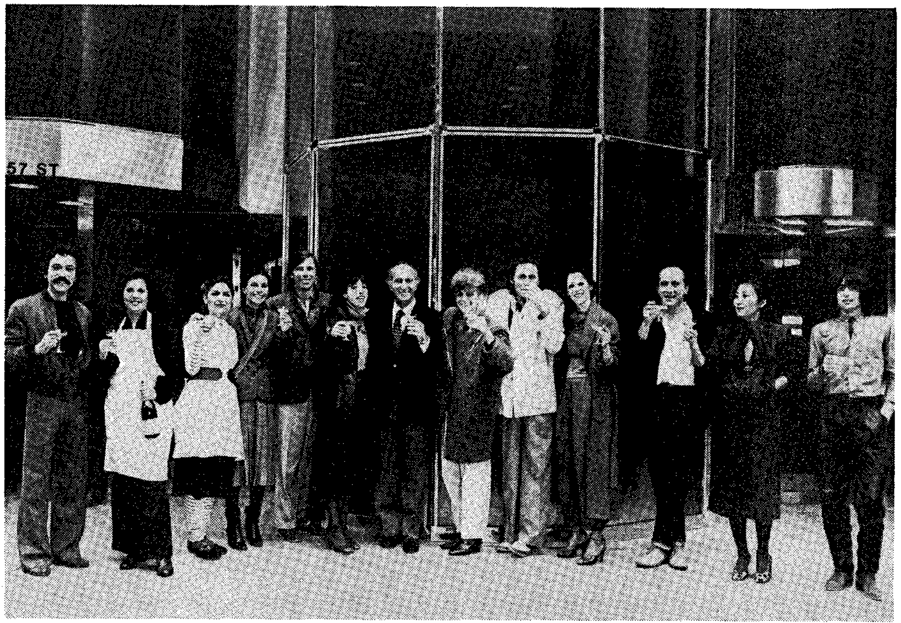

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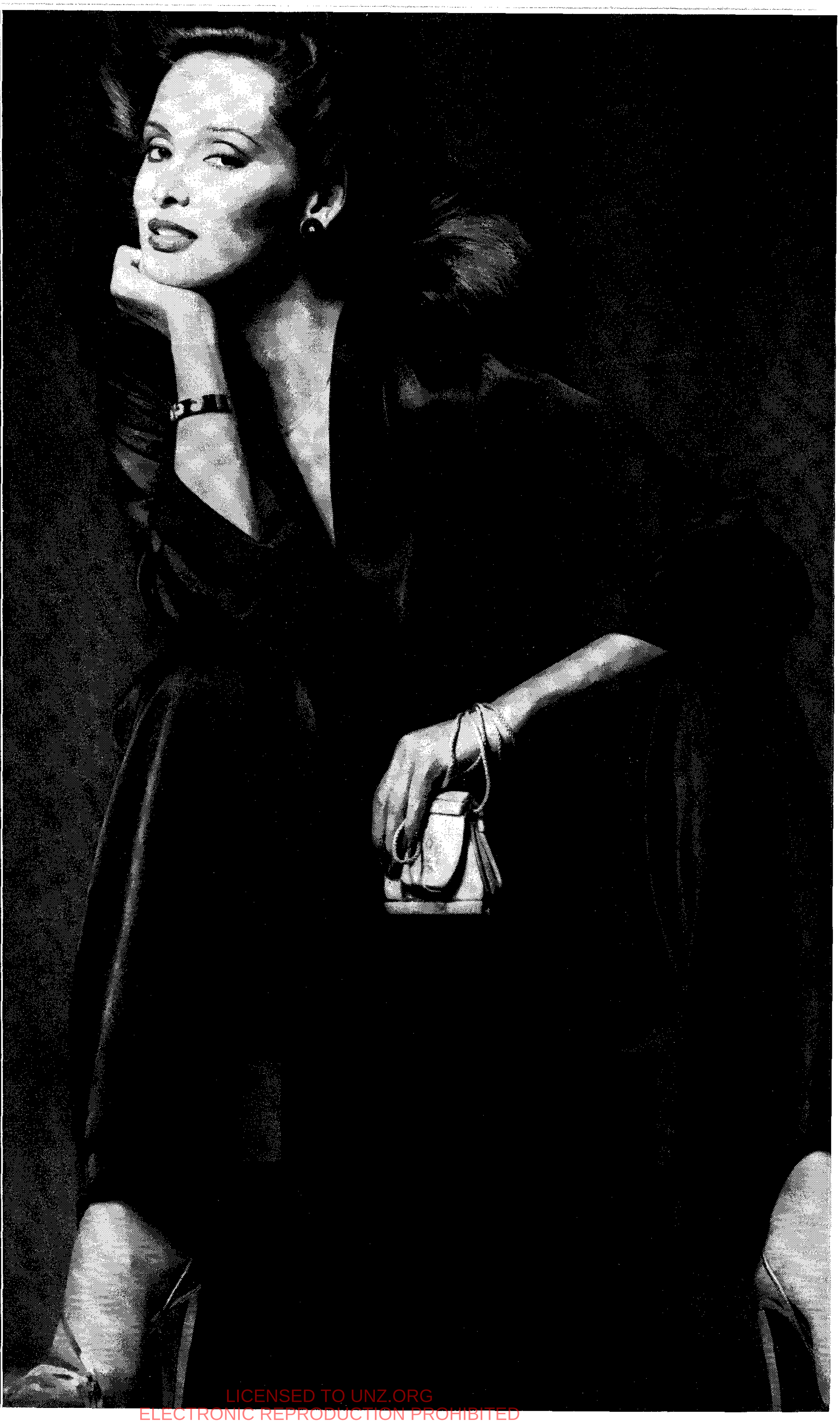


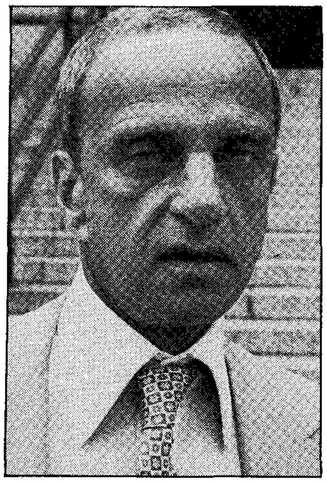
Fashions by Riding High. Jewelry by Bulgari.

INTELLIGENCER

Holzer Case a Threat to Cohn

For a man who had just been threatened with imprisonment, Roy Cohn was angry rather than afraid. "It's insulting and demeaning," said the celebrated attorney. "I have no intention of being in court as ordered. So if the judge goes through with his threat, I guess I'll see you in jail."

What Cohn was talking about was the latest wrinkle in the bizarre case of Broadway producer Adela Holzer. Holzer has been charged with securities fraud and false pretenses, in a series of actions resulting from the financing of her shows and from investments people made with her. Cohn was to be her attorney when the case finally comes to trial (Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz's office last week quietly began taking pre-trial depositions). But Cohn wants out.



Cohn: Ordered to the court.

"This is going to be a long case, three months, and is going to be expensive, $150,000 or $200,000," Cohn said. "To pay for it, my client needed to go abroad to raise money. She's made two trips out of the country since these proceedings began. Lefkowitz has objected to a third trip and refused permission for her to leave, so she hasn't got the money to retain me. So I made a motion to withdraw from the case. Then I get this letter from Acting Supreme Court Judge Richard Denzer, ordering me to report to his court prepared to try the case on January 29. If not, the letter said, I'd be punished for contempt of court and faced with imprisonment. I don't have the slightest intention of being there. As for the case against my client, I'm filled with anger. It's being handled in the usual Lefkowitz manner—by his press department instead of by the lawyers."

Speed, Sex at Heart of Cult

Phil Tracy, whose *New West* exposé sent Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple cultists fleeing to Guyana, has just completed a terrifying profile of Jones. In it Tracy asserts that the charismatic preacher was an amphetamine addict and a sadistic sexual bully. Jones began taking "speed" when he moved his flock to Northern California in 1964. Two registered nurses who belonged to the temple kept him supplied with amphetamines, and one of them always traveled with him to administer a fix, says Tracy.

Demonstrations of loyalty to Jones were demanded of the congregation—right down to letting Jones seduce them. Tracy says husbands and wives were forced to sleep with different partners. Jones had a special habit of arranging for a husband or wife to walk into the room while he was seducing the spouse. As Jones descended further into speed-induced insanity, says Tracy, he meted out more and more vicious punishments. Where discipline had been limited to a few swats with a leather whip, now followers were being beaten 50, 100, and 150 times with a four-foot wooden paddle.

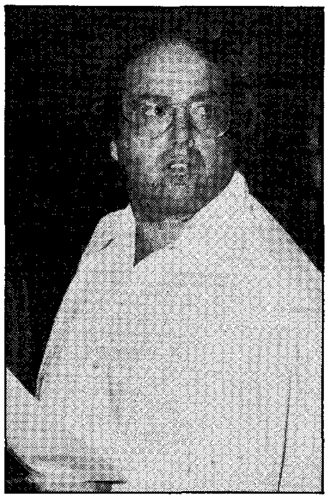
How to Get Out Of Jail Free

If you are a celebrity (particularly of the rock genre), those nasty little accidents, such as being busted for drugs in a foreign country, are liable to keep happening. Now there's a solution. Assist-Card Corporation, already a big deal in Europe, has just opened its doors on Fifth Avenue. "We are here to get people out of difficult situations," explains the company's representative, Sylvia Purvins. "Say you get arrested in Mexico. One of our people will bail you out and whisk you out of the country by private jet. Or say you become ill in a hotel. No need for any publicity. One of our private ambulances will take you away."

According to Purvins, Assist-Card has a staff of 2,500 spread around the world. "They're all professionals, adept at cutting red tape and providing immediate action." The company already has a lot of European nobility and entertainers as clients, including, it's said, the Rolling Stones. It costs $480 a year to be a member. "In the U.S.," says Purvins, "we expect to get most of our business from rock groups and students. They are the kind of people who are always getting into trouble."

Producer Bares All on Beach

There was Allan Carr, relaxing on the beach in Barbados and drawing stares for his red-, white-, and blue-striped caftan. Suddenly, from nowhere, came a huge wave that gathered up the portly producer and his deck chair and sent them tumbling down the beach. Carr was left like a beached great white whale, quite naked. The delighted tourists snapped pictures of his predicament until Carr untangled himself, blushing, and fled to his yacht. Incidentally, Carr, who has tried every diet ever invented, is now hoping to slip down to Brazil, where he will try a "sleep" diet wherein the subject is placed in a coma.



Carr: Prey to elements.

TV Wooing Our Literary Lions

Hot news for the literati. Now you can write for television by day and still hang out at Elaine's at night. Columbia Pictures Television, concerned that it's not tapping the New York talent, is going to stage a workshop here to acquaint professional writers with the fundamentals of writing for TV.

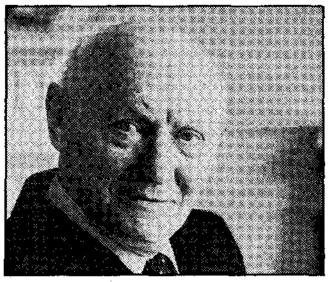
"As the literary center of the U.S.," says William Hart of Columbia, "New York City has large numbers of skilled professional writers—novelists, dramatists, journalists—who could make enormous contributions to the medium once they understood the basic elements of the form, its restrictions and possibilities." After the eight-hour workshop—probably in mid-January—students will be invited to submit story ideas and scripts. Which means that all those writers who defected to California are going to have to share the spoils with those who stayed put in the Big Apple.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Photos: left, Fred McDarrah; right, Pictorial Parade

Hollywood Calls Nobel Laureate

For Isaac Bashevis Singer, being 74 means being busier than ever. The Nobel laureate just sat down in his comfortable Broadway apartment and signed a contract to write his first screenplay. It's to be based on his 1962 novel, *The Slave*, and will be produced by Henry Jakobs, a young Canadian. Before they signed, Jakobs asked Singer if he intended to do "a treatment" first. "What's a treatment?" asked the writer. Jakobs explained it was a boiled-down version of the story, with no dialogue. In that case, said Singer, "I'd rather not know what a treatment is." Before he starts the script, Singer and his wife will be traveling in Europe after picking up his Nobel Prize in Stockholm on December 10.


Singer: Treatment? Don't ask.

Duryea's Defeat Blessing for NYC

Perry Duryea's gubernatorial defeat was bad news for the Republicans, but it could mean a $40-million windfall for New York City. Dick Rosenbaum, the state's national GOP committeeman, just persuaded the party to add New York to the list of possible sites for the 1980 national convention. "It's very late in the process, but I think we have a fighting chance of securing the convention," says Rosenbaum. "One of the handicaps has been removed. The GOP prefers not to have its convention in a state where there is a favorite-son candidate. If Perry had won, he might have been favorite son and forced the convention elsewhere."

Carey Oil Firm in Troubled Waters

Ed Carey: Governor's brother's company under siege.

It's good that Hugh Carey has the gubernatorial race behind him. Another Carey—the guv's older and richer brother, Ed—is about to make headlines of his own, and they may not be of the kind calculated to get anyone elected. Ed Carey, of course, owns the huge New England Petroleum Corporation, the major supplier of heating oil in the Northeast.

NEPCO is big, all right, but not necessarily strong. Standard Oil of California has just foreclosed on NEPCO's Bahamian refinery, and industry sources suggest the company has been losing up to $12 million a month. The next setback to Carey and his company may come in January, in the Bahamas. The government of Libya is suing NEPCO there for $160 million, which, it claims, NEPCO owes it for a 1975 uplift of crude. NEPCO has a countersuit (for $500 million) against the Libyans here in Manhattan, alleging breach of contract. But it has lost the first procedural round and its appeal against that decision won't be heard until next year. Meanwhile, federal energy officials are deciding whether to move against NEPCO for alleged price gouging during the Arab oil embargo.

All these matters are coming to a head just at the time when up to half of NEPCO's top management has quit. The future of NEPCO is of vital interest to everyone in the Northeast—and that certainly includes our governor, who has relied on his brother's money to get elected in the past and who may have to rely on it again someday.

CIA Papers Among the Missing

It was embarrassing enough when the CIA was forced to concede to former security officer William Kampiles's lawyers that twelve other copies of the top-secret satellite manual Kampiles is accused of selling to the Russians are unaccounted for, including one signed out to former CIA Director George Bush in 1976. But a preliminary check by the agency's Office of Security, sources report, has revealed a significant number of equally secret documents which have been signed out and never returned. Among the missing are: a highly classified CIA estimate of politburo intriguing among Brezhnev's potential successors, an evaluation of Soviet submarine tactics designed to evade U.S. detection systems, personnel and pay records which include the actual names of case officers, and a report prepared for President Carter on the extent of CIA involvement with Soviet dissidents.

Crawford Story Becomes Upbeat

You think it's easy, making a movie out of a big best-seller? We've just come across a confidential memo from Paramount chief Barry Diller to Frank Yablans, who will produce the movie of *Mommie Dearest*, Christina Crawford's devastating account of life with Joan Crawford. Diller, after reading the second-draft screenplay, tells Yablans that the story, "when crafted properly, can have classic tragic dimensions." But he worries that the screenplay makes Joan "a drunken, bitter, sadistic harridan" and that this "does not make for any dramatic interest."

Diller also warns that "this film could become another child-abuse story which, for all its tragedy, would have limited interest." Hitting a more upbeat tone, Diller says that "what should come across is the story of a woman who triumphed over a dreadful childhood; emerged embittered and emotionally scarred from poverty and a broken home; survived and conquered an industry where she was subjected to everything from prostitution in her early days to the fawning vultures who preyed upon her fame and money at the end of her life; and, through it all, her ambition and willpower gave her the success she so desperately sought but also destroyed not only herself but the people she loved." Sounds to us as if they should have bought rights to the Bob Thomas book on Crawford instead.

Crawford: Unhappy childhood.

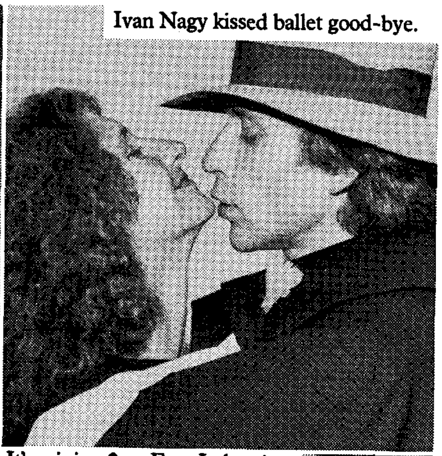
Photos: top, UPI; left, Nancy Crampton; right, UPI

The today people meet here every week.

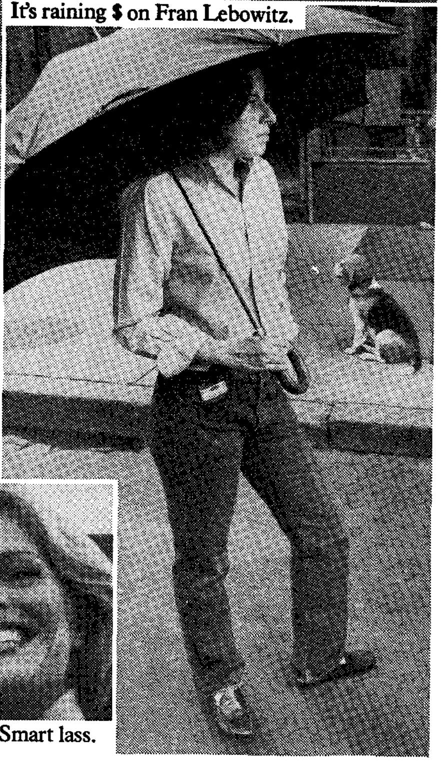
Jazzman Paul Winters howls with a friend.

St. Laurent has the scent of success.

Ivan Nagy kissed ballet good-bye.



It's raining $ on Fran Lebowitz.



Margaux's making like a Hemingway heroine.

Cheryl Ladd? Smart lass.

Richard Hatch: up in the stars.

Geraldine Chaplin & Carlos Saura...one happy pair.

Sha Na Na's Bowzer & bow-wow.

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It's efficient. Weekly. *Today.*

*Simmons 1978-79.

People weekly

About as close to people as you can get.

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The Last Week of November

NEW YORK

Gazette

In which certain events are described. Some are merry, some are quite serious, some it is not possible to decide about.

The gay-rights bill lost another round in the City Council last week, and we learned the grim facts about the cost of living. Our libraries succumbed to a further cutback in services, and our TV season was jarred by NBC's cutthroat cancellations. But all over town skyscraper towers were alight—the Empire State Building in orange, the Con Ed tower in green—in a glowing, festive competition.

Wolfe Pack Meets to Fete Nero

By Nancy Winters and Gahan Wilson

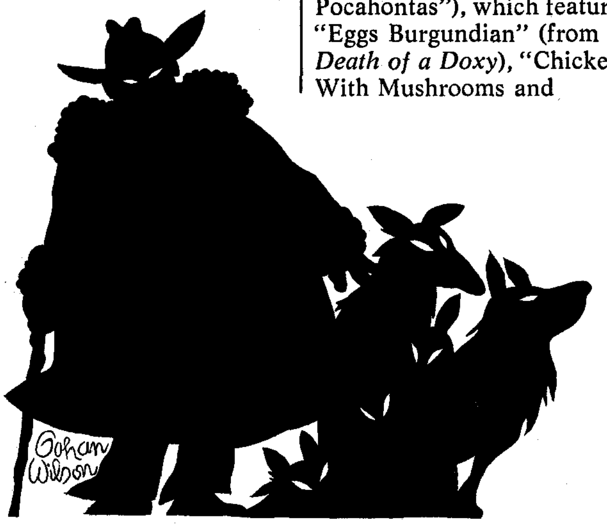
A dinner devoted to a detective weighing a seventh of a ton seemed an irreproachable excuse to abandon our post-Thanksgiving (or was it pre-Christmas?) diet to head, salivating, for the Gramercy Park Hotel Saturday night, for the newly whelped Wolfe Pack, gathered in gastronomic homage to that orchid-fancying, extremely private eye, Nero Wolfe.

Had he donned his greatcoat and blackthorn walking stick to attend (unlikely, since he deigned to dine out only at Rusterman's Restaurant), the possible illegitimate son of Sherlock Holmes and Irene Adler would have appreciated the décor. Lovingly created, in yellow (the color of his silk dressing gowns) where possible, by dinner chairman Marjorie Mortensen, it enlisted such diverse items as orchids cut from Golden Books (for the 122 name tags) and felt irises transformed into black orchids (after the title of one of Rex Stout's more than 60 Wolfe adventures).

Similar attention was given the menu (befitting a banquet honoring a fancier of "Shad Roe Mousse Pocahontas"), which featured "Eggs Burgundian" (from *Death of a Doxy*), "Chicken With Mushrooms and Tarragon" (*Too Many Cooks*), and "Salad With Devil's Rain Dressing" (*Poison à la Carte*).

The gathered faithful were suitably snipish, one-upping one another on esoteric points. Great Detective authority Otto Penzler, his fiancée by his side, read a quote on the inconstancy of women (in Wolfean disfavor, along with geraniums and cinnamon rolls). Reversible "Pfui/Satisfactory" buttons and a display of such murder weapons as Jordan almonds and a hot-water bottle were on hand. Wolfe's chauvinism aside, women predominated, including Wolfe Pack organizer Carol Brener, of Murder Ink; new president Ellen Krieger, of Harper & Row; and someone who wanted to be a "victim" but couldn't find a "murderer."

The official program included non-competitive quizzes and a talk by Stout biographer John McAleer, but we concentrated on the food (as we do in the books) and left feeling unregretfully plumper by several "Cherry Tarts" (*Fer-de-Lance*), wishing only that we could find out what ever happened to Rusterman's.



Last Burial Ground in Manhattan

By Delia Ephron

Along with 80,000 other New Yorkers, I received a letter recently from the Cemetery and Mausoleums Office of Trinity Church inviting me to purchase burial space in its new mausoleum. You do not have to be Episcopalian, according to the letter, since this is the only active public burial ground remaining on Manhattan Island. Other advantages: a 20 percent discount if you buy before the building is completed and "the convenience and comfort of being able to visit the resting place of a loved one without a long and expensive trip."

I took the No. 4 bus to the mausoleum, which sits on a hill in historic Trinity Cemetery at 155th Street and Riverside Drive. I was met by the Reverend William Gray, Trinity's director of communications, and Frederick Roberts, director of marketing and community relations. They gave me a tour of the nearly completed structure, during which Roberts, who takes his job seriously, looked uncomfortable when Reverend Gray, who likes to kid around, said such things as "I saw a $43,000 casket the other day." What did it look like? "Not much different from the $27,000 one."

Mausoleums, for those unfamiliar with them, are buildings that house dead bodies, in this case 5,000, equally divided between crypts and niches. The crypts, which hold caskets, are stacked vertically six high. The opening of each crypt is covered with an engraved granite slab. Niches, for ashes, are stacked eighteen high. "They look like pigeonholes," said Reverend Gray.

The most expensive burial space is "prayer level, heart level, and eye level," according to Frederick Roberts. Counting up from the bottom crypt, choice space is two through four; the fifth and sixth are the cheapest. A crypt with a view, one located on the terrace, also costs more. Keeping these variables in mind and taking account of the discount, single crypts range in price from $2,680 to $4,020. Niches run from $280 to $750. Because of inflation, Trinity recommends that you have your crypt or niche engraved at the time of purchase, leaving unrecorded only your date of death.

Trinity Cemetery was founded in 1842, and those who buy space in the mausoleum will rest in peace a stone's throw from John Jacob Astor, and Clement Clark Moore, who died in 1863, when graves cost no more than $100 and no one had niches.

Chanteuse Completes 25-Year Journey From Cairo to Carnegie

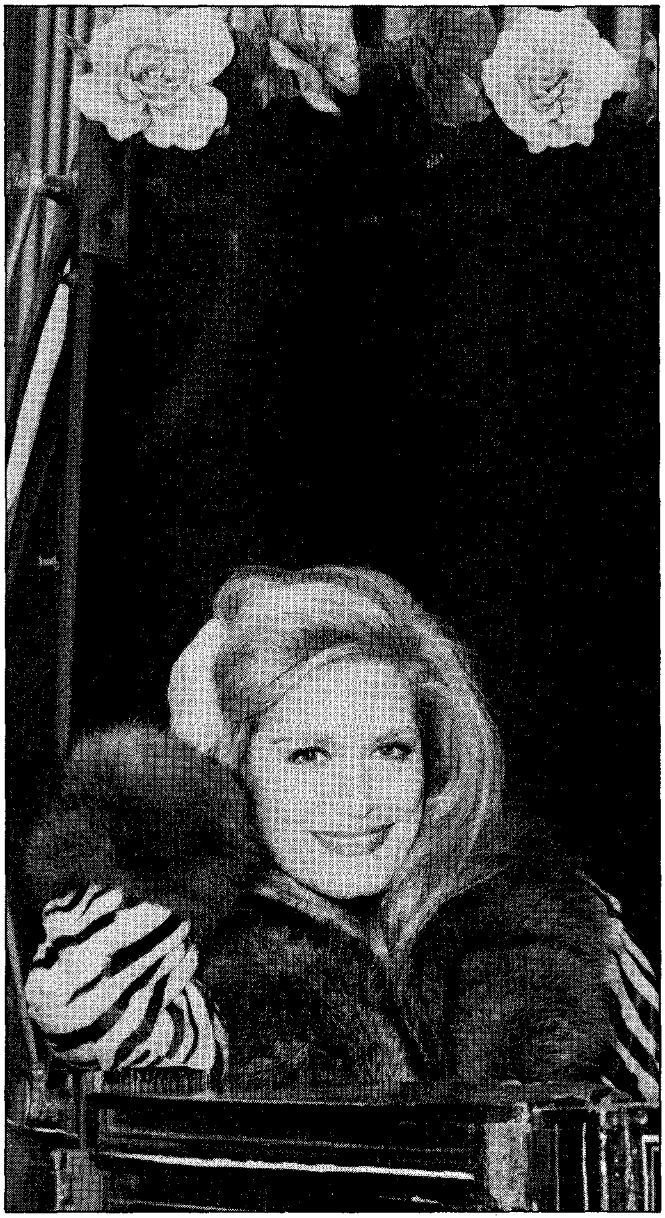
By Anthony Haden-Guest

Dalida had done her stuff. She had sung in French and she had sung in English. She had sung alone and she had sung with a blond lad young enough to be her son, whose bouncing stage act suggested he urgently needed to leave the room. "She isn't a singer," a young male in a YSL coat told me, fervently, in the lucent chill outside Carnegie Hall. "She is a cult."

Indeed, yes. Dalida is a cult. Not in the United States, although last Wednesday's premiere may or may not alter that, but just about everywhere else. An Italian born in Egypt (as Yolande Gigliotti), Dalida's first hit was in France in 1956, and she hasn't been off the charts since, ringing up zingers in French, Spanish, German, and, yes, Japanese. Her audience is young, and some of the zealots are gay. Last month's *Hit,* a Parisian juve-rock mag, features her on the cover alongside John Travolta. Dalida is saying: "I am disco." And I found it, at first, a bit baffling.

Yes, Dalida is a spiffy performer, feline, with swags of pink-champagne hair and a voice both strong and huskily sweet. A Berlitz-school Streisand, perhaps. But why the longevity? Her biography hints at the answer. Herein, rather charmingly, a reference to her age has been inked out (this writer deciphered it, but will only say that when Dalida was Miss Egypt, Farouk was still king).

More important, the subtitle of her biography is *Glory and Tears,* and among the photographs is a gloomy bedroom scene captioned: "Dalida—After Her Suicide Attempt." Judy Garland rather than Liza Minnelli, Dalida suffers! But, always smiling radiantly, Dalida survives.


Hello, Dalida: *France's disco dolly does a tourist number.*

It began thus: "My career," she told me, "began at the tomb of Rameses II." Dalida, with a tiny part in a documentary, sang to test the sound equipment. The director loved it. Next, Paris. Where Dalida was discovered by Bruno Coquatrix, producer at the Olympia, which is the City of Light's answer to Madison Square Garden. Soon she had her first hit.

Dalida had dark hair then, and the makeup of the time. Eyebrows like black ribbon and lashes like bumblebee legs. Sultry. She began living with Lucien Morisse, a radio director. Married him, but soon deserted him for a fling in Manhattan with a handsome Pole. The scandalized public forgave. Year after year of No. 1's. There was a sticky patch with the coming of rock 'n' roll or, as the French called it, *yé-yé,* and old-line Dalida fans disparaged the New Young, calling them "Hector le Rocker" and "Zou-Zou la Twisteuse," but Dalida struck back with timely numbers like "Buy Me a Jukebox," and all was well.

Except privately, of course. Her lover, Luigi Tenco, an Italian singer, blew his brains out at the 1967 San Remo music festival, having failed to qualify. Dalida found the body. It was not the first suicide in her life. Her father, a violinist in the Cairo Philharmonic, had apparently acted likewise. One month after Tenco she took an overdose of barbiturates in a Paris hotel. The overdose was—just—an underdose. Dalida took up Jung, Zen, Teilhard de Chardin, and an alchemist lover. It didn't work. A headline read: DALIDA—STILL ALONE. As if to rub it in, Lucien Morisse now took his life.

Things perked up when Dalida met the Comte de Saint-Germain. "I have met the ideal man!" Dalida announced. Actually, the count, a petulantly good-looking man, wasn't exactly a real count. After a bit, it was reported that he told her, cruelly, that he preferred the company of his men friends, but things improved. In 1974, rumors of divorce were denied, and that same year she beat out Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night" with "Gigi L'Amoroso," a worldwide hit.

Non–Anglo Saxon world, that is. "French singers do not have much success in America," Dalida told me. "I am doing an evening only. If *ça marche, ça va.* You understand? I am not going to change my life for that."

This (I remarked) might be a good year for a former Miss Egypt in New York.

"After my first hit," she told me, "a French journalist said that Nasser's first aggression against France was not the Suez Canal but when he sent Dalida." She laughed, ripely.

"And I've been aggressing for 22 years."

Photograph by Susan Chang

Confessions of a Bag Woman

By Marya Mannes

She was slumped on the pavement against a telephone pole on Lexington Avenue, surrounded by the lumps of her tribe, bags full of pickings and hoardings from the litter of the city.

Busy people walked by her without a glance, careful to keep a safe distance from contamination.

Indeed she did look sick, her eyes like the flesh of oysters. So sick, in fact, that I knelt down beside her and said, "Can I help you?" I thought that maybe a nearby policeman might call an ambulance.

Very slowly she rolled her eyes upward toward mine and said, "F--k you!"

Thus rejected by a reject, I walked briskly on, wondering only what her bags contained.

Hearing of my encounter, a friend of many years said, "Well, *you* were one, too, you know!" She giggled as I opened my eyes wide, and then she said, "Oh, yes you were—don't you remember that day when . . . ?" and told me this story.

We were walking together, both in our twenties and headed for the park, when we passed a very full garbage pail. "You reached in and pulled out a cherub and took it home!"

"A *what?*" I said, remembering nothing. She explained it was a papier-mâché cherub in the best Italian manner. "You know," she said, "like one of those plump little putti the Italians put in the proscenium arches of their theaters and opera houses?"

I knew what she meant but still remembered nothing. So she went on to tell me that I took it home with me, freed it tenderly from whatever small garbage memories clung to it, washed it, and then took it up to the roof of my apartment house to dry in the sun.

Once aired and sanitized, she said, it became a steady part of the living-room décor.

No matter that it was "art" that I had pulled out of the garbage pail, and that this episode never repeated itself. I was humbled. There, but for the grace of life, I was a bag woman. Once.

Certainly not enough to be one of this lost, hopeless, scavenging, and secretive tribe.

Where do they sleep, the bag women? In doorways of night-deserted business buildings, people say. In the shadow of slums. Anywhere dark and empty—away from lights. There is always a corner, always a lamppost—in nights prodded by vigilant police or disgusted guards or doormen.

But after a while, a protective black torpor; the enveloping blindness of decay between intervals of greed. And bottomless hate.

The Top of the Tube

Now that the networks have canceled many of the new season's more obvious turkeys, we thought we'd take a look at how the rest of the livestock is doing, according to the New York–area Nielsens.

1. **Three's Company** *(ABC, 30 percent rating, 43 percent share)*
2. **M*A*S*H** *(CBS, 29 percent rating, 40 percent share)*
3. **Laverne & Shirley** *(ABC, 28 percent rating, 44 percent share)*
4. **Pearl** (Part 3 of mini-series), *(ABC, 28 percent rating, 41 percent share)*
5. **Taxi** *(ABC, 26 percent rating, 39 percent share)*

Smothered at the bottom of the local pile were (worst first):

The Waltons (CBS), *Frankie & Annette* (NBC), *Lifeline* (NBC), *The Hardy Boys Mysteries* (ABC), and *Paper Chase* (CBS).

More Truth in Menus

Bill of fare: *Adman Della Femina and Councilwoman Greitzer meet on neutral territory for a truth-in-menu meal.*

By Carol Greitzer

Dear Jerry Della Femina:

I accept. I would love to have lunch with you. Forget about eating crow, American or otherwise. Any of the delectable dishes you described in the "Gazette" [November 27] would be fine. You'll be relieved to know that "truth in menu" does not cover subjective adjectives like "delectable"—or "delightful," "delicious," "delovely." Menus can sell the sizzle as before—in whatever language.

And there's no need to render an accounting of the bouillabaisse, except that it would be a no-no to describe the dish as having lobster if, in fact, it wasn't made with lobster. Speaking of which, lobster tails should come from lobster and not crayfish or some other crustacean.

Are you beginning to get the idea? An Idaho potato should not come from Long Island, just as a Long Island duckling should not come from Idaho. But don't worry about having to go abroad for Black Forest specialties. It might be more fun, but it won't be necessary. Dishes may continue to be prepared "in the style of," as in Cantonese, Milanese, à la Holstein, alla Francese. On the other hand, it would be a violation to feature as imported a cheese that was produced in Wisconsin. And can you imagine paying a *couvert* for bread and butter, only to find you're being served margarine?

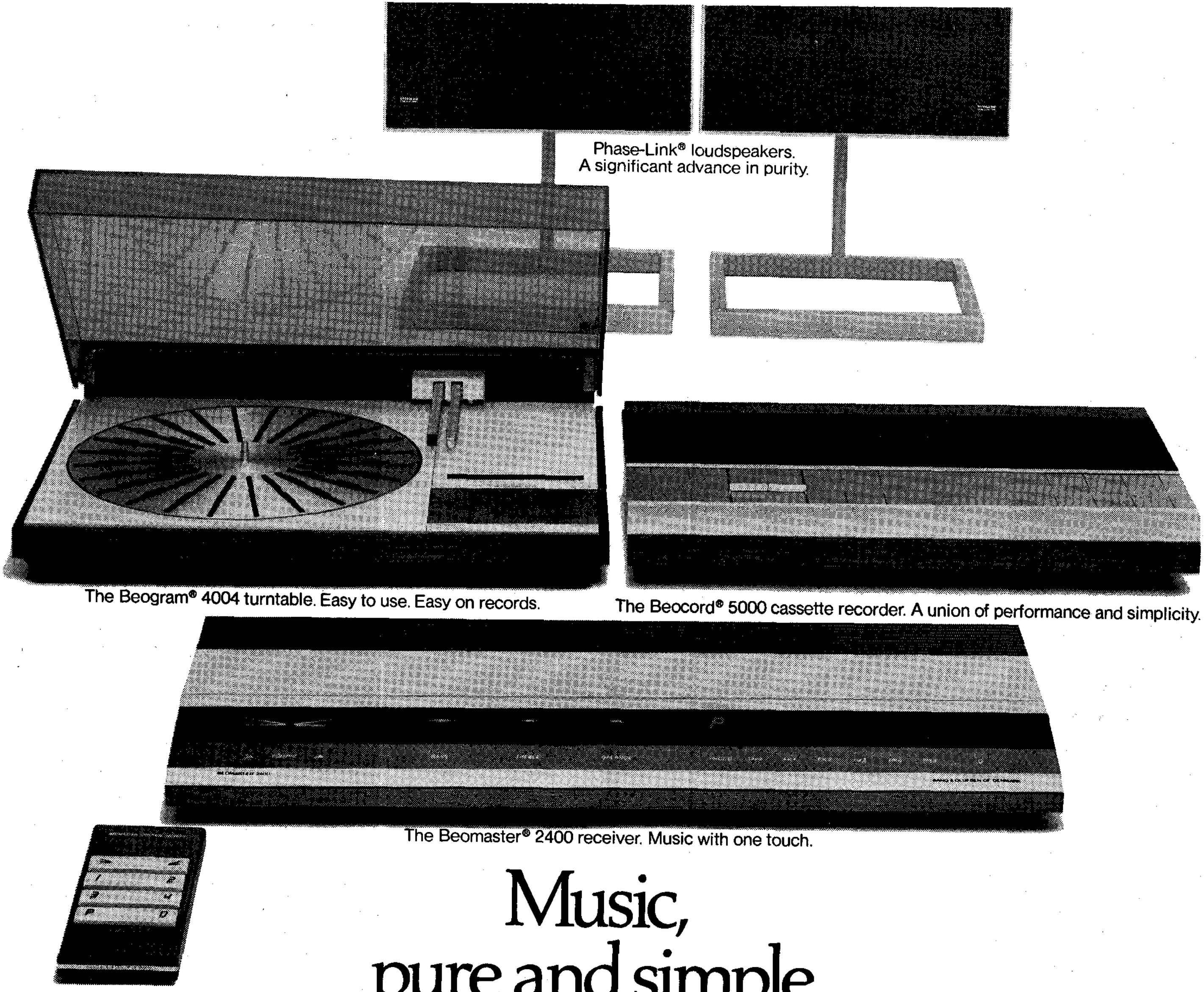
If you're going to spring for over $20 for a meal, Jerry, you shouldn't have to put up with secret substitutions. Do you want to pay premium prices for bay scallops that were actually stamped out, cookie-cutter fashion, from stingray?

Finally, there's the ubiquitous word "fresh." Menu writers throw it around the way advertising writers (present company excepted) salivate over "exciting!" To many a restaurateur, fresh orange juice means that the container of frozen or reconstituted juice was opened within the last few hours rather than the day before. (Most of them don't bake their baked ham, either.)

Hey, nobody wants to take the fun and serendipity out of dining out. There are so many outstanding restaurants in New York—they have enough to boast about without misleading or misrepresenting. And the bad restaurants—well, maybe if forced to tell the truth, they might decide to upgrade their cuisine.

So, lunch at any of the places you mentioned would be great. Buon appetito. ■

Photograph by Richard Pan



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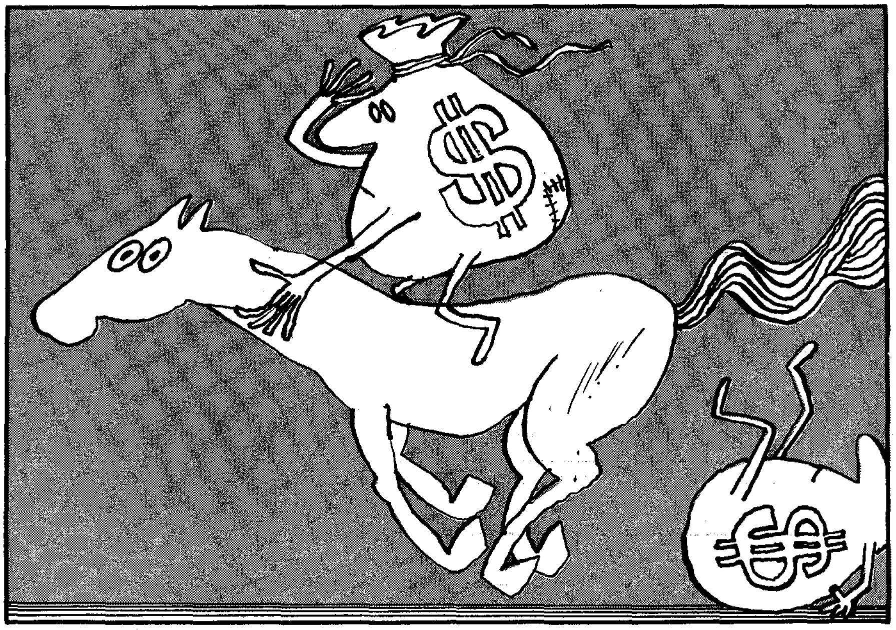
WHY NEW YORK RACING FINISHES OUT OF THE MONEY



Keeping Track of the Rich

It handles over $700 million a year. Since 1955, it has put $1.5 billion into the New York State treasury. It controls the biggest spectator sport in the state and the unparalleled showcase for that sport in the world.

It is the New York Racing Association, a private group sanctioned by the state to own and operate thoroughbred racing. But despite all its importance to New York's taxpayers, to most people NYRA has remained just another piece of horse jargon.

That won't be true much longer. Last week, New York City Off-Track Betting president Bernard Rome called for the abolition of NYRA. In a controversial statement, Rome, whose office has long been at odds with NYRA, termed the organization "a sham and a failure" and suggested a publicly accountable state-run authority take its place.

Such fighting words have not often pricked the ears of the society gentry who run NYRA. Although the 23-member board has recently been expanded to include more bourgeois types, the trustee roll still reads like the blue book: Phipps, Bancroft, Gerry, Henry, Kernan, Pease, Schiff, Thieriot, Vanderbilt, Walker, Whitney. They own some of the best horses, complete with the cherished bloodlines that go back as far as their own. And sometimes they act as though they own racing too. Quite off the record, they'll blame falling track attendance on the same thing they hold responsible for the rest of our ills—government. Not only did New York leech NYRA into bankruptcy, they say, but it then approved legalized off-track betting, keeping all those blue-collar $2 horseplayers home.

Actually, if anyone has been taken for a ride, it's the state of New York. In the 23 years of NYRA's existence, the state's share of the betting take has plummeted from 11.5 to 5.6 percent. What was $80.6 million in 1970 racing revenue fell to $53 million in 1977.

Fiscally unsound from the start, with practically a legislated license to borrow, NYRA became a rich man's toy wobbling out of control. Whatever Rome's chances of dumping NYRA, at least he has turned the spotlight on one of the more bizarre creations in the history of sports and commerce.

When New York amended its laws in 1940 to legalize pari-mutuel betting, it expected "a reasonable revenue for the support of government." At the time, the state's racing tracks were privately owned and clipped along at a total profit rate of some $2 million a year. For its part, the state demanded a cut or "takeout," from all wagers, varying from 10 percent to 15 percent.

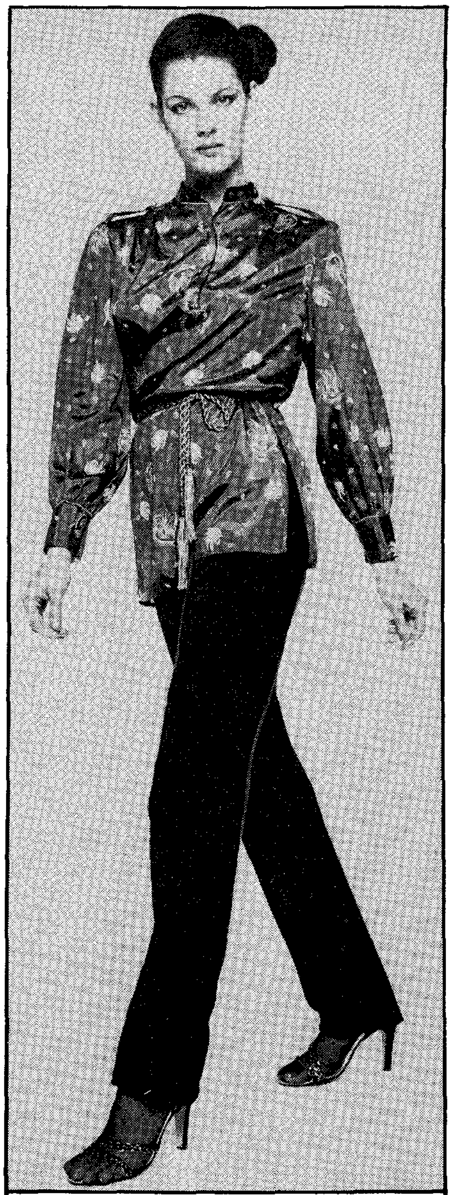
Suddenly, in the early fifties profits began to plummet. The track owners had bled their operations into extinction. They failed to funnel money back into improving their aging facilities, and the purses, or prizes for winning horses, had become less competitive with other states. So the tracks and horse owners turned to the state for help, and the Jockey Club—an elite group of horse owners—was their spokesman. Established in 1894, the Jockey Club provided a forum for America's blue bloods to standardize racing rules, appoint stewards, and keep track of their horses' breeding papers. Since their winning horses stood to lose a showcase if the tracks folded, and since in some cases they owned part of the tracks, the Jockey Club formulated a solution.

The plan offered by club chairman John W. Hanes and members Christopher T. Chenery and Harry F. Guggenheim, called for the Legislature to grant a charter for a nonprofit corporation (NYRA) which would run the four thoroughbred tracks. Eighteen board members would put up a total of $1,000 but supposedly earn nothing at all from their investment in NYRA. The state would pick up a set yearly franchise fee from NYRA and an 11 percent takeout from the betting. An additional 4 percent would go to NYRA. For seed money, NYRA would borrow $47 million from a consortium of thirteen banks in order to buy the tracks, repair them, and repay the loan in ten years.

The whole thing should have sounded a little fishy. Why should the state permit a private sporting group to operate under New York's imprimatur? Why couldn't a Guggenheim, a Hanes, and a few other clubbies get together on their own and invest in the tracks? Nevertheless, the plan passed through the Legislature and Governor Harriman signed the bill. Soon after, the loan was approved. It's doubtful such a huge amount of money would have gone to any other corporation capitalized with just $1,000, but NYRA board members were all Jockey Club, and, coincidentally or not, two sat or had sat on the boards of one of the lending institutions.

Things got off to a shaky start when some of the track owners held out for more money. One track, Jamaica, was sold but didn't bring the anticipated profit. Hardly a year later, NYRA was borrowing more money. It takes no economic genius to see that without

Illustration by Jo Teodorescu



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any sizable initial investment, NYRA had nowhere else to turn when it wanted to finance track improvements. Also, with the state taking its betting-pool share every day, there were problems just keeping enough cash on hand. By 1977, with the tracks running virtually year-round to raise revenues, construction and rehabilitation costs had mounted to $96.6 million. NYRA had borrowed a whopping $125.5 million in long-term loans to pay the bill. A total of $51 million, a good part of which could have gone into state revenues, was instead lost in interest payments.

Every time NYRA went back to the banks, New York's taxpayers and bettors were hurt. To meet debt payments, by 1976 the total takeout rose to 17 percent, with the state's share falling to 9 percent and NYRA's doubling to 8 percent. Still, payment was outstanding on a debt of $22 million, and the Legislature caved in for a "permanent" arrangement. Instead of receiving a set franchise fee from NYRA, the state would receive a flexible fee based on NYRA's yearly net income. In effect, a bad year for NYRA now meant a bad year for the state.

Yet, this was not enough. Just this year, the state's share was reduced 3 percent. And don't be surprised by more givebacks: NYRA still has $36.5-million in debts outstanding.

The worst effect of continual state bailouts is that NYRA has not felt compelled to cut cost. Union featherbedding and wrongheaded management decisions have been the rule. Back in 1953, when the tracks were still privately owned, the percentage of the betting pool that went for operating expenses was 2.8. Last year, that share rose to 11.3 percent under NYRA management. Why the disparity?

Just operating three tracks—one at a time—is a decision bereft of business judgment. Aqueduct and Belmont are only six miles apart. One of them is an obvious candidate for liquidation. A tough choice, to be sure—accessibility versus tradition—but one NYRA has never made.

The greatest NYRA expense has resulted from a virtual surrender to the pari-mutuel clerks union, a most ironic event considering that some NYRA trustees sit on corporate boards which have criticized city cave-in to municipal unions. In an audit last July, the state comptroller found NYRA clerks earning 45 percent more than the national average for comparable work. On top of that, auditors concluded the work force could be reduced by 54 percent without much effect on operations.

The current administration of board chairman Ogden M. Phipps (son of Ogden Phipps and recipient of a stable on his twenty-first birthday) and James Heffernan has earned a reputation for being more hard-nosed than its predecessor. They withstood a pari-mutuel strike in 1977 to win some concessions on the manning of betting windows, but they've yet to rid NYRA of executive featherbedding. In an administrative shake-up, Heffernan removed Patrick Lynch, a longtime staffer and a reported old favorite of board members, from his post in public relations. But he kept him on the payroll in a specially created job as his assistant. Sources in NYRA claim Lynch is hard put to keep busy. Heffernan responds, "If he's not contributing, he won't remain. Specifically, he's here to help me with any special projects of an in-house nature." As for how much money Lynch is making—one source says over $50,000—Heffernan replies, "I won't comment on that. Now that he's not an officer, but my assistant, his salary is not public record."

The Phipps reign is also not above experimenting in expensive gadgets. Evidently, the board chairman has been much impressed by the giant matrix board that replays races at the Meadowlands, New Jersey's nighttime track. There's some doubt whether the screen will be visible during the day at Belmont, but Phipps is getting his board to back him up on a project he estimates will cost some $3 million. Already, $250,000 has been spent for engineering and architectural design.

The most serious charge leveled against NYRA is that board members are somehow serving their own personal interests. Most trustees indignantly reply that their NYRA work is a public service for which they get no material remuneration.

But, whether they like it or not, the track does provide them and their guests with an exclusive view of the races from the elegantly appointed trustees-only room at Belmont; many private businessmen would gladly foot the bill if they could entertain clients in such fashion. Lou Wolfson, owner of Affirmed and no stranger to the world of finance or racing, charges, "I know of incidents where board members of NYRA would entertain for their own personal business, and not just customers, but politicians too."

Just as important, it must be asked whether the horse-owning trustees are involved in a conflict of their *sporting* interests, since their fine horses are often sold for millions of dollars.

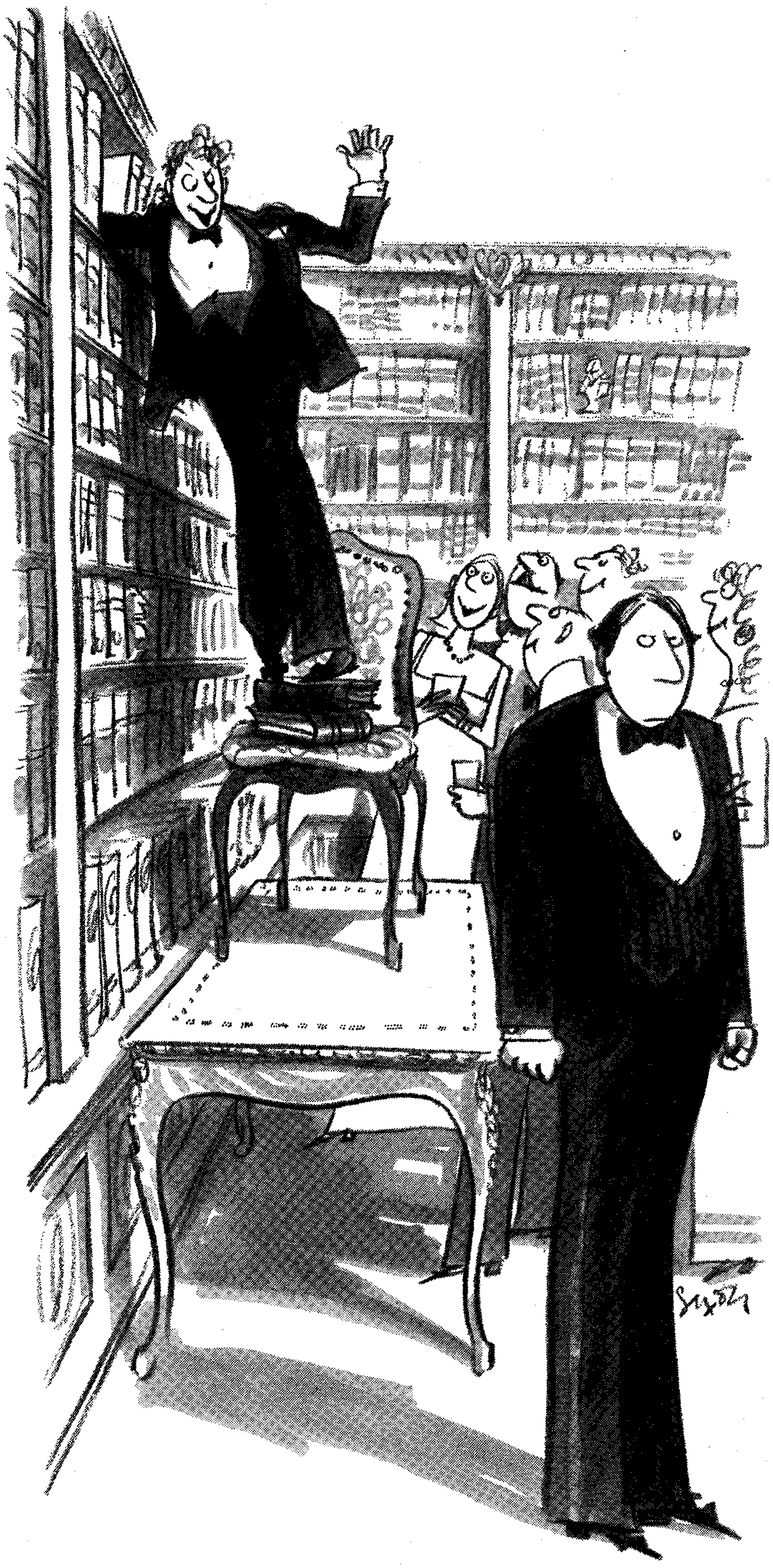
Former NYRA president and Meadowlands executive, and current vice-president of Madison Square Garden, Jack Krumpe says, "In the climate of the seventies, I don't think people who own horses should run racetracks."

One track regular explains how that climate has filtered down to the bettors. "If there's any incident involving a horse owned by a board member, and the stewards decide in his favor, you hear a lot of people yelling, 'House horse.' Now those stewards are all honest, and I don't ever remember a scandal involving them, but think how that little bettor who's just blown his last ten bucks feels."

But conflict of interest involving board members is also suspected at higher levels—by the horsemen themselves. Traditionally, New York racing has been divided between two different sets of stables: one represented by the Jockey Club, the other by the Horsemen's Benevolent and Protective Association (HBPA)—a group made up of small horse owners. Often the difference between members of the two amounts to more than last name and stable size. Jockey Club members, endowed with horses of illustrious ancestry, have generations of breeding invested in one colt. With such rich breeding stock, their stables have other sources of income—such as stud farming—besides winning purses. HBPA members are the upstarts who make most of their money and reputation by winning the big purses and bidding for yearlings that look like good racing stock rather than producing them themselves.

Although most Jockey Club members do race as many horses as they can, HBPA members often suspect the breeder and developer farms of filling up scarce stalls at the tracks with young horses they are bringing along and racing infrequently.

Already worried about their stall allotment, HBPA members were further stunned by the sudden departure from NYRA of Tommy Trotter, the most respected racing secretary in the nation. The racing secretary is the one man directly responsible for running a show at the track. He writes the condition book—in other words, schedules horses for races, and books them accordingly into the stalls. By any standard of analysis, in 1978 Trotter gave New York racing its finest year of racing ever; thus, all the more surprise when Phipps and Heffernan moved to curtail his authority by placing a "racing director" over him. Trotter says he chose to leave because "it was a matter of keeping the racing secretary's office independent of front office and management. It's something that



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– Advertisement –

BLOWING MY OWN HORN by ARTHUR RIBACK

His Eminence Terence Cardinal Cooke flipped a switch last week and New York's longest running Off-Broadway show is now in its 96th year. The "stage" is the main dining room of Luchow's, the landmark restaurant on 14th Street. The 'show' which opened in 1882, runs but 2 months a year, from Nov. 15th thru Jan. 15th and has been viewed by four generations of Luchowphiles. Precisely at 7:00 PM nitely, the huge, 1000 seat restuarant is totally darkened. The Gentle Victor Herbert Strings play an overture of Silent Night and Oh Tannenbaum. A hush fills the air, and suddenly, as if by magic, Luchow's 45 foot Christmas Tree comes aglow in the brilliance of 1500 lights and 1200 ornaments. "Tickets to the show" start at $9.95 and that includes a 7 course Culinary Award dinner. The magnificence of the Luchow's Tree will linger in your memory and Luchow's luscious food will linger on your taste buds.

Just in case you didn't know. Those mellifluous vocal tones on the Lowenbrau commercials belong to Arthur Prysock, one of the great Big Band singers. Prysock makes a rare New York appearance for a week commencing Christmas Day at the Riverboat, N. Y.'s biggest Cabaret-Nightclub, in the Empire State Building. Reservations are still available for Riverboat's gala New Year's Eve shindig. Just 45 bucks per, gets you unlimited booze including champagne, a full course steak dinner, noisemakers, etc., dancing to 2 bands and the incomparable Arthur Prysock and his revue. Other than New Year's Eve, the same Riverboat package costs you $11.95 during the Prysock engagement.

Broadway Theatre Biz is Booming, and why not! Never before have showgoers had such a variety of "hit" offerings, with more to grace the boards. Nestled in the middle of *Shubert Alley, between 44th and 45th Streets,* sits a "smash" dining spot name of Ma Bell's. Open for lunch, pre- and post-theatre dining, the menu is provocative, the food is hearty and the ambience is delightful. On each table at Ma Bell's sits an old fashioned telephone with free dialing privileges (*unlimited calls*). The better to beat the phone company with, my dear!

Finally! A Boss you can love; a Boss with plenty of bread who spreads his green around. Before I'm accused of being anti-union, I'm talking about New York's most exciting new restaurant concept. "The Boss" stands for Beer, Onions, Steak and Salad and is an equal opportunity feeder. Imagine, for $6.95 you get a succulent sirloin, all the beer, wine and sangria and a pass to the most spectacular salad bar ever. Solid salads such as Nicoise, Shrimp, Workmen's Compensation (chock full of cold cuts, zucchini and fresh broccoli) and Spinach are on display nitely. Make as many trips to the salad bar as you wish, but save room for the steak! The newest Boss is found opposite Shubert Alley on Broadway & 44th Street — perfect for pre- or post-theatre dining. Other Bosses work for you at 3rd Avenue & 52nd Street, Park Avenue & 32nd Street, 52nd Street East of 6th and 110 Church Street.

This writer appears regularly in the Daily News.

should be maintained, so there's no conflict of interest. I just dealt with horses, not trainers or owners. This new appointment, giving the racing director power to oversee the condition book, would give him more power than any other in the country."

Phipps disagrees and refers to Jimmy Kilroe, former NYRA racing secretary and now racing director at Santa Anita. But Kilroe, a nationally esteemed racing authority, in fact agrees wholly with Trotter. "Tommy's a first-class operator," he says, "and he's absolutely right. He had to get out of an untenable position. Two people can't write a condition book. I have a very friendly relationship with my racing secretary, but it's his book, and if he wants to keep a book the way it is, that's up to him. The whole point of a racing secretary is to resist pressure wherever it comes from."

Heffernan further charges that under Trotter 30 percent of the stalls were given to horses who weren't racing. "He didn't have the figures at hand when I asked. I want to put in a computer system, and I think he'd just be in the way."

Trotter replies: "That's false and he knows it." Trotter allows for having had some inactive horses—either injured or adjusting after a layoff—but denies any figure as high as 30 percent. As for the computer, "I suggested it in January during a management-objectives program. I have the memos to prove it. When he asked me about inactive horses in July, I reminded him about the computer idea. He never mentioned inactive horses again."

Wolfson is one horse owner unhappy to see Trotter leave NYRA. "I'm very concerned to see a man of such ability and honesty released. I know of several cases where the board used stall space against an HBPA member. It happened a number of times over the last year. I think they tried to go behind Tommy's back and he fought it. Now we have to see how things develop this year."

While most analysts agree that things do not look very good for future attendance at NYRA tracks, Ogden M. Phipps remains optimistic. He attributes this year's increase in track attendance and total dollars bet to his maneuvers in the last Legislature to lower the takeout from 17 percent to 14 percent, a move which meant more money for bettors and less for the state.

Actually, attendance at this year's wonderful racing should have brought a far better turnout—especially compared with the previous year, when a twelve-day strike and horrendous weather had a devastating effect. On top of that, spectators in 1978 had exciting races to watch featuring Alydar, Affirmed, and Seattle Slew. An added factor Phipps fails to mention is that betting windows this year were opened right up to starting time and not closed a minute before. But what should make NYRA most upset is the figure showing the spring meeting—with the old, higher takeout still in effect—bringing in more total bets (22.1 percent over 1977) than the fall meeting with reduced takeout (only 18.83 percent more).

In the last ten years, the only really significant change in NYRA's revenues has been the contribution of OTB. Last year OTB contributed $26 million to NYRA's net revenues of $81 million. This next year OTB predicts a contribution of $31 million. NYRA officials typically point to their decline in attendance and betting totals in OTB's maiden year and imply that OTB money is literally out of their pockets. While no one denies that OTB had an impact in 1972, so too did a nineteen-day strike. Besides, a look at a trend line computed for attendance and real dollars bet shows a long-established decline preceding OTB's creation.

For horsemen OTB was a legitimate villain since it contributed to the purse only half the percentage NYRA did. That inequity is being remedied and OTB will be phased into parity by 1979.

But after Rome's parity boost to NYRA, he contends, Phipps turned around and stymied a complex deal Rome engineered to cut the surcharge on OTB bets, which hurt its take and sent gamblers back to bookies.

Phipps's version is that he was only concerned about jeopardizing takeout reductions for NYRA. Otherwise, he says, "I'm definitely in favor of phasing out the surcharge."

One subject on which OTB and NYRA are definitely at odds is the live TV broadcasting, or "simulcasting," of races to OTB parlors. NYRA has not even agreed to a *trial* run involving a location in Staten Island and harness racing despite the fact that OTB estimates a $600-million gain from the proposed innovation.

One of NYRA's strongest allies in state government has been Governor Carey's top aide, Robert Morgado. Referring to the board chairman, he says, "I think overall Phipps has done a marvelous job." Morgado confidently adds, "He realizes now the necessity in integrating with the overall policy direction of the governor."

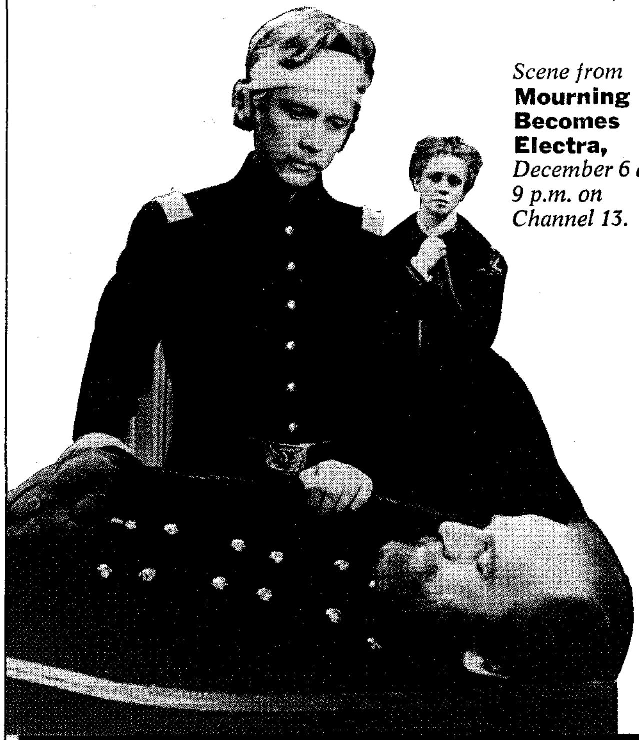
If that policy direction is in the best interest of New York State, NYRA may finally emerge from the stuffy confines of the Jockey Club. ■

OPENINGS

Ira Siff *is at* **The Duplex** *from December 8.*

Cinema Studio
COMING SOON
TWIN THEATRES
Rain and Shine *opens at* **Cinema Studio II,** *December 13.*

Gulliver's Travels *opens at* **La Mama** *December 7.*


Scene from **Mourning Becomes Electra,** *December 6 at 9 p.m. on Channel 13.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

December 4 thru 12

M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

MOVIES

THE MOVIE HOUSES
Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Bread and Chocolate.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). 12/3-5, *The Buddy Holly Story; Let the Good Times Roll.* 12/6, 7, *1900.* 12/8, 9, *Outrageous!; Word Is Out.* 12/10, 12, *The Turning Point; Loves of Theodora.*

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 12/4, *The Firefly; The Chocolate Soldier.* 12/5, *Let's Make It Legal; We're Not Married.* 12/6, *It's a Wonderful Life; Christmas Holiday.* 12/7, *Ben Hur; King of Kings.* 12/8, 9, *Charlie Chan in the Secret Service; Charlie Chan in the Jade Mask; Charlie Chan in the Shanghai Cobra.* 12/10, *That's Entertainment; That's Entertainment II.* (Theater closed 12/11-24.)

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 12/3, 4, *Dear Inspector; Man on the Roof.* 12/5, *Iphigenia; Phaedra.* 12/6, 7, *Lies My Father Told Me; Hester Street.* 12/8, 9, *Pretty Baby; Lolita.* 12/10, 11, *The Third Man; Odd Man Out.* 12/12, *Macbeth* (Polanski); *Hamlet* (Nicol Williamson). 12/13, 14, *The Fox; Oscar Wilde.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Magic.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). Thru 12/5, *Watership Down.* 12/6, to be announced.

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The Wiz.*

34th St East, nr Second Avenue (683-0255). *Death on the Nile.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Watership Down.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Movie, Movie.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Comes a Horseman.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *The Wiz.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Autumn Sonata.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Boys From Brazil.* (Theater is closed 12/6 only.)

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Up in Smoke.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Same Time, Next Year.*

Cinema II, 3rd nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Slow Dancing in the Big City.*

Gemini I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). I. Thru 12/7, *Midnight Express.* From 12/8, *The Brinks Job.* II. *A Dream of Passion.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Magic.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Once in Paris.*

Photos: center and right, Richard Pan

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Death on the Nile.*
72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 12/5, *The Big Fix.* 12/6-12, *A Wedding.* 12/13-21, *Comes a Horseman.*
Whitney Museum, 945 Madison (794-0600). 12/5-10, 12-17, Films by Yahraus, Burril, Davis, Blumberg, and Backus.
Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Bread and Chocolate.*
UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*
Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). *The Wiz.*
Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Paradise Alley.*
86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). To be announced.
RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Midnight Express.* II. *The Wild Geese.*

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St (989-2994). 12/7-10, 14-17, *The Best of Ann Arbor 1978.*
Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 12/4, *Speaking Directly; Angel City; Last Chants for a Slow Dance.* 12/5, *Sansho the Bailiff; The Mistress.* 12/6, *Pierrot Le Fou; Shock Corridor.* 12/7, *The Other Francisco; Mexico: The Frozen Revolution.* 12/8, 9, *North by Northwest; Mata Hari.* 12/10, *The Conformist; The Lady From Shanghai.* 12/11, *La Beau Serge; Lacombe, Lucien.* 12/12, *Dersu Urzala; A Story From Echijo.*
Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd St (WA 9-8037). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*
Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Midnight Express*
Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). I. Thru 12/7, *Interiors.* From 12/8, *Rituals.* II. *Up in Smoke.* III. *Interiors.* IV. *A Wedding.*
National, Bdway at 44th (869-0950). *Magic.*
Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *The Wiz.*
Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *The Wild Geese.* II. *Message From Space.*
Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). Thru 12/7, *Comes A Horseman.* From 12/8, *The Brinks Job.*
Victoria, Broadway & 46th (354-5636). *Goin' South.*
Embassy I, Bdway at 46th (757-2408). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*
Embassy II, III, IV, Bdway at 47th (730-7262). II. Thru 12/10, *Foul Play.* From 12/11, *Death on the Nile.* III. *Saturday Night Fever.* IV. *Grease.*
Forum, Bdway at 47th (757-8320). Thru 12/10, *Death on the Nile.* From 12/11, *The Wiz.*
RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Up in Smoke.* II. *Midnight Express.*
Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). *Paradise Alley.*
Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). *Caravans.* On the stage: "The Nativity."
Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 12/14, *Watership Down.* From 12/15, *Just Crazy About Horses.*
Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Lord of the Rings.*
Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). *Interiors.*
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 12/4, *Sunrise; Traffic.* 12/5, *WR—Mysteries of the Organism; Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator.* 12/6, *Lady Windemere's Fan; Monte Carlo.* 12/7, *Walkabout; The Man Who Fell to Earth.* 12/8, *The Clowns; Freaks.* 12/9, *Singin' in the Rain; The Bandwagon.* 12/10, *An Evening With the Royal Ballet; I Am a Dancer.* 12/11, *Destroy, She Said; Lancelot du Lac.* 12/12, *My Life To Live; Pierrot Le Fou.*
Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 12/5, *A Wedding.* From 12/6, to be announced.
Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Boys From Brazil.*
Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Violette.*
Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Days of Heaven.*
Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Magic.*
Cinema Studio I & II, Bdway at 66th (874-8989). Theaters closed thru 12/12. I. From 12/13, *Dossier 51.* II. From 12/13, *Rain or Shine.*
Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 12/3, 4, *Coming Home; Jezebel.* 12/5, 6, *Barbarella; 92 in the Shade.* 12/7-9, *My Darling Clementine; Drums Along the Mohawk.* 12/10-16, *Mister Roberts; The Wrong Man.*
Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Bread and Chocolate.*
Loews Quad, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. *Midnight Express.* II. *A Wedding.* III. *National Lampoon's Animal House.* IV. *Up in Smoke.*
New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Interiors.*
Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 12/3, 4, *Marry Me, Marry Me; And Now My Love.* 12/5, *Stagecoach; She Wore a Yellow Ribbon.* 12/6, 7, *Distant Thunder; Days and Nights in the Forest.* 12/8, 9, *The Adventure of Gerard; King, Queen, and Knave.* 12/10, 11, *The Earrings of Madame De...; Liebelei.* 12/12, *Distant Drums; Colorado Territory.* 12/13, 14, *The Savage Messiah; Beethoven.*
Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 12/5, *A Wedding; Boys in the Band.* 12/6-12, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands; Outrageous!*

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

Henry Fonda and **Cathy Downs** in a scene from John Ford's **My Darling Clementine,** which shares the bill with *Drums Along the Mohawk.* December 7 thru 9, at the Regency.

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Autumn Sonata–In Ingmar Bergman's new film, Ingrid Bergman (in a brave, fully rounded performance) is a successful concert pianist, and Liv Ullmann is her 35ish daughter who is convinced that her mother's neglect of her as a child has ruined her life. She takes revenge in guilt-provoking accusations that are loathsome, fascinating, and ultimately baffling. A bald, untextured, tirade-film, in which Bergman seems lost in resentment and guilt that he hasn't quite comprehended or worked out. Baronet.

The Boys From Brazil–Gregory Peck barks Nazi rhetoric directly at the camera as a scientist-war-criminal plotting to re-establish the Third Reich, and Laurence Olivier, an aging Viennese Nazi hunter, struggles heroically to foil his plans. It might have been exciting and fun if directed by a Warner Brothers hack of 40 years ago, but Franklin J. Schaffner *(Patton)* kills it with his pompous, big-movie stodginess. Adapted from Ira Levin's novel. Coronet; Little Carnegie.

Bread and Chocolate–Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Embassy 72nd; Art; Trans-Lux 85th.

The Brinks Job–William Friedkin's film, starring Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Paul Sorvino, and Gena Rowlands. From 12/8 at Criterion and Gemini II.

Caravans–A big, slow, old-fashioned adventure movie based on James Michener's novel and set in "Kashkhan, Zhadestahn... somewhere in the Mideast" but actually shot in the mountains and deserts of Iran. The desert landscape, captured in Douglas Slocombe's excellent, wide-screen photography, is often quite intriguing, but the rest of the movie isn't. Michael Sarrazin, looking like a Beverly Hills lawyer in his tailored bush jacket, wanders around in a jeep searching for Jennifer O'Neill, a rebellious girl who has "crossed the Khyber pass alone on a donkey" in pursuit of her husband (Behrooz Vosoughi), only to leave him for the aging leader of a nomadic tribe (Anthony Quinn). The story doesn't make any sense, but kids should enjoy the scenery. James Fargo directed—dully. On the Big Stage: "The Nativity." Radio City Music Hall.

Death on the Nile–A ponderous, slow-paced, unexciting adaptation of Agatha Christie. (If Christie wasn't a quick read, then what in the world was she?) Peter Ustinov plays ace detective Hercule Poirot soberly, which is a bore. Bette Davis and Maggie Smith are fun together, but no one else in the huge cast distinguishes himself. What is the point of this dreadnought approach to a basically frivolous genre? Loews Tower East; 34th St E; thru 12/10, Forum; from 12/11, Embassy II.

Dossier 51–Michel Deville's film about the invasion of privacy on a grand technological scale, wherein we are given data on a French government official whom we glimpse only from hidden cameras. Opens December 13 at Cinema Studio I.

A Dream of Passion–Melina Mercouri rampages her way through the floridly written role of a famous Greek actress who returns home to play Medea on stage. During the rehearsal period she meets an imprisoned American woman (Ellen Burstyn) who has killed her own children in order to punish her adulterous husband—a real Medea, savage and desperate. The encounter should produce a change in Mercouri but instead it only produces an occasion for more self-display. The movie is a bit much. Written and directed by Mercouri's husband, Jules Dassin. Gemini II.

Grease–Why do kids love John Travolta so much? Perhaps because he's a romantic hero with a broad streak of silliness and self-parody, beautiful one moment and odd-looking the next. He never gets the chance to bust loose in this big, klutzy musical, but he's still sensationally funny. The rest of the movie is an inflated pastiche of '50s musicals (calling it a parody doesn't help—it's still banal). Stockard Channing, as the class bad girl, displays some nifty comic timing, but Olivia Newton-John is so bland that you wish a juvenile delinquent would come along and stomp on her. Patricia Birch did the undistinguished choreography and Randall Kleiser directed. Embassy IV.

Interiors–Woody Allen's austere, utterly serious study of the emotional and spiritual exhaustion of a prosperous New York family is a bit pretentious and occasionally absurd, but by the end the despairing vision of life's inevitable tragedies takes hold, and you're impressed. Woody nearly out-Bergmans Bergman in scenes of frustration and self-hatred, but he has a power of his own, too. Excellently acted by Geraldine Page, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, Richard Jordan and Sam Waterston. Festival; New Yorker; Quad; from 12/6, Olympia.

Lord of the Rings–Parents planning to punish their children this holiday season should take them to see this confused, violent, charmless adaptation of J. R. R. Tolkein's classic narrative. Animator Ralph Bakshi, best known for his hellish urban comedies *(Fritz the Cat, Heavy Traffic)*, has produced a battle epic in red and black that is often striking visually but impossible to get into emotionally. Stunned by a mess of mysterious names and creatures, the uninitiated viewer hasn't the slightest idea who is killing whom, or why any of it matters. Where is Tolkein's charm, his storyteller's clarity and sweep? Disney's animated features were often scary but they were always lucid, they didn't leave children suspended in the air, whereas Bakshi, too nihilistic to tell a story straight, frightens viewers without resolving anything. Ziegfeld.

Magic–A shallow, gimmicky thriller about a psychotic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins) and his demonic dummy. Who dominates whom? And who cares? Much of William Goldman's screenwriting is on the level of an old Rod Serling show; specifically, the plot seems stolen from the Michael Redgrave episode in the infinitely superior 1946 British horror film, *Dead of Night.* Ann-Margret is on hand as the owner of a Catskills resort (!?), and Burgess Meredith, also trying to be Jewish, plays a tough old talent agent based on "Swifty" Lazar. The movie works you up over nothing. Richard Attenborough has improved as a director and should find some decent material. With Ed Lauter. National; Beekman; Paramount; Gramercy.

Message From Space–A Japanese-made science-fiction spectacular directed by Kinji Fukasaku, starring Vic Morrow and Sonny Chiba, with an international cast. Loews State II.

Midnight Express–The true story of Billy Hayes, an American student arrested in Turkey in 1970 for drug possession (hash) and sentenced to years of torment in an Istanbul prison. Brutal, scary, and occasionally very exciting, the movie never overcomes the basic problem of glorifying a boy more foolish than heroic. It's also violently and irrationally anti-Turkish (without exception Billy's Turkish fellow prisoners, as well as the guards, are subhuman). It seems to be a gigantic cautionary tale for middle-class tourists: Don't get caught. Starring newcomer Brad Davis and featuring John Hurt, Randy Quaid, and Mike Kellin. Alan Parker directed. RKO 86th St I; Greenwich; RKO Cinerama II; thru 12/7, Gemini I.

Movie, Movie–Stanley Donen's two-part film, which parodies the up-from-poverty boxing films and the Busby Berkeley backstage musicals of the thirties, is affectionate, funny, and often highly skilled, but it still seems hardly worth the trouble. Why spoof two genres that no one took very seriously in the first place? Why not put some fresh experience on the screen? As the earnest young boxer newcomer Harry Hamlin is aggressively sexless (no traces of William Holden or John Garfield here), but Barry Bostwick is sensational as the singing and dancing hero of the musical. Donen, a veteran director of musicals, is at his best in the gleaming production numbers: He and choreographer Michael Kidd honor the lyrical impulse at the heart of Berkeley's most garish inspirations. With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and, in the Ruby Keeler role, talented Rebecca York. Sutton.

National Lampoon's Animal House–A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor. The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. Waverly; U.A. East; Embassy I.

Once in Paris–A surprisingly effective and enjoyable little movie by Frank D. Gilroy (he wrote, directed, produced) about a naive American screenwriter (Wayne Rogers) who goes to Paris to work and falls in with two people who have been around the track a few times—a tough, alarmingly versatile chauffeur (Jack Lenoir) and a beautiful English woman (Gayle Hunnicutt, who's from Texas, but you'd never know it) looking for a temporary bed partner. The movie might be called "bittersweet" (with an emphasis on bitter), but that sounds cliched, and there are no cliches here. *Once in Paris* is the only true "adult movie" in town. 68th Street Playhouse.

Paradise Alley–Written and directed by Sylvester Stallone, and a bizarre ego trip it is. Set in the Italian section of Hell's kitchen in 1946, the movie is about love and rivalry among three brothers—half-witted Victor (Lee Canalito), who becomes a wrestler; sinister Lenny (Armand Assante, imitating Pacino), who serves as Victor's manager; and Cosmo (Stallone), the neighborhood loser, a boring garrulous man we are supposed to love solely because Stallone plays him (we don't). Trying for warmth and color, Stallone has written a script that sounds like a nagging, fake-chummy old radio show. In the upbeat ending he uses the fifth-rate sport of wrestling as an audience turn-on. But wrestling isn't boxing, and Victor isn't Rocky. The movie is both opportunistic and hopelessly out of it. Rivoli; Loews Cine.

Rain and Shine–A new Hungarian comedy film in which a family of wealthy country folk invite a bureaucrat from the city into their home for social reasons. Opens December 13th at Cinema Studio II.

Same Time, Next Year–Robert Mulligan's adaptation of Bernard Slade's play rather embarrassingly displays its Broadway origins. The basic plot gimmick—a housewife (Ellen Burstyn) and an accountant (Alan Alda), both married, meet once a year for twenty-six years—requires an audience that finds adultery endlessly titillating yet also believes in the sanctity of marriage. In this film, adultery functions as a kind of spiritual toning-up exercise for the greater rigors of marital boredom. The movie confines us to a single ugly motel room and features the kind of wardrobe-room ingenuity in costuming and aging techniques (we see the lovers at five-year intervals) that may be exhilirating on stage but looks phony in movies. Ellen Burstyn's charm occasionally breaks through the claustrophobic settings, but Alan Alda is disappointingly callow. Cinema I.

Slow Dancing in the Big City–"Why did you become a dancer?" the man asks, and without batting an eyelash the woman replies, "The sky always seemed a better place to be." Has there ever been so much high-flown gibberish in a single movie? Wind seems to be blowing through the empty spaces in the screenwriter's head. Written by Barra Grant and directed by John G. Avildsen *(Rocky)*, this romance between a bathetic, man-of-the-people newspaper columnist (Paul Sorvino) and a high-strung, ailing ballet dancer (Anne Ditchburn), is probably the most shameless and synthetic tear-jerker since *Love Story.* Sitting through it is like watching all 18 hours of a Jerry Lewis telethon. Cinema II.

Up in Smoke–The comedy team of Cheech and Chong try to get high and stay high in a genial, casually lousy pothead farce set in Los Angeles. Without jobs, plans, ambitions, or responsibility, they devote themselves to dope and seem as happy as Henry Miller's scruffy expatriates in *Tropic of Cancer.* As you watch this often funny film, you sink into the disreputable comforts of slobbiness. Written by the stars and directed by record producer Lou Adler. D.W. Griffith; RKO Cinerama I; Quad.

Violette–Based on a true story from the early thirties about an 18-year-old Parisienne who poisoned her father and stole his money. The child of repressed and hypocritical lower-middle-class parents, Violette sneaks out of the house at night in her lipstick and black furs (she looks like a hooker in a Brassai photograph) and searches for adventure. But in Claude Chabrol's perversely muted and ironic film, starring Isabelle Huppert, Violette doesn't have a good time even when she sins. With Stéphane Audran and Jean Carmet. Paris.

Watership Down–An enchanting animated version, in pastel blue-green watercolors, of Richard Adams's bestseller about a group of rabbits who are forced to leave their warren, brave the open fields, and find a new place to live. Hunted by men, birds, dogs, cats, and other rabbits, our heroes survive through speed, cunning, and heroic self-sacrifice. Whether you regard the movie as the ultimate exercise in anthropomorphism or as a parable of the fate of outcast peoples like the gypsies or the Jews, it's a heart-stirring tale. With the voices of Ralph Richardson, John Hurt, Harry Andrews, and, as a brutally sarcastic but helpful sea gull, the late Zero Mostel. Written and directed by Martin Rosen, an expatriate American and former talent agent and producer of *Women in Love*, now living in London. Here, here! Eastside; thru 12/5, Bay Cinema; thru 12/14, Guild.

A Wedding–Two large families—one old-money WASP (with an admixture of Italians), the other nouveau-riche vulgar—gather at a posh Illinois mansion to celebrate the marriage of their children. What results is a total shambles. Robert Altman's comedy, his twelfth film in nine years, is in his satirical multiple-vignette style, but the satire is a little thin and derisive this time. The movie is a considerable formal achievement, but it's deficient in feeling. The huge cast includes Lillian Gish, Carol Burnett, Vittorio Gassman, and Mia Farrow. Quad; thru 12/5, Olympia and Playboy. From 12/6, 72nd St E.

The Wild Geese–An adventure film about a group of mercenary soldiers who attempt to rescue the imprisoned leader of an emerging African nation. Roger Moore stars. Loews State I; RKO 86th St II.

The Wiz–Monstrously overproduced and underfelt all-black musical version of *The Wizard of Oz.* Diana Ross, singing and acting well in a basically synthetic role, is Dorothy—not a teenage girl but a 24-year-old Harlem schoolteacher afraid of life. She travels through Oz (a half-realistic, half-fantastic New York) looking for the Wiz (Richard Pryor) and accompanied by the Scarecrow (high-voiced Michael Jackson), the Tin Man (Nipsey Russell), and the Lion (Ted Ross). Tony Walton's huge sets serve mainly as static backdrops, and director Sidney Lumet can't seem to find a place to put the camera. The gigantic production numbers are shot from so great a distance that we can't see dance movement. *The Wiz* is a Radio City Music Hall version of soul. With Lena Horne and Mabel King. Loews Astor Plaza; Plaza; Murray Hill; Loews Orpheum; from 12/11, Forum.

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Monday, December 4

Ballroom–Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia co-star in a new musical based on the TV play, "The Queen of the Stardust Ballroom," about a group of middle-aged people who spend a great deal of time at a public ballroom. Book by Jerome Kass; music by Billy Goldenberg; lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman. Director/choreographer Michael Bennett. Previews now prior to a 12/14 opening. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Man and Superman–George Bernard Shaw's play, with George Grizzard, Ann Sachs, Philip Bosco, and Bette Henritze. Directed by Stephen Porter. Previews now prior to a 12/14 premiere. Runs thru 2/18/79. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

Wednesday, December 6

The Kingfisher–Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose in a new play by William Douglas Home, about a famous novelist and a woman who become romantically involved again after a lapse of forty years. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

Friday, December 8

A Broadway Musical–With music and lyrics by Charles Strouse/Lee Adams, book by William F. Brown. With Warren Berlinger, Gwyda DonHowe, Irving Lee, and Alan Weeks. Previews start tonight prior to a 12/21 opening. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but — given such surefire ingredients as a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a dog called Sandy — only a churl could cavil. Thomas Meehan's book is a far cry from Harold Grey's comic-strip *Annie,* as is Charles Strouse's score from his best work, but Shelley Bruce is touching in the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-0246).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of a couple and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon, Tues, Wed, Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

The Crucifer of Blood–A new Sherlock Holmes mystery play starring Paxton Whitehead, directed by Paul Giovanni who based it on Doyle's writings. Timothy Landfield plays Dr. Watson and Glenn Close the female lead as Irene St. Clair. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (247-0472).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, and Richard Woods. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Eubie!–Based on songs by Eubie Blake, revue is a nice old-fashioned black musical of the kind we could have seen with rapture on Broadway some four or five decades ago. There is talent here and there is fun to be had. But if you can get into *Ain't Misbehavin'* you can see the same sort of thing brought brilliantly up-to-date. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (541-6490).

First Monday in October–High-minded hokum about the first woman justice of the Supreme Court. Henry Fonda plays a dyed-in-the-wool liberal and Jane Alexander, the much younger, nobly conservative new justice. Rather than explore the social and psychological problems this might give rise to, the play falls back on a tried-and-true formula: inveterate antagonists having at each other until they arrive at warm mutual respect laced with a hint of, shall we say, an impossible love. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3. Thru 12/9. ANTA, 52nd & Bdway (CI 6-6270).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Maureen Stapleton and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

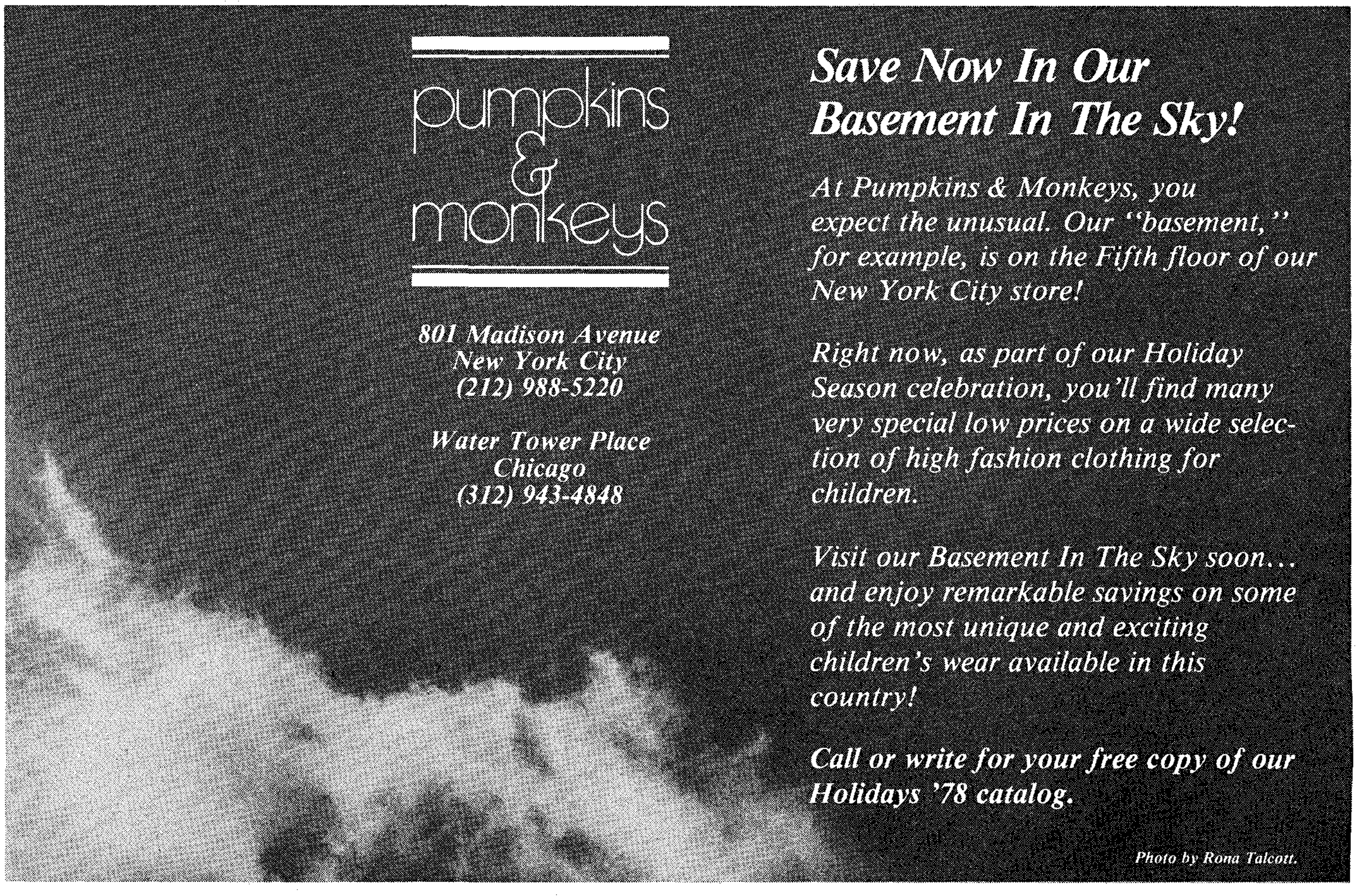
I Love My Wife–The Smothers Brothers are now appearing in this tale of wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of skits, with a Cy Coleman score and the direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

King of Hearts–A very bad movie which became a cult film has now been made into an even worse musical. Joseph Stein's book follows the movie's idiotic plot fairly faithfully, and heaps on the surefire ingredient of an adorable booby hatch such further favorites as a make-believe whorehouse and a fantasy circus. Ron Field's staging is inept and his choreography is scarcely better. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Minskoff, Bdway at 45th (869-0550).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/30. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m.; & a 5 p.m. perf on Sun. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).



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AROUND TOWN

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

Platinum–A musical about a former movie star trying to make a comeback as a pop-recording artist (a likely story!), this show has the lovely Alexis Smith and a lot of nothing. It is expensive nothing—even the price of tinsel is up—but it is about as platinum as your average platinum blonde. The one attractive song comes right at the beginning; from then on it is downhill with Gary William Friedman's music, Joe Layton's staging and choreography, and specially Will Holt's book and lyrics. The supporting cast, too, is hard to support. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (PL 7-7064).

Playboy of the Weekend World–Emlyn Williams in a new solo entertainment adapted from the comic short stories of H.H. Munro (Saki). Thru 12/10. Playhouse, 359 W 48th St (541-9820).

Runaways–This entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes, despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (247-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Bill Manhoff's *The Owl and the Pussycat,* 12/8-10, 15-17, 29-31, at 7 p.m. Emlyn Williams's *A Murder Has Been Arranged.* 12/8, 9, 15, 16, 29, 30. $3. Academy Arts, First Ave at 51st (486-1431).

Acme Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession;* Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy.* Both run thru 12/30. The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (279-9321).

Approaching Zero–Thom Thomas's play, based on Georg Kaiser's *The Gas Trilogy.* Tues thru Sun, thru 12/23. $5. La Mama, E.T.C., 74a E 4th St (475-7710).

Are You Now Or Have You Ever Been–Eric Bentley's play of the Hollywood witch-hunt of the 50s, directed by John Bettenbender. With Jerry Ver Dorn, David Barker, Benjamin Bettenbender, and Robert Nichols. Promenade Theater, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Boys from Syracuse–Rivival of the Rogers and Hart/Abbott musical. 12/8, 9, at 8 p.m. mat 12/10 at 2 p.m. $4. Einhorn Auditorium, Lenox Hill Hospital, 131 E 76th (879-6396).

Buried Child–A play by Sam Shepard, originally performed off-off Bdway at Theater for the New City to great notices. With Jacqueline Brooks, Richard Hamilton, Christopher McCann; directed by Robert Woodruff. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6 & 10 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Can-Can–Revival of the musical by Cole Porter and Abe Burrows. Tues thru Sun at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. Thru 12/10. Equity Library Theater, 103rd & Riverside Dr (663-2028).

Cartoons for a Lunch Hour–A new musical by Loften Mitchell and Rudy Stevenson, with a company of 22 and an orchestra of seven. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

Chamber Piece–By John O'Keefe, directed by Chris Silva. Fri thru Sun, thru 12/17. $3. G. Frankel Theater, 342 E 63rd (940-0800).

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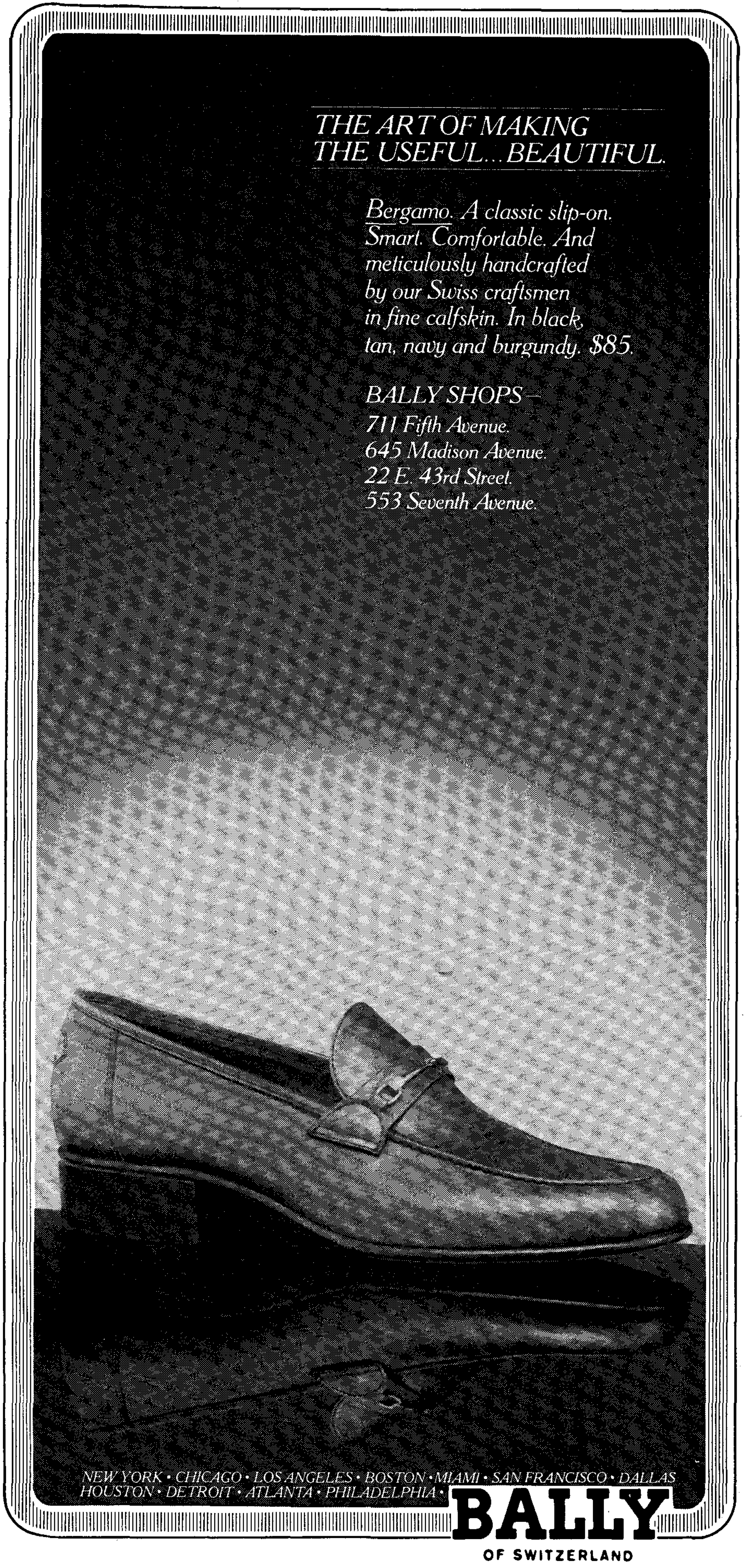
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AROUND TOWN

Choices–Adapted by Patricia Bosworth from the works of Colette, Joan Didion, Sylvia Plath, and Virginia Woolf, among others. Thurs thru Sun, thru 12/17. $3.50. Basement Space, American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (247-0393).

Colonnades Rep–Louis Phillips's *The Ballroom in St. Patrick's Cathedral* alternates with Moliere's *In Spite of Himself.* Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (228-6640).

Cops–A play by Terry Curtis Fox, directed by Richard Schechner, set in an all-night diner in Chicago. Tues thru Thurs at 8:30, thru 1/4. $5. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

CSC Repertory–Shakespeare's **Hollow Crown Trilogy**—*Richard II, Henry IV,* Parts I & II, in rotating repertory thru 12/31. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10:15 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

The Disposal–William Inge's drama, directed by Kathylee Hart. Thurs thru Sun at 8, Thru 12/17. $3.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Double Bill–James Pashalides's *Albert* and *Loose Ends,* directed by Dan Plucinski. 12/7-10, 13-17, $3. AMDA Studio One, Hotel Ansonia, 2109 Bdway at 73rd (757-0076).

Double Bill–August Strindberg's *Playing With Fire,* and David Crawford's *Plumage.* Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. 12/7-23. $3.50. Provincetown Plyhse, 133 McDougal (777-2571).

Drama Committee Repertory–Stephen Crane's *The Blue Hotel* & *The Monster,* Sun, 5 & 8 p.m. Mon & Tues, 8 p.m. thru 12/31. Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windemere's Fan,* Fri & Sat at 8, Sun at 2. Thru 12/31. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Drinks Before Dinner–Christopher Plummer stars in a new play by E. L. Doctorow, which takes place in a fashionable New York City apartment where seven people are gathered for a dinner party. With Charles Kimbrough, Zohra Lampert, James Naughton, Virginia Vestoff. Directed by Mike Nichols. Newman/Public Theater, 424 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat 7 & 10; Sun 3 & 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Frankenstein's Rib–A new play about you-know-whom by Georgina Tolson. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th (861-7981).

Gimmie Shelter–Barrie Keefe's play directed by Des McAnuff. From 12/5. Dodger Theater, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4180).

The Golden Apple–Revival of the Jerome Moross/John LaTouche play, directed by Janet Walker. Fri thru Sun, 12/8-10. $3. Church of Heavenly Rest, 2 E 90th (289-3402).

Gulliver's Travels–William M. Hoffman's version with music and lyrics by John Braden and Jimmy Lopez, directed by John Vaccaro. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, 12/7-17. Free. La Mama, 74a E. 4th St (475-7710).

The Halloween Bandit–Mark Medoff's drama, starring Paul Hecht and directed by J. Ranelli. Thru 12/17, Thurs and Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 5:30. $3. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

Helen–Book by Lucia Victor with music and lyrics by Johnny Brandon, directed by Danny Holgate. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 12/17. AMAS Rep, 1 E 104th (369-8000).

The Hollow–An Agatha Christie mystery comedy-melodrama. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 12/17. $3. Meat and Potatoes Theater, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

Homebodies–Michael McClure's *The Button* and Nicholas Kazan's *Family Life,* directed by James Milton. Thurs thru Sun, thru 12/17 At 8 p.m. $2.50.

Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in an excellent and entertaining revue featuring a cast of expert magicians from all parts of the world. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10 p.m.; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. The Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

The Inheritors–A Yiddish production of Sholem Aleichem's play. Folksbiene Playhouse, 123 E 55th (755-2231).

In the Beginning–Joan Harvey's play. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. $3.50. Truck and Warehouse Theater, 79 E 4th St (254-5060).

In the Recovery Lounge–A comedy by James Farrell, directed by Marshall W. Mason. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sun mat at 3, thru 12/31. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–Eugene Ionesco's *Exit the King*. Corneille's *Le Cid*. Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. $4. Theater closed 12/10-26. Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery at 2nd St (677-0060).

Jimmy & Billy–A new musical about the presidential family by David I. Levine and Pat Curtis. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; mat Wed at 2 & Sun at 3 p.m. Westside Theater, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

Keep An Eye on Amelia–A comedy by Feydeau, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 12/17. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

The Knight of the Burning Pestle–Beaumont & Fletcher's satire featuring a play within a play, directed by Michael Bloom. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5 p.m. 12/7-24. $3. N.Y.T.E., 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Life in the Day of Joe Swann–Michael Miller's new play about a New York actor, directed by David Rotenberg. 12/7-10, at 8 p.m. $3. 78th St Theater, 236 W 78th (595-5240).

Long Day's Journey Into Night–Eugene O'Neill's play, directed by Sonia Moore. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 2 p.m. thru 12/17. $6. Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th St (755-5120).

Manhattan Theater Club–Upstairs: *Nongogo*, by Athol Fugard, directed by Oz Scott. Wed thru Sun at 8. Thru 12/10. $4. Downstairs: *A Lady Needs a Change*, directed by Bill Gile, a musical salute to Dorothy Fields, featuring over 20 songs. Wed thru Sun at 8:15. Fri & Sat also at 10:30. Thru 12/10. $4. 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Monkey–Based on the Chinese novel, directed by Paul Sills. 12/7-11. Free. N.Y.U., 40 E 7th St (598-2404).

My *Old* Friends–Musical "about old people, by old people, for old people," by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs, starring Maxine Sullivan. Thurs thru Sun, thru 12/10. Free. La Mama E.T.C., 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

The Native Bird–Ron McLarty's comedy, directed by Peter Maloney. Thru 12/17. $3. Cubiculo, 451 W 51st (265-2138).

***Night* Games**–*An evening of three-acts by Richard* Broadhurst. Park Royal, 23 W 73rd (787-3981).

Nocturne–A jazz concert dream play by Saul Zachary, directed by Licia Colombi. 12/7-10, 13-17. $3. Production Company, 249 W 48th (691-7359).

Olympic Park–A memory play by Myrna Lamb set in the 1940's in Newark. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/24. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (279-4200).

One & One–An old-style musical by Richard O'Donnell, Fred Bennett, and Dianne Adams, directed by Jim Payne. Tues thru Sun. Carter Theater, 250 W 43rd (391-1880).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

Permission to Swallow–A work-in-progress by Donna Jewel, directed by Kim Rosen. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 12/16. $3. West-Park Theater, 165 W 86th (877-1671).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWU, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 12/17. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

Porno Stars at Home–The great Leonard Melfi's play relates problems and conflicts of a group of porno stars whose lives are at a crossroads. With Alan Brooks, Jody Catlin, Justin Deas, Tara Tyson, and Meg Wittner. Courtyard, 39 Grove St (765-9540).

Potter's Field: Work in Progress–Scenes, songs, Psalms & Sonnets, drawn from Shakespeare, the Bible, and The Company. Staged by Michael Moriarty. Thru 12/10. St. Clement's, 423 W 46th (581-5763).

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead–An absurd and unnecessary *act is the reviving of this play, by James Kirkwood.* It had lasted, with a much better cast and a much better-appointed production, sixteen performances on Broadway, and then joined the eponymous feline in the happy mouse hunting grounds. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (254-6330).

The Rear Column–Simon Gray's play about five Englishmen stationed at an isolated camp in the Congo. Tues thru Fri & Sun at 7:30; Sat at 6:30 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/10. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd (472-0600).

Returning–Written by Martin Zurla, directed by William Rolleri. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 12/17. Title Theater at Westbeth, 155 Bank St (924-7790).

Romance–An evening of comic one-acts by Tom Topor. 12/4, 7, 8, 9, 15, 16 at 8 p.m. 12/10, 17 at 2 p.m. $3. Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Drive (864-2929).

Shelley–A musical protrait, written & directed by Morna Murphy, lyrics by P.B. Shelley, music by Ralph Martell. Fri & Sat at 8 p.m. $3. Royal Court Repertory, 301 W 55th (997-9582).

Shelter West Rep–*Friends*, Kobo Abe's play, directed by Michael Kolba and Atsumi Sakato. Wed thru Sun, thru 12/17. *Peaceable Kingdom*, William Packard's play, directed by Edward Rubin. Sat thru

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The last time we planned a special sale, New York was hit by a blizzard, so this time we have our fingers crossed.

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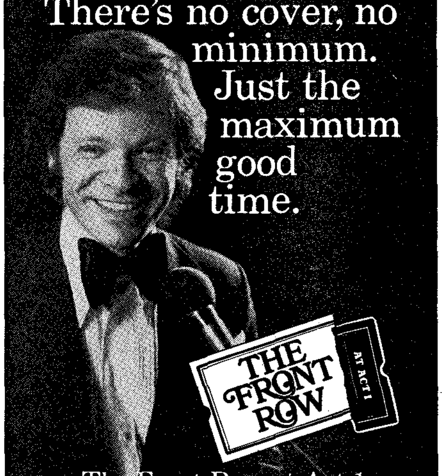

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1978
2:00 P.M.

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CONCERT FOR BENEFIT OF ADVENT LUTHERAN CHURCH
SUGGESTED CONTRIBUTION $3.00 - STUDENTS $1.50

Tues, thru 12/19. $3. Shelter West, 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

Shipping Out: Games of Chance on the High Seas–Comedy with orchestra by Medicine Show and Stephen Policoff, music by Donald Johnston. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. thru 1/6. Newfoundland, 6 W 18th (255-4991).

Soho Rep–Jean Giraudoux's *Amphitryon 38. Poe in Person.* Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

The Suicide–American premiere of Nikolai Erdman's 1932 Russian farce, directed by Robert O'Rourke. Fri thru Sun at 8, mats Sat at 2, thru 12/17. $3. Festival Theater, 277 Park Ave So (799-9282).

Take a Giant Step–Louis Peterson's play, thru 12/10. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. $3. Pilgrim Theater, 240 E 3rd (766-9334).

13th St Repertory–Israel Horovitz's *Line,* Thurs & Fri at 7:30, Sat at 10 p.m. Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx.* Sun at 9:30. Alan Rossett's *Double Dreamburger,* Thurs & Fri at 10; Sat at 7:30. Brother Theodore entertains, Sat at midnight. *Success!,* a musical by Steven Matay, Sun thru Tues at 7:30. 13 St Theater, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

Three–Neil Cuthberg's *Buddy Pals,* Peter Maloney's *Bicycle Boys,* and Susan Naus's *Playing Dolls.* Wed thru Sun at 7:30, Sun mat at 3 p.m. Thru 12/23, Ensemble Studio, 549 W 52nd (279-4200).

Three Easy Lessons–John Calene's play about tennis, 12/10, 11, 17, at 8 p.m. $3. Circle Rep, 99 7th Ave So (691-3210).

Three Places in Rhode Island–A trilogy by Spalding Gray and Elizabeth LeCompte. Fri thru Sun, 12/9-1/14. $4. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

Too Much Johnson–An 1894 American farcical comedy by William Gillette. Wed thru Sat at 8. Thru 12/16. $3.50. Little Church Around the Corner, 11 E 29th (679-7174).

Touching Bottom–Steve Tesich's three short plays about survival choices, with Harold Gould and Lois Smith. Directed by Robert Brink. Tues thru Sun, from 12/10. $9. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (247-0393).

Troupe Repertory–Lillian Carlton's *A Cavalier Affair;* Louis Woertendyke's *Home for the Holidays,* thru 12/17. Andy Mulligan's *The Bitch;* Aldous Huxley's *The Gioconda Smile,* thru 12/21. Phone for times. $3. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Patricia Miller) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

When You Comin' Back Red Ryder–A play by Mark Medoff, directed by Stephen Stewart-James. 12/7-10 at 8 p.m. Free. NY Stageworks, 15 W 18th (242-2695).

Windfall Apples–Roma Greth's comedy-drama by Anita Khanzadian. 12/8-11, 14-18, 26-31. $3. I.R.T., 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Winning Isn't Everything–Lee Kalcheim's political satire. Wed thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/10. $6. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9800).

Women and the Family System–*Daughters,* written and directed by Clare Coss, Sondra Segal, and Roberta Sklar, plays 12/6, 7, 8. *Sister/Sister,* by the same people 12/9, 10. At 8 p.m. Interart Theater Annex, 552 W 53rd (279-4200).

You Touched Me–By Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, based on a short story by D.H. Lawrence, directed by Marvin Kahan. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5 p.m. thru 12/17. $3. TRG Theater, 60 E 8th (LT 1-2900).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Monday through Friday, 12:30 to 6:30 p.m. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Ambrosia–115 E 60th. Candle-lit art-deco restaurant, with pianist Keith Ingham playing nightly, Mon thru Sat, all the songs one likes to hear. Closed Sundays (838-6662).

Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

The Balalaika–300 E 24th. Russian nightclub-restaurant. Singer Emil Gorovets and other Russian entertainers start their stuff at 9 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 9:30 and midnight. Dancing to instrumental trio. Closed Mondays (532-9297).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Brandy's II–84th & York. Supper club of wood, brick, and Commodore Hotel fixtures. Touch dancing nightly (879-5299).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, dancing, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonnette–890 Second Ave. Rita Dimitri performs Monday thru Saturday. The Chansonnette Trio plays for dancing (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Thru 12/31, "Latin Fire," a fantasy revue, at 9:30 & midnight; Sat at 8:30, 11:30 & 1:30. Closed Mon (PL 2-8080).

Club Athens–216 W 46th. New Greek supper club, in the theater district, featuring the dance rhythms of American and Greek disco and ballroom dancing, and singers Hector, Marie, Haris, and Panos. Closed Mondays (840-7494).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a lively revue with chorus girls and specialty acts. Showtimes Mon-Fri, 9:30 & midnight. Sat, 8:30, 11:45 & 1 a.m. Disco dancing until 4 a.m. Closed Sun (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment. Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. "Chocolata Comes to the Cotton Club," by Ed Bullins & Mildred Kayden. Wed thru Mon (exc. Sun) at 10 & 12:30 p.m. Disco dancing to the music of the Cotton Club Orchestra. Showcase every Tuesday. (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian-impressionist David Frye thru 12/16, at 9:30 & 11:30. Talent shows from 9:30 Sundays (593-1650).

David K's Aquarium Lounge–1115 Third Ave. Singer/pianist Hugh Shannon here nightly Wed thru Sun from 9 p.m. thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

El Sultan–151 E 50th. Looks like a harem and features four belly dancers and a Middle Eastern band in continuous performances from 9 till 4 a.m. Closed Sundays (753-3429).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd. An attractive place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington & his trio, thru 12/31, nightly exc. Sun at 10 midnight, and 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio plays Mon thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun & Mon evenings (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Maryeurs–Madison at 77th. Terry Hammond entertains, Tues thru Sat, 8:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Singing waiters & waitresses, & Fri & Sat, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. 12/6, 7, comedienne Nancy Parker performs at 9 & 11 p.m. (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–*2 W 55th.* Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In Lainie's Room: Thru 12/9, jazz/pop artist Maxine Weldon. In the Cabaret: 12/8-10, comedian Joe Restivo (840-7494).

Rainbow Grill–*65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Viva! Viva!* a revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys. Thru 12/31. Between & after shows—*Disco-dancing to a light show* (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra nightly, except Monday (PL 7-9090).

Le Refuge–*309 E 83rd. Charming French dining place* with live baroque guitar and harp music, nightly, from 7 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th. Italian cabaret with hideaway caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 Orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Enormous ballroom open for dancing Wed & Fri from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American & Latin bands, with Ruben Hernandez officiating at the disco's midnight sessions, Wed, Fri & Sat (247-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor. Miss Christian Cooper *with songs, dance routines & comedy at 9:30, 11:30* & 1:15 a.m., early show at 9 p.m. Fri & Sat, thru 12/9 (421-0900).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. Horace Diaz and his quartet supply dance music Mon thru Sat 8:30 p.m. til 1:30 a.m. (581-7080).

Touches–190 Third at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St at Madison (687-7000, ext.424). **Under the Clock:** The Phillips Brothers, with drums and piano, from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Mon thru Fri. **Cafe Fanny:** The Curtis Sisters play Mon thru Fri 6 to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** thru 12/31, Bobby Short plays Tues thru Sat at 9:45 & 11:30. **Bemelmans Bar:** Pianist Barbara Carroll here 12/4-31

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** A *very ritzy joint, and the trio that plays for dancing is* also worth listening to. The reason: seven-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, who leads a trio Tuesdays *thru Saturdays, playing ballads and swingers and an* occasional Django Reinhardt meditation. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30 a.m. A pianist takes over Sunday *and Monday.*

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret. Thru 12/16, New Life, featuring Joann Greco nightly, except Sun, from 9:30 to 1:30 a.m. **The Falstaff Room:** Singer-pianist Judy Keithley, 5 to 10 p.m., Mon thru Fri. And from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. singer/pianist Jennifer Scott.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** *Continuous dinner/dance music,* Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Fri, 5:30 to 8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist Bob Page, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting *for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Mon thru Fri. Sun,* 6-midnight, pianist Earl Rose.

Waldorf-Astoria, 49th St & Park Ave (355-3000). **Peacock Alley Lounge:** Cole Porter melodies played on his own piano, Tues thru Sat, 7:30 to 12:30 a.m. by pianist Jimmy Lyon.

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JAZZLINE 421-3592.
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The Ballroom–458 West Bdway. 12/5, 6, Lewis J. Stadlen, with Nancy Evers. On 12/10, a revue, Evelyn Powers's "Love and Other Inconveniences," at 8:30 & 10:30 p.m. (673-9121).

Beefsteak Charlie's–Fifth Ave & 12th St. Helen Humes's dazzling bright voice enhances blues and ballads with equal authority, and for her first appearances in the city in several months she'll be here 12/6-9, and 12/13-16 (490-7000).

Bondini's–62 W 9th St. Thurs thru Sat, Peggy Hewett, *Norman Rollings, and the all-girl orchestra of* Miss Faun, present a musical fantasy, "To the Happiness of Us All," Thurs at 11; Fri at 11:30; Sat *at midnight* (777-0670).

The Bottom Line–15 W Fourth St. 12/4, 5, Jerry Jeff Walker. 12/7-9, Flora Purim & Sweetwater. 12/11, 12, Kiki Dee and Tony Bird (228-6300).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing. And he plays on possibly the best instrument in town, an August Foster piano. 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steak*house, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/* ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by club-owner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of

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jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter is fast becoming a landmark, having established herself as a near-permanent resident of this famous restaurant-boite. She sings standards and originals, and she's swinging and irreverent way beyond her 83 years. Rose Murphy, she of the chichichis, comes in on Sundays (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Phil Leshin (794-2700).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. Genuine New Orleans restaurant. Buddy Tate is one of the pyramids of swing tenor sax, and his barrelchested tone will be well displayed in a bass-drums trio context Mondays thru Fridays all month (687-1860).

The Duplex–55 Grove St. 12/8, 9, singer/comedian Ira Siff, with pianist Richard Burke. Shows at 10 & midnight (243-9306).

Le Farfalle–209 W 48th. Split-level disco with large dance floors and extra special effects. Wed thru Sun from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m. (582-0352).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. 12/5-10, Lorna Luft. Cathy Carpino here 12/11 at 10:30 p.m. 12/12-17th, singer Julie Budd (362-6155).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. Pianist/singer Gladys Easter is currently celebrating her fourth year here and plays Wed thru Sat from 9:30 til closing. In the heart of the theater district (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mondays, this very handy bar with an exceptional juke box, presents Al Haig, one of the masters of modern jazz piano; Chuck Wayne, the fleetest of bop guitarists, comes in on Tues, and his former partner in duets, guitarist Joe Puma, joins with pianist Hod O'Brien for the rest of the week. Alicia Sherman sings with them Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hors d'Oeuvrerie–One World Trade Center. Tues thru Sat, pianist Russ Kasoff from 4:30; the Al Gafa Trio, for dancing, from 9:30 until 1 a.m., alternating with Roger Ram. Sun, Roger May Trio, from 4 to 11:30. Mon, Russ Kasoff from 4:30, and Roger May Trio, 7:30 until 12:30 (938-1111).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The atmosphere is unbeatable—it's a penthouse loft—and the jamming engaging. There are also musician lectures and swap nights—call for details (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying trumpeter Roy Eldridge is at his second living room (eight years at the same stand), and is always worth a late night visit. He is at the helm of a quintet, with the expert drummer Eddie Locke, and plays and sings blues, cotton curtain items, ballads, and fiery swingers. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30 to 8 p.m. on Fridays (664-9700).

Lone Star Cafe–Fifth Ave at 12th. Texas food and entertainment, Mon thru Sat, 9:15 to 3 a.m. Sun, 8:30 to 2 a.m. (242-1664).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and Roberto Lozano who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun, 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. (582-3193).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. 12/5-30, pianist Dick Hyman, clarinetist Johnny Mintz, trumpeter Pee Wee Irwin, drummer Bobby Rosengarten, and Milt Hinton on bass—all play tribute to George Gershwin. Performances begin 9:15 with three sets nightly. Woody Allen continues to hold forth on Mondays (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Ricardo Roda entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Cozy ambience and good food. Customers can sing along with Jerry Scott at the piano, from 8:30 until closing (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with music nightly by singer/pianist Danny Deaver or Elaine Francis, from 6 p.m. to midnight (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music, Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 8 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Michael Spavack band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 12/7-9, Matrix, a nonet. 12/12, 13, pianist Adam Makowicz. 9 & 11:30 p.m. during the week; 9 p.m. & midnight on the weekend (673-7030).

Park Place–363 Park Ave So. A new restaurant with a vaguely Oriental approach to "health" food, has the good taste to present Dardanelle, singing and playing piano and vibes, Wed thru Sat. Usually she's accompanied by a bassist (LO 8-2724).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine. Every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave nr 88th. Mon, Jazz A Cordes; Wed, the Lynn Oliver Swing Band; Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Tues, the New Orleans Nighthawks; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies. Saturday Night Stompers on Sat (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th St. 12/5-9, at 9 p.m. singer Karen Akers; at 11:30 p.m. Jessica James. 12/10, Ken Page at 9 & 11 & 12/11 at 11 p.m. 12/12-16, Holly Woodlawn at 9; Judy Kaye at 11:30 p.m. Also, Zora Rasmussen sings here Sat nights at 12:55 a.m. (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

The Sea Breeze–27 W 72nd. Seafood establishment, with singer/pianist Edward Linderman entertaining Tues thru Sat from 8 p.m. on (595-2534).

– Advertisement –

Polynesia in theater district

By MARTIN BURDEN

JOE KIPNESS is a producer, and his string of handsome, elegantly-mounted productions include "Applause," "King of Hearts" and Kona Tiki.

Kona Tiki, his latest venture, a Polynesian restaurant in the Americana Hotel, is put together with as much concern for the dramatic and eye-catching as any of his Broadway shows.

To help create it, Joe called in Frederic Fox, an award-winning Broadway designer, and the result is effective, starting with the two huge tiki statues and gas-fed torches at the entrance. There's a tasteful blend of tapa cloth, bamboo, rattan and intricate wood carvings, unusual and exotic lamps, cushioned bentwood chairs wrapped in rattan, slickly polished wood tables. (The tables for eight are cleverly angled, so the diners at the end aren't very far from those at the center).

It's a big room, light and airy, with lots of elbow room. At one end there's a bar and lounge, very popular in the evenings. A raised stage accommodates the Irving Fields trio, which plays nightly for dancing. Pianist Judi Lind is at the piano from 5 till 8 p.m. And there's never a cover or minimum charge.

The separate drink menu pictures colorfully the concoctions that are part of most Polynesian-Chinese restaurants, tricked up in name (Passionate Maiden, Navy Grog, Mauna Loa) and in service (in bowls, odd-shaped glasses, decorated with gardenias, etc.).

The extensive dinner menu lists a complete meal for $12.50, starting with soup (cream of spinach, king crab with corn) or a tidbit platter (egg-roll, spareribs and skewered chicken chunks). Entree choices include lemon chicken; fish filet with oyster sauce; beef with hot peppery sauce; breaded pork with lichee fruit in sweet and pungent sauce; and several more.

Dessert is ice cream, cheese cake or fruits.

The big a la carte menu mentions Polynesian beef rolls (sliced beef stuffed with bamboo shoots and green onions, $4.95), Alaskan king crab roll ($7.95), pork Malaysia (shredded pork with bamboo shoots, mushrooms, water chestnuts and pickled cabbage, in hot sauce, $8.75), beef Fuji (with vegetables and crisp noodles, $8.95), chicken Lani Lani (sliced chicken sauted in wine and black bean sauce with green onions, $8.50), shrimp sauted with green peas, fresh ginger and scallions in white wine sauce ($9.95). . . it goes on and on.

Kona Tiki's location, convenient to several Broadway theaters, makes it a popular spot for before-the-show dinner and after-the-show snacking, drinking and dancing. (A best-selling snack is the tid-bit platter of appetizers, $8.50 for two).

Complete luncheons are $6.95.

Ron Chan is the general manager, Heywood Lee is the maitre d'.

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AROUND TOWN

Seventh Avenue South–21 7th Ave So. Jazz nightclub. Bennie Wallace, a young modernist of the tenor saxophone who combines avant techniques with lyric accessibility, arrives with his band 12/5, 6. 12/12, 13, Janet Lawson. Music starts at 10 (242-4694).

StoryTowne–41 E 58th. Jazz bassist Ron Carter and his Quartet 12/6-9, 13-16. Shows at 9:15 & 11:30 nightly; three shows on Saturday (755-1640).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Gina Gilardi. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Top of the Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. African percussionist Olatunji had several successes 15 years ago; he makes a welcome return here thru 12/7. 12/9, Baird Hersey and the Year of the Ear (GR 5-5120).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Rock singer Baby Jane Dexter 12/7-9, 15, 16. Thurs at 9 & 11; Fri & Sat at 10 & midnight. Sun thru Wed, music & comedy showcase at 8:30 (260-0370).

Tre Amici–3rd Ave & 74th. Elegant setting and Italian cuisine. Charles De Forrest entertains nightly at the keyboard (535-3416).

Village Vanguard–178-7th Ave So. Archie Shepp, an indefatigable tenor saxophonist who now stands revealed as a traditionalist in the ranks of the avant garde, leads a quartet thru 12/10, for a rare nightclub gig. Sam Jones and Tom Harrell lead the fine big band on Monday nights (255-4037).

Le Vert-Galant–109 W 46th. Maurice's handsome French place, convenient for excellent dining in the theater district, Byron Sommers sings in the lounge, and there is piano entertainment nightly. Closed Sunday (JU 2-7989).

West End Cafe–2911 Bdway nr 113th. This legendary adjunct to Columbia University has become a rotating festival of swing musicians. 12/5-6, Clyde Bernhardt, a trombonist and singer, with the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band; George Kelly, the tenor saxophonist who is often heard in combat with Paul Quinichette, leads the Jazz Sultans on 12/8-9 (666-8750).

Restaurants

Below, mini-reviews of restaurants recommended by our restaurant critics, who chose the restaurants independently and dined there anonymously. ***(S.B.)*** Seymour Britchky. ***(G.G.)*** Gael Greene. The code: **AE,** American Express; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge; **V,**Visa.

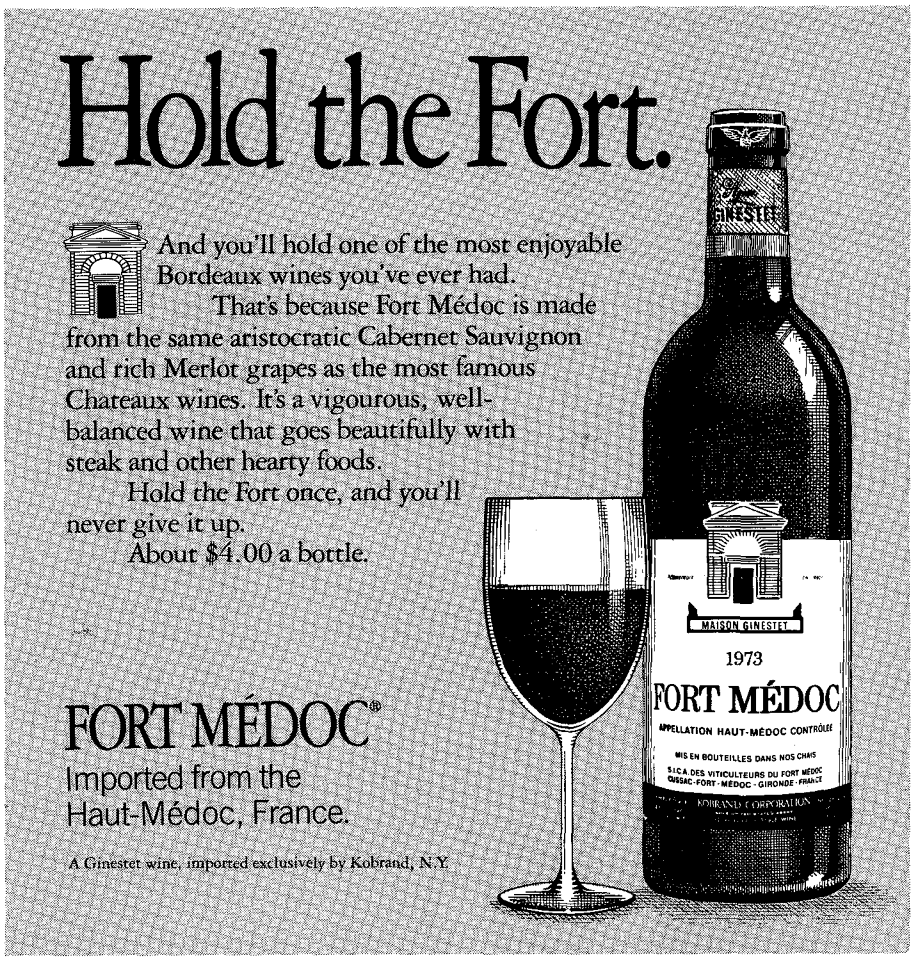
Highly Recommended

Auberge Suisse–Citicorp Bldg. 153 E 53rd. The setting is modern and cool, and it takes a crowd of diners to warm the place up. But the Swiss food—of sparkling ingredients—is handsomely presented and vividly flavored. The escargots Café de Paris is a wondrous dish dominated by herbs, brandy, and browned Swiss cheese. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $12. AE CB DC MC V (421-1420). *(S.B.)*

Dimitri–152 Columbus Ave nr 66th. New to bustling Columbus Avenue, this unfussy bistro offers modest prices and surprisingly good, eclectic food—a little French, a little Greek, a little Italian. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $5 to $9. AE CB DC MC V (787-7306) *(G.G.)*

Gage & Tollner–372 Fulton St, Bklyn. The most elaborate seafood menu in the city is available in this carefully preserved nineteenth-century relic. There are great rows of huge arched mirrors, well-worn mahogany tables, and ancient chandeliers within which, on winter nights, gas flames flicker in century-old fixtures. The clam belly broil is understandably legendary. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $6 to $23. AE DC MC V (875-5181). *(S.B.)*

La Gamelle–59 Grand St nr West Broadway. Gutted, stark, and stagy, this new SoHo spot is promptly packed with the colorful "bohemians" of that blooming quarter. Straightforward French food interpreted in high flavor. The blackboard menu changes from day to day. Tues thru Sun noon to 3 p.m. & 6 to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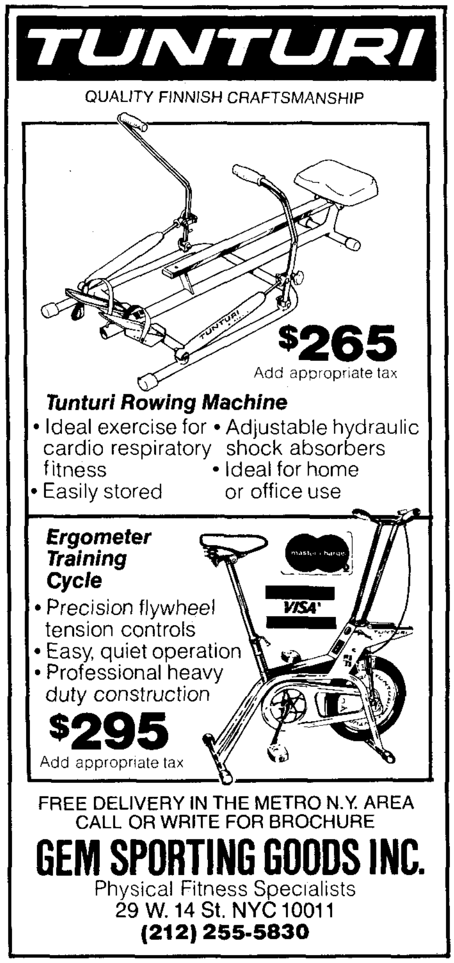
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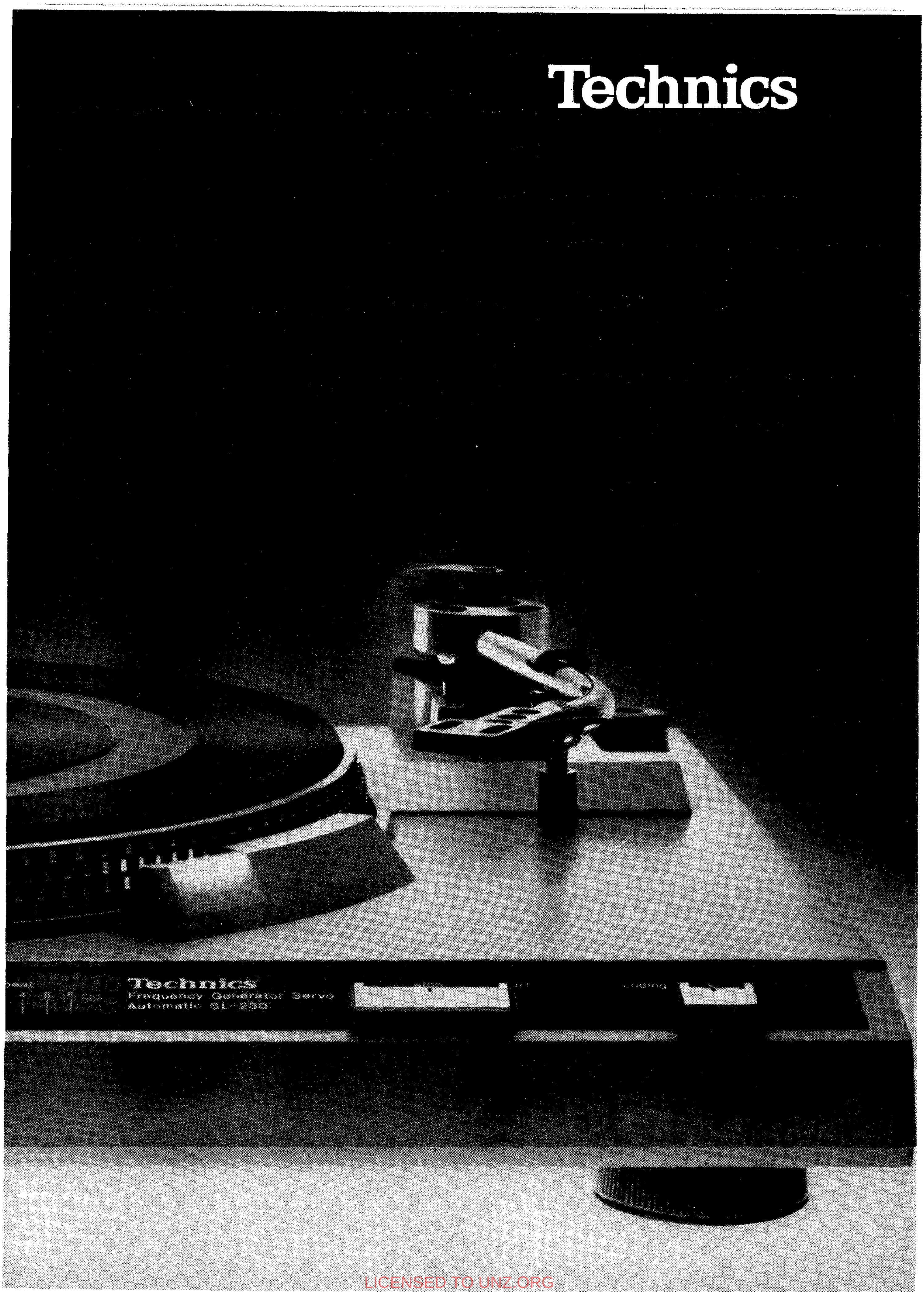
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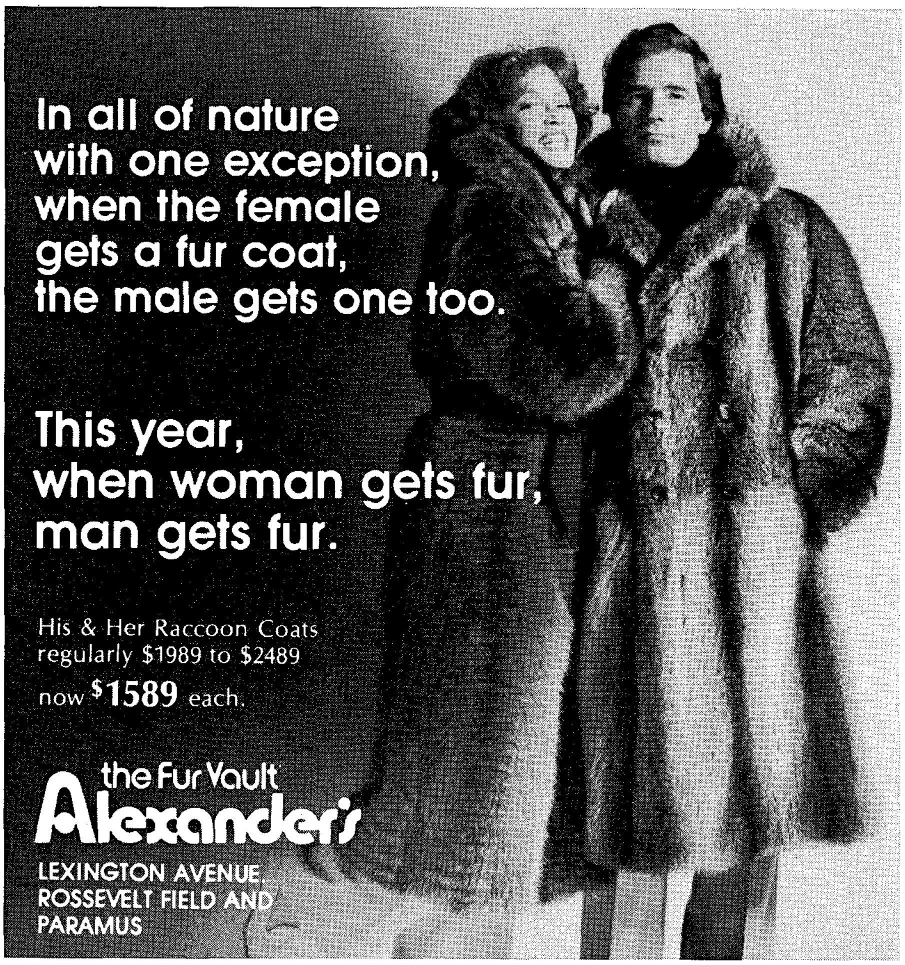

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midnight; Mon 6 p.m. to midnight. Dinner entrées $7.50 to $8.75. No credit cards (431-6695). *(S.B.)*

La Metairie–189 W 10th. This, the best French restaurant in Greenwich Village, is tiny and rather relentlessly charming in the rustic manner. The dishes on the brief blackboard menu change regularly, and the well-prepared food varies from the sturdy to the elegant. Courtesy common here. Apéritifs and wine only. Tues thru Sun seatings at 7 p.m. & 9:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $9 to $12.50. No credit cards (989-0343). *(S.B.)*

Mon Paris–111 E 29th. A little hard on the eyes, what with crimson fleurs-de-lis of velvety flocking on the walls, but the good French country cooking has been placating the vast appetites of an addicted clientele for decades now. Regulars know to order the unlisted soufflés for dessert. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $14. AE MC V (683-4255). *(S.B.)*

La Petite Ferme–973 Lexington betw 70th & 71st. This is the best exponent of simple French cooking in town. The setting is of studied bucolic simplicity, with such accents as an ancient rake standing in a corner, plaid dish towels for napkins, doves in a cage. The mussel appetizer, with chopped red onions and a vinaigrette dressing, can inspire the jaded, revive the forlorn. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $10 to $13. AE DC MC V (249-3272). *(S.B.)*

Takezushi–11 E 48th St. Sushi fans cheerfully wait for a seat at the counter to commune with these Japanese masters. Try the sea-urchin tuna, the bellyfish roe, the sea clam, and the celestial mackerel. It helps to have a familiar to help order in Japanese, but if you love the taste of the sea, almost anything you point to will be a pleasing mouthful. By the piece, 60¢ to $1, or order lunch at the table. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 to 10 p.m.; Sat 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. Dinner entrées $6 to $12. AE CB DC MC V (755-6534). *(G.G.)*

Le Veau d'Or–129 E 60th. Contented crowds have been coming here for hearty French country cooking for decades, and the place seems hardly ever to change. Le Veau d'Or has the warmth of golden wood, of red leather, and of a contented and civilized clientele to whom fashions are merely fashions. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Complete dinners $11.90 to $19 (838-8133). *(S.B.)*

Wonderful Settings

Ambassador Grill–United Nations Hotel, 1st Ave at 44th. Luxurious comfort in a setting of hard-edged modernity, starkness and posh, marble floors and burgundy velvet, polished crystal and fresh flowers, and an overhead trompe l'oeil arrangement of glass and mirrors that recedes upward like an inverted glittering cascade. The food is mostly French, and the simpler dishes are very well prepared. Daily 7 a.m. to 11 a.m.; noon to 3 p.m. & 6 p.m. to midnight. Dinner entrées. $9 to $15. AE CB DC MC V (355-3400). *(S.B.)*

Box Tree–242 E 50th. This tiny restaurant is lovingly assembled, with an impeccable eye for ornament. It is like a dark jewel, bejeweled. The food is of French inspiration, but idiosyncratic and often superb. The vacherin—a hazelnut meringue filled with whipped cream and berries—may be the most sublime dessert in New York. Mon thru Fri lunch at 12:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat dinner sittings at 6:30 p.m. & 9:30 p.m.; Sun at 7:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner $28.50. No credit cards (758-8320). *(S.B.)*

Nirvana–30 Central Park So. From this heavily adorned, fifteenth-floor Indian aerie one is afforded a panoramic view of Central Park. Much of the menu is standard fare, but there are several interesting rarities, including a spectacular lamb curry that is heavily laced with fresh spinach. Daily noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $4.95 to $9.95. No credit cards (752-0270). *(S.B.)*

The Russian Tea Room–150 W 57th. The Tea Room is a glittering heterogeneity of things to eat, people to see, objects that adorn. It is intoxicating, even without its list of exotic vodkas. The food is splendid, most notably the blini—browned and fluffy buckwheat pancakes you wrap around sour cream and caviar. Sun thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Complete dinners $8.75 to $18.75 AE CB DC MC V (265-0947). *(S.B.)*

Tavern on the Green–Central Park at W 67th. A fantasy glass pavilion dripping with Baccarat chandeliers and other magnificent excess from the

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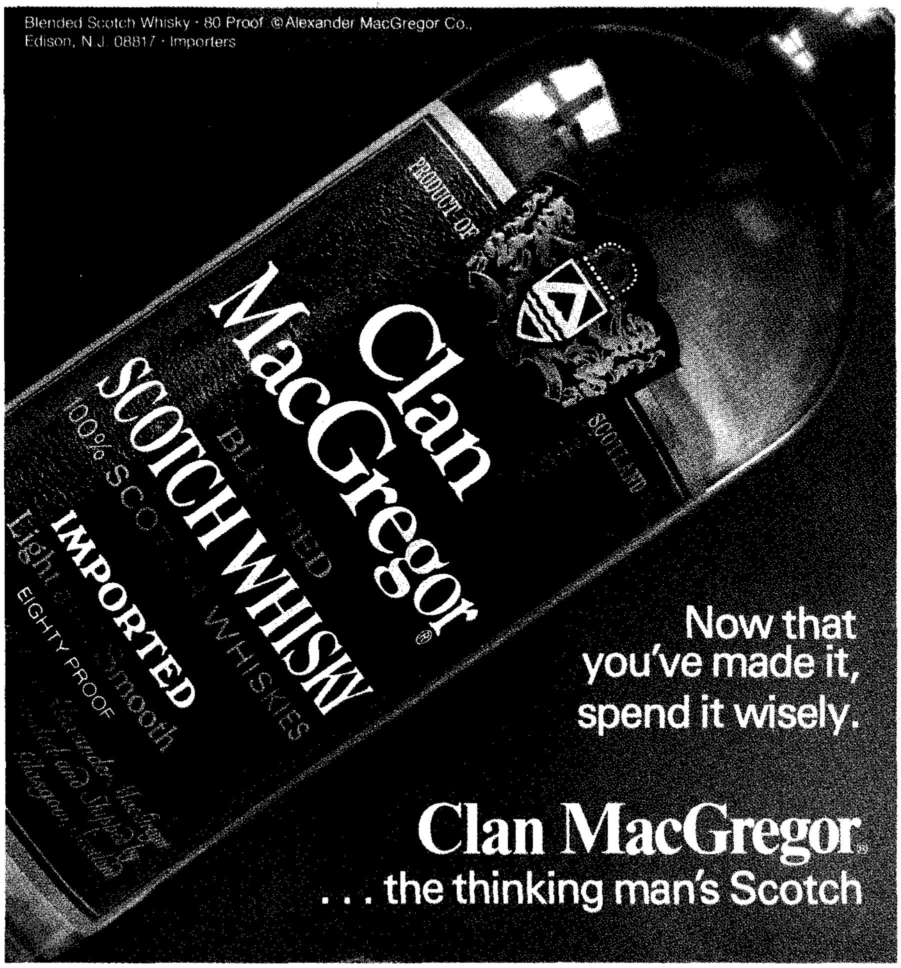

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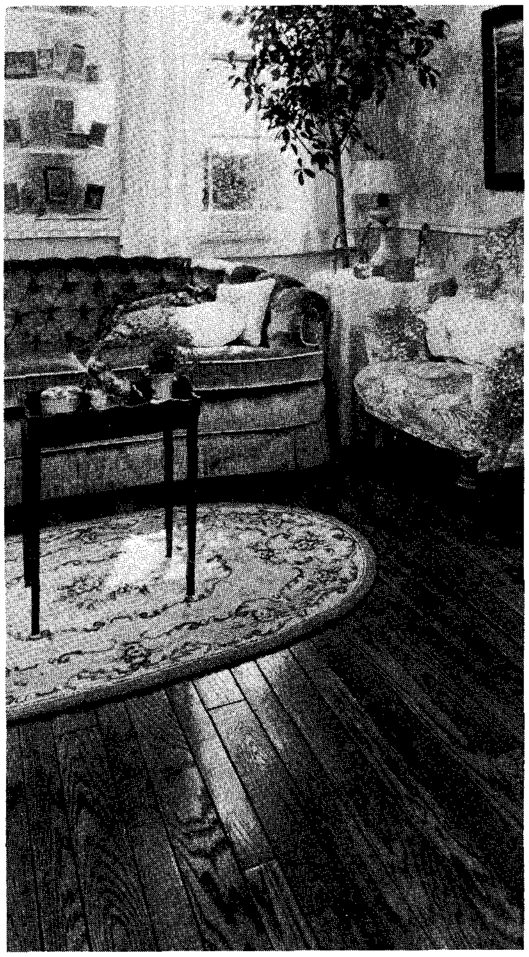

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irrepressible dream-merchant, Warner LeRoy. So far, no one has been able to get the kitchen to sparkle too, but the desserts are wonderful. Mon thru Fri noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sat 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sun 10:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight. Dinner entrées $6.95 to $21. AE CB DC MC V (873-3200). *(G.G.)*

The "21" Club–21 W 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Mon thru Sat noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $12 to $16. AE CB DC MC V (582-7200). *(G.G.)*

Nice and Inexpensive

The Big Kitchen–1 World Trade Center. This, the best-designed and handsomest fast-food enterprise in New York, is a wonderous joy. It's a collection of stands—deli, rotisserie, ice-cream-parlor, health-bar, soup station. Magnificent fresh oysters and clams, pasta with clam sauce cooked to order, good barbecued ribs, hand-shaped burgers, and fine croissants, and the same celebrated pastries served 107 stories up at Windows on the World—to eat now, or carry away. Mon thru Fri 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat & Sun 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. No credit cards (938-1153). *(G.G.)*

The East West Restaurant–105 E 9th. Health food à la Japanese, with an emphasis on vegetables, fish, and tempura cooking. You may bring your own beer or wine, but the chopstick-wielding young people who keep this simple place busy drink tea, mostly. Clapboard walls, hanging plants, and lots of long hair. Daily 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.50 to $7.50. No credit cards (260-1994). *(S.B.)*

El Tenampa–304 W 46th. By New York Mexican-restaurant standards, this small, homey, family-run establishment is highly experimental, even radical, for the menu goes well beyond tortillas and mole poblano. Some of the food is painfully hot, much of it is available nowhere else in New York, and almost all the dishes have the sprightliness of food just made. Bring beer. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.75 to $6. DC (840-9398). *(S.B.)*

Hee Seung Fung (HSF)–46 Bowery. The town's most splendid parade of dim sum. Point to what you want and pay by the dish. Don't miss the paper shrimp, crab claw, stuffed green peppers, vegetarian egg roll, and tiny ribs in black bean sauce. Big, bright, crowded. Takeout too. Daily 7 a.m. to midnight. Dim sum lunch 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Dinner, also, noon to midnight. No credit cards (374-1319). *(G.G.)*

Sushiko–251 W 55th. Most Japanese restaurants in New York are frequented by Japanese businessmen. The whole family comes to this one. Sushiko has one of the best and most educational sushi bars in town, offering such rarities as abalone, salted Japanese eel, and tuna stomach. The less exotic meat dishes are good, too. Simple surroundings. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat & Sun 5 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Dinner entrées $3 to $8. AE CB DC (974-9721). *(S.B.)*

Ukrainian Restaurant–140 Second Ave nr 9th. The place is as straightforward as its name; the decor is knotty-pine roadhouse ballroom; and the food ranges from solid to hefty, including a hot borscht that is tart and earthy. The servings are immense so you will not mind the absence of interesting desserts. The waitresses wear folk blouses. Mon thru Thurs 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri 5 p.m. to midnight; Sat & Sun noon to midnight. Dinner entrées $3.50 to $4.25. No credit cards (533-6765). *(S.B.)*

Vincent's Clam Bar–119 Mott St. Liquor and seafood bars up front, plastic-topped tables in the back. Raw clams and oysters, steamed mussels and conch, and deep-fried soft-shell crabs and calamari make up most of the menu. The alternative sauces—medium and hot—are both very hot. Large portions or small. No desserts. A nuts-and-bolts restaurant. Mon thru Thurs 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.; Fri, Sat, & Sun 11:45 a.m. to 3 a.m. Dinner entrées $2.50 to $3.75. No credit cards (226-8133). *(S.B.)*

The Greats

Christ Cella–160 E 46th. Spartan of appointments, lavish with quality, this place knows the value of customers and treats them accordingly. The broiled steaks and broiled lobsters are superb. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:30 p.m.; Sat 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $10 to $25. AE CB DC MC V (697-2479). *(S.B.)*

AROUND TOWN

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich, even strongly romantic. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set: grilled food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Sat noon to 2 p.m. Dinner entrées $8.50 to $14.50. Pool Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $12.50 to $18.50. AE CB DC MC V (754-9494). *(G.G.)*

Gloucester House–37 E 50th. A number of seafood restaurants in New York are reliable for their simple fish dishes. This is one of them. But this is the only such place that also serves good chowders and shellfish stews; vegetables that are crisp and fresh; light-as-air French-fried onion rings; and strawberry shortcake made with real biscuits and true whipped cream. Amazingly expensive. Handsome nautical decor. Daily noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Dinner entrées $10.50 to $21.50. AE CB DC MC V (755-7394). *(S.B.)*

Hunam–845 Second Ave nr 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Mon thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $5.25 to $10.50. AE CB DC (687-7471). *(G.G.)*

Lutèce–249 E 50th nr Second. The French restaurant for serious gastronomes, run by a masterful, inventive owner-chef. Tues thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 6 to 10 p.m. Mon & Sat 6 to 10 p.m. Dinner entrées $16.50 to $17.25. AE (PL 2-2225). *(G.G.)*

Oyster Bar & Restaurant–Downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Dinner entrées $4.95 to $11.95. AE CB DC MC V (532-3888). *(G.G.)*

The Palace–420 E 59th. French classics cooked to order. The closest experience to Michelin-three-star excess in America. In this, the most obscenely expensive restaurant in New York, the food is not merely good, it's dazzling. Mon thru Sat seating 6:30 p.m. thru 9:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner $80, but figure $300 for two, with wine. AE CB DC MC V (355-5150). *(G.G.)*

The Palm–837 Second Avenue nr 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $24. AE CB DC MC V (687-2953). *(G.G.)*

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Daily noon to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $9 to $19; prix-fixe dinner $14. AE CB DC (371-8844). *(G.G.)*

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank St at Hudson. Crowded, noisy, often booked days ahead, this food-establishment hangout does sublime things with vegetables, lush pastas, and a good fish soup. At times, sad to note, the waiters, normally sweetly manic, grow testy, if not arrogant, and even the kitchen sometimes sputters. Bring wine. Wed thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $4 to $7. No credit cards (929-4400). *(G.G.)*

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave nr 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat noon to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $5.95 to $19.75. AE DC (838-0850). *(G.G.)*

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. If the food is sometimes pedestrian, the views are so splendid you may not notice. Mon thru Fri 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sun noon to 7 p.m. (buffet). Dinner entrées $10.75 to $17.95; prix-fixe dinner $19. AE CB DC MC V (938-1111). *(G.G.)*

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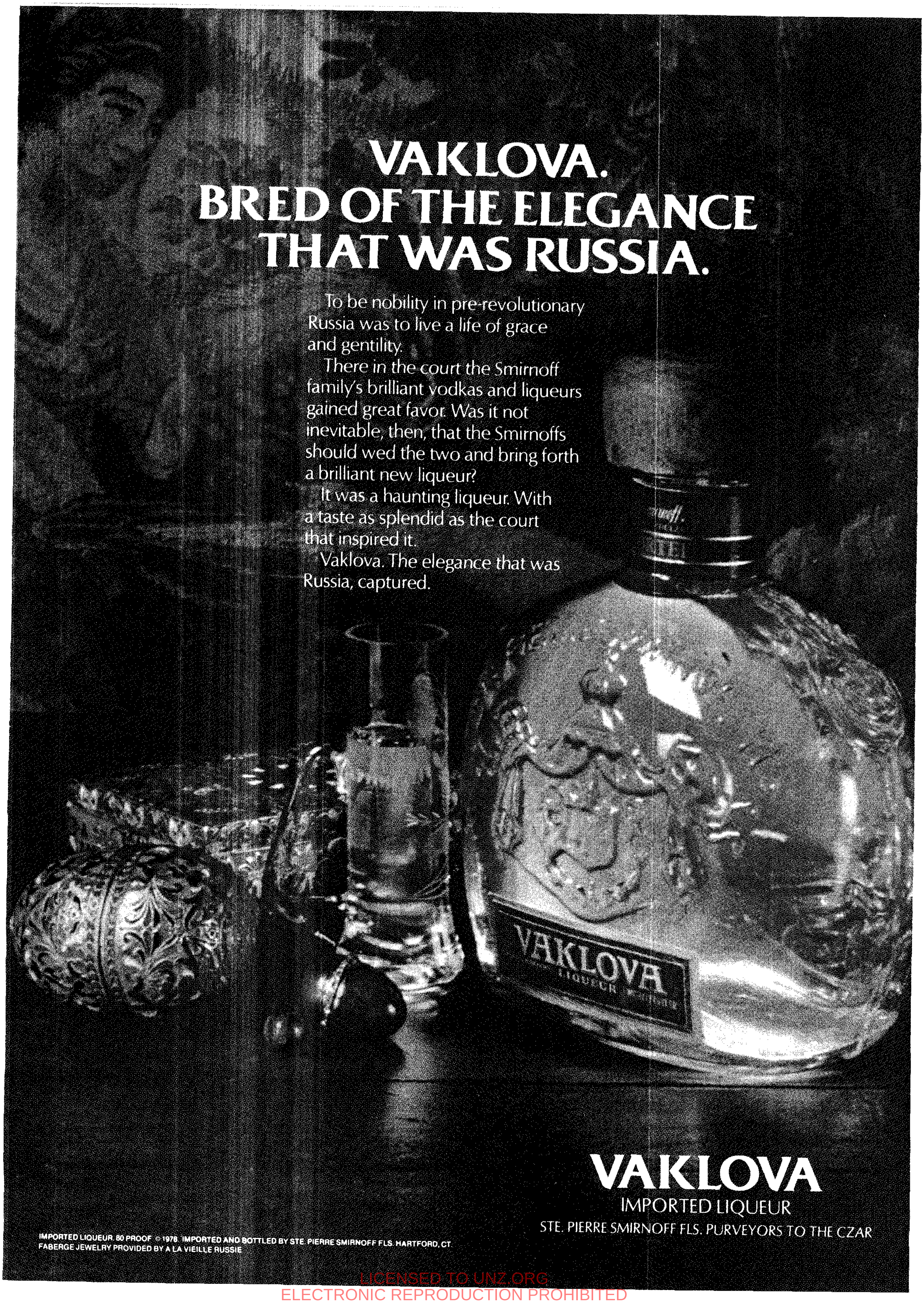

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AROUND TOWN

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Treasures of Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow, NYC Passenger Ship Terminal, Hudson River at 52nd St. (674-5094). Antiques, jewelry, and hand-crafted items; 12/8-9 from noon to 9 p.m., 12/10 from noon to 6 p.m.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Mummenschanz, Bijou, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Sat at 8, Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3.

Bronx Zoo, Pelham Pkwy. at Southern Blvd. (220-5100), Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Holiday Crafts Fair, Ferris Booth Hall in Columbia University, Broadway at 115th St. (279-3400). Arts and crafts, music, dance, magic, food, gifts, mime, and more; 12/8-10 and 15-17 from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Goodskates, Mineral Springs Building, northwest end of Central Park Sheep Meadow (535-1080). Daily 10 A.M.-7 P.M. Sales and rentals of roller skates for use in the 31 miles of paved walkways in the park.

Walking Tours of New York: Tours of Brooklyn Heights and the theater and financial districts of the city take place every Sunday afternoon, beginning at 2. For more information, call 586-4763.

New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. at W 8th St., Bklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 10-7.

Concerts

Monday, December 4

Hideko Udagawa, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Samuel Mammel, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Robert Fleischer, violin, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Tuesday, December 5

National Orchestral Association, Carnegie Hall; Vladimir Kin conducts, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. Works of Mozart, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, and Wyner, at 8.
Stephen Hunter, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.
American Brass Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Stephanie Brown, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Wednesday, December 6

Ileana Cotrubas, soprano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Nieuw Nederlande Consort, Greater Ridgewood Historical Society, 59-03 Summerfield St., Queens (787-0517), at 1.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
André Watts, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Da Capo Chamber Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
Friedman-Vardi-Silberstein Trio, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
New Amsterdam Singers, Broadway Presbyterian Church, Bdwy at 114th St. (663-6021), at 8.
Chaka Khan, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30 & midnight.

Thursday, December 7

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Mstislav Rostropovich conducts, with Martha Argerich, piano. Works of Dvorak and Prokofiev, at 8:30.
New York Woodwind Ensemble, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Dimitri Aleksyev, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, Alice Tully Hall, 8.
Musical Arts Studio, Lincoln Center Library, at noon.
Parnassus, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Dennis Edwards, organ, Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. (254-2000), at 12:30.

Friday, December 8

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 12/7, at 8:30.
New York Choral Society, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Franco Gulli, violin & **Enrica Cavallo,** piano, Metropolitan Museum, at 8:30.
Elizabeth Freeman, harpsichord, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

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AROUND TOWN

Young Artists Concert, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (673-5442), at 8.

Ilse Friedenberg, piano, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.

Gramercy Consort, Foundation House Gallery, 15 E 65th St. (734-2130), at 8.

Composers String Quartet, McMillin Theater, Broadway at 116th St. (280-3825), at 8.

Percussion Concert, The Brook, 40 W 17th St. (695-7921), at 8.

Saturday, December 9

Masterwork Chorus & Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; David Randolph conducts Handel's *Messiah,* at 8.

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2.

André Watts, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 12/7, at 8:30.

Laurien Laufman, cello, Metropolitan Museum, at 2:30.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra/Janos Starker, cello, Metropolitan Museum, at 8:30.

Miltiades Matthias, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 2:30.

Y Chamber Symphony, 92nd St. Y, at 8.

Stanley Persky, clarinet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.

Ars Nova Musicians, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Percussion Concert, The Brook, 40 W 17th St. (695-7921), at 8.

Jerome Cooper, ACIA, 28 E 4th St. (473-6072), at 8.

Concerto Concert, NY School of Printing, 439 W 49th St. (489-1959), at 7:30.

Joseph Porrello, tenor, St. Vincent's Church, Lexington Ave. at 66th St. (744-2080), at 7:30.

Phyllis Lynd Concert Party, Shelburne Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (877-8233), at 8:30.

Nowell Sing We Clear, Community Church, 40 E 35th St. (343-9575), at 7:15.

Music & Dance of the Spheres, Theater of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (673-6957), at 8:30.

Sunday, December 10

PLENTY OF HORNE

On Sunday, December 10, the great **Marilyn Horne** will give her first recital at Avery Fisher Hall. Accompanied by Levering Rothfuss, Miss Horne will perform selections from Vivaldi's *Orlando Furioso,* Mahler's *Das Knaben Wunderhorn,* and Rossini's *Giovanna d'Arco* and songs in English and Italian. At 3 (874-2424).

Masterwork Chorus & Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; David Randolph conducts Handel's *Messiah,* at 2 & 6:30.

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.

Speculum Musicae, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Y Chamber Symphony, 92nd St. Y, at 2.

Janos Starker, cello, Hunter College Assembly Hall, 69th St. between Park & Lexington Aves. (586-4680), at 2:30.

Balalaika Symphonic Orchestra, New-York Historical Society, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), at 2:30.

Sunday Brunch Co., St. Luke's Lutheran Church, 308 W 46th St. (246-3540), at 3:30.

New York Kammermusiker, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672), at 4.

Student Recital, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 1:30.

Borealis Quintet, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.

Apple Hill Chamber Players, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Slavic Arts Ensemble, Cami Hall, 165 W 57th St. (582-4090), at 2:30.

Al Cohn, tenor sax, Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. (737-4561), at 5.

Florilegium Portense, Advent Lutheran Church, Broadway at 93rd St. (866-2100), at 2.

Boys Choir of Harlem & CETA Orchestra, Church of the Intercession, 550 W 155th St. (690-3333), 8.

AROUND TOWN

Music & Dance of the Spheres, Theater of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (673-6957), at 8:30.
Mary Barto, flute & **Eve Kugler,** harpsichord, St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Ave. at Washington Pl. (223-4812), at 3.

Monday, December 11

Rudolf Serkin, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic Educational Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 a.m.
Folklorico Filipino, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Ciompi Quartet, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.
Christian Blackshaw, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
American Composers Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, 8.

Tuesday, December 12

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 12/7, at 7:30.
Boston Pops Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.
Anton Kuerti, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Michael Boriskin, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (744-9120).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

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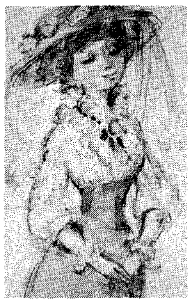
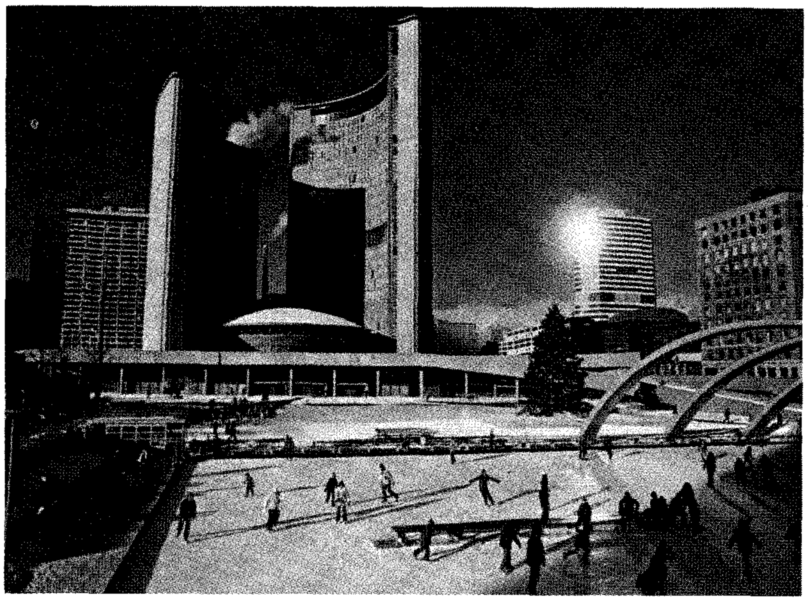


When Beverly Sills sings the role of Norina for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera season premiere of *Don Pasquale,* she will be attired in Desmond Heeley's witty costumes. The cast also includes Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, Hakan Hagegard, and Nico Castel. Nicola Rescigno, making his Met debut, conducts. December 7 at 7:30 (580-9830).

Mon, 12/4 at 8: **Luisa Miller** with Ricciarelli, Dunn, Carreras, MacNeil, Plishka, Cheek. Conductor: Levine; director: Merrill; designers: Colonnello, Caine & Reppa. Tues, 12/5 at 8: **Aïda** with Cruz-Romo, Troyanos, Lamberti, Wixell, Flagello, Cheek. Conductor: Patané; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa & Hall. Wed, 12/6 at 8: **Carmen** with Crespin, Mitchell, Chauvet, Devlin. Conductor: Patané; director: Igesz; designers: Svoboda, Walker & Reppa. Thurs, 12/7 at 7:30: **Don Pasquale** (See box). Fri, 12/8 at 8: **Aïda** (Same cast as 12/5). Sat, 12/9 at 1:30: **Carmen** (Same cast as 12/6). Sat, 12/9 at 8: **Luisa Miller** (Same cast as 12/4. Sereni for MacNeil.) Mon, 12/11 at 8: **Aïda** (Same cast as 12/5). Tues, 12/12 at 8: **Don Pasquale** (See box).

CANADA



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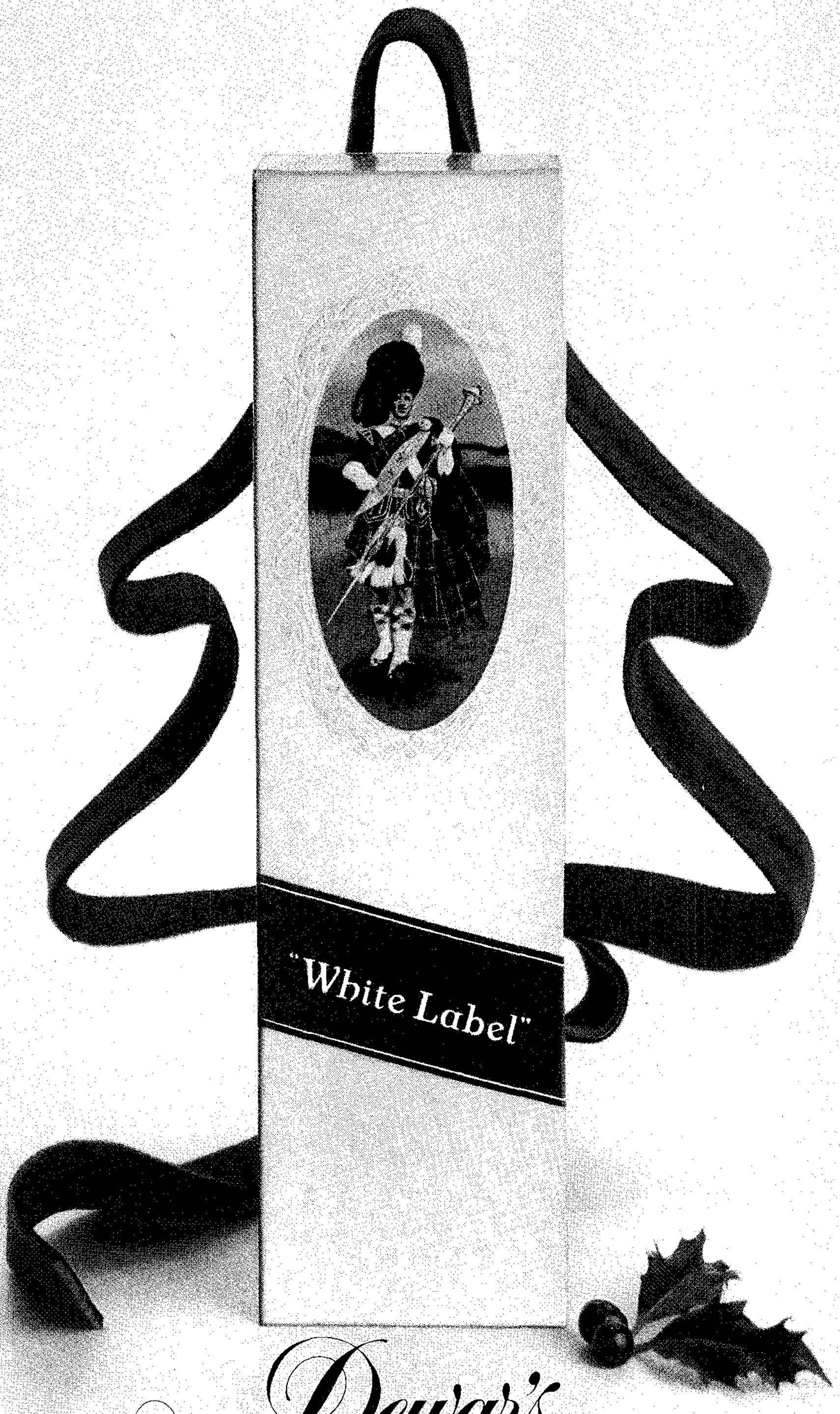

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OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Falstaff,* 12/9 at 7:30, 12/10 at 2:30.
Bel Canto Opera, 30 E 31st St. (889-6366). *L'Oracolo,* 12/9 at 7:30, 12/10 at 3.
Brooklyn Opera Society, NYC Community College, Jay & Tillary Sts., Bklyn (789-6759). *La Bohème,* 12/8-9 at 8.
Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Babes in Toyland,* 12/5 at 8:30, 12/6 at 2 & 8:30, 12/7-8 at 8:30, 12/9 at 4 & 8:30, 12/10 at 4, 12/12 at 8:30.
Regina Opera, 1250 65th St., Bklyn (232-3555). *La Traviata,* 12/8 at 8, 12/10 at 4.

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

The Nutcracker: 12/5-7 at 6, 12/8 at 8, 12/9 at 2 & 8, 12/10 at 1 & 5, 12/12 at 6.

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Tues, 12/5 at 8: *Gazelle; Cry; Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder; Revelations.* Wed, 12/6 at 8: *Blues Suite; Love Songs; Flowers; Suite Otis.* Thurs, 12/7 at 8: *Congo Tango Palace; Hobo Sapien; Toccata; Sunrise. . .Sunset; Caravan.* Fri, 12/8 at 8: *Streams; Time Before the Time After;* new Sappington work; *Suite Otis.* Sat, 12/9 at 2: *Congo Tango Palace; Reflections in D; Toccata; Flowers; Revelations.* Sat, 12/9 at 8: *Butterfly; Hobo Sapien; Sunrise. . .Sunset; Caravan.* Sun, 12/10 at 2: *Gazelle; Time Before the Time After;* new Sappington work; *Suite Otis.* Sun, 12/10 at 7:30: *Blues Suite; Love Songs; Masekela Langage; Revelations.* Tues, 12/12 at 8: new Sappington work; *Cry; Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder; Revelations.*

OTHER

Choreographers Showcase, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 12/5 & 12 at 8.
Ritha Devi, Christ Church, 520 Park Ave. (988-7697), 12/9 at 7:30.
Molissa Fenley & Dancers, Cunningham Studio, 463 Westbeth (924-0077), 12/8-10 at 9.
Annabella Gonzalez Dance Theater, Open Eye, 316 E 88th St. (534-6909), 12/9-11 at 8.
International Afrikan-American Ballet, Brooklyn College (859-1180), 12/9 at 8, 12/10 at 3.
Sheila Kaminsky & Co., Eden's Expressway, 537 Broadway (673-7185), 12/9 at 8:30.
Robert Lloyd, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 12/8-9 at 11.
Omega Liturgical Dance Co., St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (678-6886), 12/8-9 at 8, 12/10 at 5.
Transition Concert Dance Group, 46 Warren St. (582-1760), 12/9-10 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes show of special distinction.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

***Pat Adams**–Works on paper from 1954 to 1979, 12/5-1/6. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).
Alice Baber–New paintings, thru 12/30. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).
Enrico Baj–Paint and collage using brocade, knobs, shells, thru 12/9. Arras, 29 W 57th (421-1177).
Leigh Behnke/Sally Hazelet Drummond–Still-life spectral pairs in watercolor on paper/Luminescent optical abstractions, thru 12/6. Fischbach, 29 W 57th (PL9-2345).
Mario Botas–Poe-related watercolors, thru 12/9. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).
Michael Boyd–Luminous color grids, thru 12/9. Zarre, 41 E 57th (752-0498).

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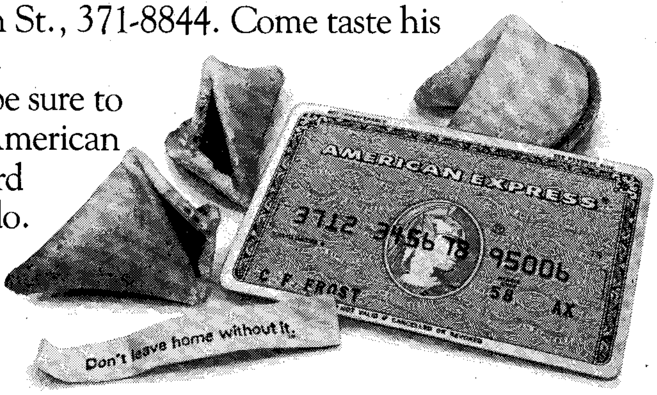

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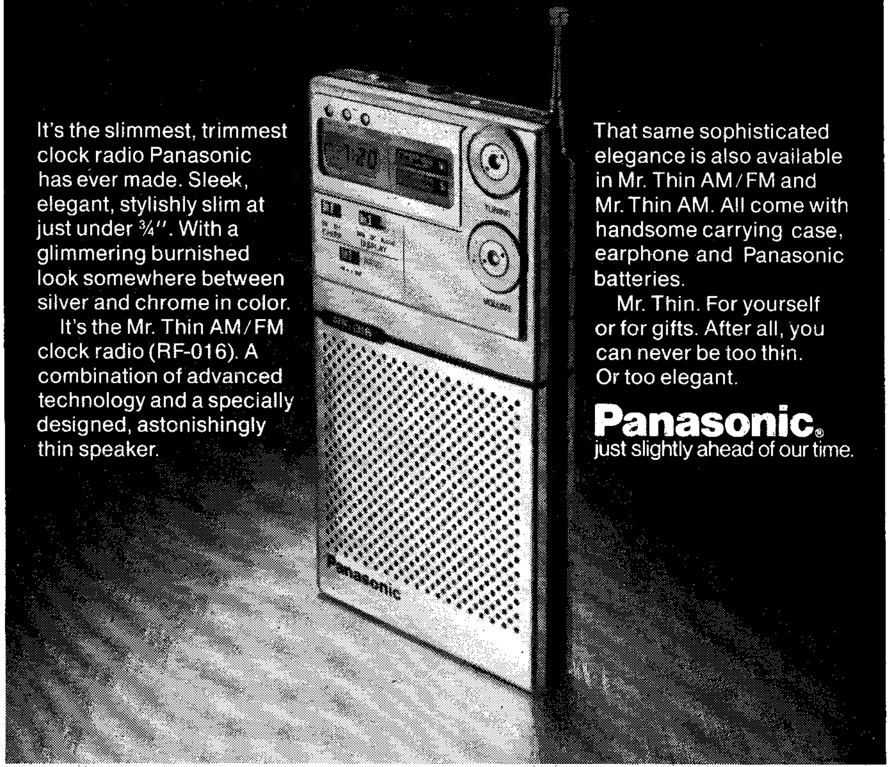

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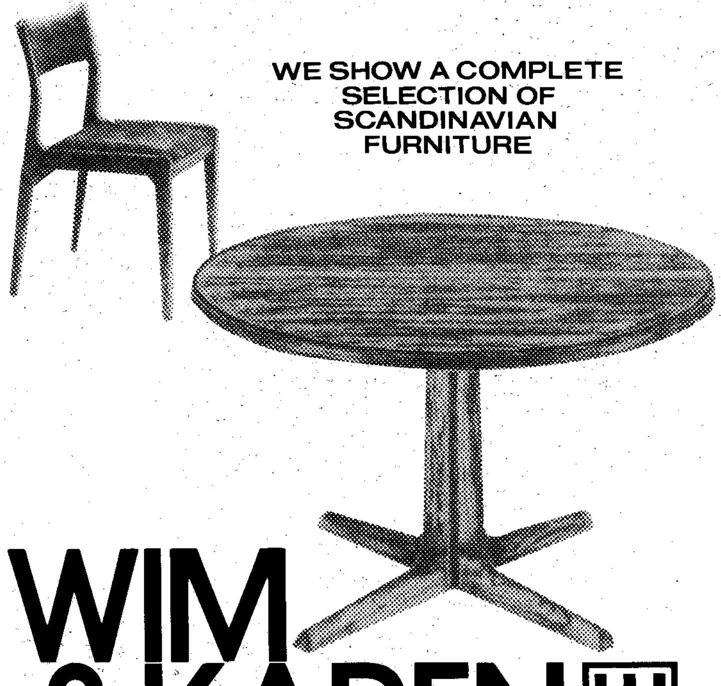

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AROUND TOWN

***Mary Callery**(1903-1977)–Large polychrome sculpture in welded steel, thru 12/30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

Casaus–Figures, sea- and landscapes from Spain, thru 12/30. Findlay, 17 E 57th (421-5390).

***Rosemarie Castoro**–Forest made up of three tree-like structures, 12/9-1/3. de Nagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Blanche Dolmatch–Austere lonely landscapes, thru 12/14. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

***Suzi Gablik**–Seething webs of life in collage and paint, 12/9-1/5. Dintefass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Pinchas Choen Gan–Recent paintings and drawings, thru 12/6. Protech, 37 W 57th (838-7436).

Theodora Gavenchak–Layered figures, thru 12/26. Gallery 84, 30 W 57th (581-6000).

Rube Goldberg–Political cartoons with election messages, thru 12/9. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

***Sidney Goodman**–Watercolors, charcoal with pastels done in the past two years, thru 12/8. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Howard Kanovitz–Pastel, surreal still lifes, thru 12/13. Rosenberg, 20 W 57th (757-2700).

Steve Keister–Suspended painted wood forms, 12/6-30. Adler, 50 W 57th (757-8208).

Yasuhide Kobashi–Sculpture and drawing, thru 12/8. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

***Alfred Leslie**–A large tripych, *Americans: Youngstown, Ohio, 1977-78,* and other huge figure compositions, thru 12/7. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).

Peter Todd Mitchell–New oils, thru 12/30. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270). Mon-Fri 9:30-5:30, Sat 10-5.

***Henry Moore**–Sculptures, drawings, and graphics, thru 12/16. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Reuben Nakian–New sculpture, thru 12/31. Gruenebaum, 38 E 57th (838-8245).

Robert Natkin–Subtle color impressions, thru 12/6. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (752-0124).

***Gustavo Novoa**–New oil paintings from his "Jungle Fables" series, thru 12/30. Findlay, 17 E 57th (421-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.

James Rosenquist–Hand-colored etchings from 1978, thru 12/30. Multiples, 38 E 57th (755-3520).

Clifford Ross–Paint-and-canvas symbolic abstractions, thru 12/7. de Nagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Jo Anne Schneider–Luminous still lifes, thru 12/30. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

***George Segal**–Slice-of-life environments, female figures in sparce settings, and pregnancy reliefs, thru 12/30. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

Robert Sivard–Watercolors, thru 12/16. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

Virginia Evans Smit–The Caribbean on paper, thru 12/16. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Richard Smith**–Multipaneled works done this summer in NYC, thru 12/7. Kornblee, 20 W 57th (586-1178).

Lowell Tostedt–Illusionistic surface series drawings using draped forms, thru 12/30. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Randy Williams–Book constructions, thru 12/9. Just Above Midtown, 50 W 57th (757-3442).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Willi Baumeister(1889-1955)–Work of this German artist, thru 12/16. Hutton, 33 E 74th (249-9700).

***Romare Bearden**–Collages from the 20s, thru 12/16. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

***Jake Berthot**–New paintings and skull drawings, thru 12/9. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

***Emile Branchard/William Fellini**–Two American primitives working in NYC in the first half of the 20th century, thru 12/23. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

***Stan Brodsky**–West Shore series, thru 12/23. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Anthony Chen–Nature paintings, thru 12/5. Galerias Paco, 26 E 63rd (935-8790).

***Otto Dix**(1891-1969)–Drawings and watercolors, thru 12/16. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

William Dole–Collages from 1958 to 1978, thru 12/9. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (LE5-1919).

John Duff–Small-scale wall and table sculptures/Large welded-steel rod geometrics, thru 12/23. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925)./623 Bdwy (3rd fl).

***Will Howe Foote**(1874-1965)–The Old Lyme School of American impressionism, thru 12/12. Lotus Club, 5 E 66th (391-0385).

Evelyn Glick–Landscapes, thru 12/9. Marbella, 903 Mad Ave (288-7809).

Sharon Gold–Dark acrylic and canvas on wood, thru 12/9. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

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AROUND TOWN

Antonio Gonzalez–Primitive oils, thru 1/30. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). Mon-Fri 9-4.

Eli Ilan–Bronze and glass sculpture, thru 12/16. Sindin, 1035 Mad Ave (593-6433).

Thaddeus Krumeich–Paintings, 12/5-22. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).

Gary Kuehn–Recent paintings, thru 12/9. Cucalon, 145 E 72nd (472-8741).

Robert M. Kulicke–Fruits and flowers on canvas and paper and cloisonné jewels, 12/5-29. Davis & Long, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

Vinton Lawrence–Drawn paintings, thru 12/4. Bartholet, 55 E 76th (BU8-4642).

David Lund–Maine, thru 12/16. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

Pat Mainardi–Recent paintings, thru 12/6. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Robert Quijada–Cut pieces of canvas and paper sewn, glued, and painted together, thru 12/9. Ericson, 23 E 74th (737-6155).

Charles C. Reid–Small still lifes, 12/5-23. FAR, 22 E 80th (734-7287).

Edwin Schlossberg–Vinyl panels, inks, and acrylics creating 3D poetry, thru 12/30. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Sidney Simon–Stone, bone, and mirror sculpture, thru 12/23. Sculpture Center, 167 E 69th (879-0430).

***David Smith**–Works executed between 1951 and 1964, thru 12/14. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).

Edward Sokol–Urban views and junglescapes, thru 12/31. Rolly-Michaux, 943 Mad Ave (535-1460).

Robert Sweeney–New England interiors and landscapes, thru 12/22. Carlton, 127 E 69th (249-9880).

Walasse Ting–Recent works, thru 1/6. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (RH4-3384).

Yoshitoshi Taiso–Views of the moon, 1886-1891, thru 12/30. Ronin, 605 Mad at 57th (688-0188). Mon-Sat 10-6, Wed & Thurs till 8.

SoHo

Janette Aiello/Fred Chance/Satish Joshi–Models in drawing and paint/Primitive masks in paint/Abstractions, thru 12/12. Westbroadway, 431 W Bdwy (966-2520).

Anselmo–Works by this Italian artist, thru 2/22 Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene (431-3685).

***Dottie Attie**–New work, thru 12/6. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Connie Beckley–Sound installation and works on parchment, thru 12/22. Bromm, 90 W Bdwy (732-6196).

***Lynda Benglis**–Numerical associations, thru 12/9. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

***Stephen Brown**–Nude self-portraits and erotic fantasies, thru 12/6. Bowery, 135 Greene (730-9452).

Marjorie di Lascia–Memorial show, thru 12/6. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

***Tom Doyle**–Large wooden sculpture to be entered and walked on, thru 12/30. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Loretta Dunkelman–New paintings and drawings, 12/9-1/10. A.I.R., 97 Wooster (966-0799).

Kent Floeter–Works, thru 12/14. Boone, 420 W Bdwy (966-2114).

Gerry Griffin/Ursula von Rydingsvard–Weapons, tools, structures in rattan, reed, wood/Bear Mountain cedar modules on the roof, thru 12/9. Freidus, 158 Lafayette (925-0113).

Emily Hixon–Mysterious symbols in many media, thru 12/21. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342).

Richards Jarden/Donald Lipski–Mats/Gathering dust, thru 12/16. Artists Space, 105 Hudson (226-3970).

Jerry Jones–An installation about the artist and gallery space, thru 12/16. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

Abe Lubelski/Alan Shepp–Heavy-layer paint reliefs/Sandblasted marble, granite, and slate, thru 12/14. Neill. 136 Greene (925-8633).

Paul Mogensen, Spirals, thru 1/6. Boone, 420 W Bdwy (966-2114).

Mary Nicholas/Sal Sirugo–Turning totems and ziggurats in wood/Turbulent landscapes and faces, thru 12/14. Landmark, 469 Broome (966-1173).

Charne Porter/James Sutter–Sand sculpture/Bronzes, thru 12/31. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

Lucio Pozzi/Royden Rabinowitch–Landscape watercolors/Somatic, weighted sculptures, thru 12/23. Weber, 420 W Bdwy (966-6115).

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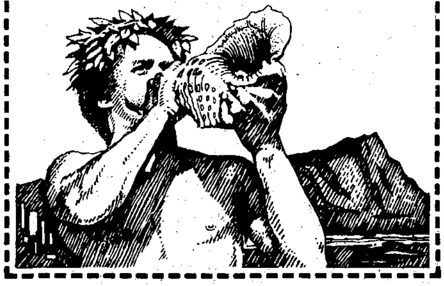

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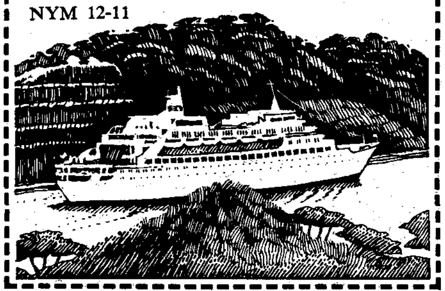

Garry Rich–Dark, symbolic landscapes, thru 12/7. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

Dorothea Rockburne–3D structural drawings on paper and vellum, thru 12/21. Weber, 420 Bdwy (966-6115).

Janet Shafner–Tools, fruit, bread, and balls, thru 12/10. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Mark Smith–Paintings of open boxes in primary colors under severe illumination, 12/8-1/3. Prince St, 106 Prince (226-9153).

Cy Twombly–A ten-part painting dealing with Ilium, thru 1/20. Friedrich, 393 W Bdwy (925-9380).

*__Brian Wall__–Balanced sections of steel plates, tubing, and chopped I-beams, 12/9-1/27. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

*__George Wexler__–Panoramas of the Hudson Valley, thru 12/6. First Street, 118 Prince (226-9011).

*__Margaret Wharton__–Chairs, dissected and reassembled, thru 12/30. Kind, 139 Spring (925-1200).

Una Wilkinson–Relaxed, witty East Hampton oils, thru 12/7. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

OTHER

Lydie Egosi–Tapestries with Judaic themes, thru 1/5. Union House, 838 5th Ave (768-5895). Mon-Fri 9:30-4:30.

Pam Leon–Watercolors, thru 12/23. Rentschler, 450 W 24th (929-0192) Wed & Sat 12-6.

John Perretti–Actual still-life objects that melt on the canvas, thru 12/6. St. Bartholomew, 109 E 50th (PL1-1616).

Henry Prellwitz–Landscapes, thru 12/17. Seventeenth St, 132 E 17th (260-3454). Tues-Fri 6-8, Sat & Sun 1-7.

Rupert Smith–Metallic diamond-dusted abstractions, 12/5-23. Dorfman, 831 Bdwy (473-2017).

*__Antoni Tapies__–Etchings and lithos, 1947-1977, thru 1/6. Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Merril Wagner–Tape and paint on Plexiglas sheets, thru 12/30. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

Betty Woodman–Earthenware, thru 12/9. Greenwich House, 16 Jones (CH2-4106). Tues-Sat 1-5.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

*__Esman__–29 W 57th (421-9490). Imaginary worlds by Aycock, Oldenburg, Steinberg, 12/9-1/6.

*__Hamilton__–20 W 57th (765-5915). Small scale sculpture by Bourgeois, Dusenbery, Todd, Witkin, thru 12/30.

*__Kennedy__–40 W 57th (541-9600). American masters from 1770 to the present, including Copley, Eakins, Marin, O'Keeffe, Whistler, thru 12/30.

*__Pace__–32 E 57th (HA1-3292). The grid: its format and image in the 20th century by Klee, LeWitt, Mondrian, Nevelson, Samaras, Stella, F.L. Wright, 12/9-1/20.

*__Pearl__–29 W 57th (838-6310). American landscape watercolors from 1940 to the present by Dove, Marin, others, thru 12/23.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

*__Carus__–1044 Mad at 79th (879-4660). Two avant-garde views, the expressionist and the constructivist, including Kirchner, Nolde, Lissitzky, thru 12/16.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Members, thru 12/23.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). Demuth, MacDonald-Wright, Zak, thru 1/4.

*__Ehrlich__–28 E 74th (879-5052). Miniatures, maquettes, jewelry by Arman, Braques, Calder, de Chirico, LeWitt, 12/5-1/28.

*__Graham__–1014 Mad Ave (535-5566). 19th century America in small landscapes and drawings, 12/5-1/27.

Guild–1145 Mad Ave (861-3776). Graphics by Benton, Bellows, Miro, 12/10-27.

L'Ibis–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Ancient Egyptian bronze dieties and Attic pottery, thru 12/16.

Julie–687 Mad Ave (688-2345). Soft sculpture by Datz, 12/8-14.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat till 4. Arthur, Fite, thru 12/15.

Kraushaar–1055 Mad Ave (535-9888). New works by members, thru 1/6.

*__Stone__–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Abstract expressionists de Kooning, Gorky, Kline, Pollock, Leslie, thru 12/21.

Touchstone–118 E 64th (826-6111). Paper by Buonagurio, Lutz, Wood, 12/5-30.

SoHo

Buecker & Harpsichords–465 W Bdwy (260-3480). Wed-Sat 12-5. Science-oriented works of the 60s, including Bas-Cohain, Shannon, Sonfist, thru 12/23.

*__Caldwell__–383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Works on paper, an invitational with Barth, Diamond, Hart, Scotti, Zeniuk, thru 12/23.

Drawing Center–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed till 8. Works by Biederman and Kaplowitz, thru 12/30.

14 Sculptors–75 Thompson (966-5790). Works by Philadelphia-based artists, thru 12/26.

*__OK Harris__–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by Bond and Morgan, sculpture by Chao and Macaulay, 12/9-30.

*__Hoffman__–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). New works by Cole, Ferrer, LaNoue, Raffael, Schonzeit, thru 1/11.

Hutchinson–138 Greene (966-3066). An invitational with Gilbert, Rogers, Ruben, 12/9-30.

*__Jewelweed__–72 Thompson (431-6893). Jewels in silver and fantasy heads by Samuels, thru 12/31.

Key–130 Greene (966-3597). Wed-Sat 11-6. Collage and drawings, thru 1/20.

Razor–464 W Bdwy (533-3427). Humorous bananas by Blizard, representational Pollock by Constantine, thru 12/30.

Soho Center–114 Prince (226-1995). Drawings and objects by Becker, Draney, Falk, 12/7-30.

Spring Street Enamels–171 Spring (431-8151). Paintings and objects in enamel, thru 1/7.

22 Wooster–(431-6445). Works in all media, thru 12/16.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Fiber works by Beron, sensual flowers by Dukess, aluminum sculpture by Firedman, and black-and-white paintings by Samilow, thru 12/14.

WIA–435 Broome (966-5894). Tues-Sat 2-5. Portraits by Benton, scenes by Bernstein, clay vignettes by Grabel, thru 12/23.

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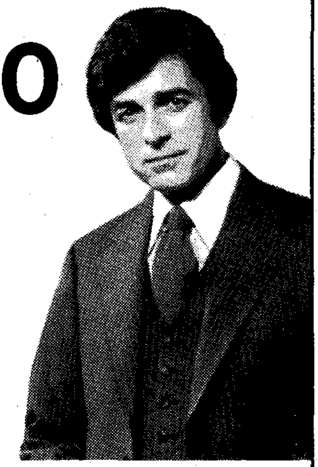

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OTHER

ACIA–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Contemporary Mexican paintings, thru 12/30.

AICH–10 E 38th (532-4897). Eskimo art from the Arctic, thru 12/31.

AIGA–1059 3rd Ave (PL2-0813). Mon-Fri 9-5. Ongoing projects from the Visible Language Workshop at M.I.T., thru 1/3.

American Academy–633 W 155th (368-6361). Tues-Sun 1-4. Gropper, Koch, and Rattner, thru 12/30.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. The origins of Chinese ceramics, thru 1/28.

Glassmasters–621 Sixth Ave (924-2868). Mon-Fri 11-5:45. Stained- and blown-glass objects and ornaments, thru 1/2.

***Hall of Science**–Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Handicrafts by German artisans, thru 12/31.

Interart–549 W 52nd (246-1050). Mon-Fri 12-6. A video environment using a cab and a 1950 Chevy convertible, thru 12/9.

***Mall of CUNY,** 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6. Black America on stage, including photos, posters, costumes, thru 12/8.

NY Public Library–at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 10-8, Tues-Wed 10-6, Fri-Sat 12-6. Zero Mostel (1915-1977): paintings by him, Hirschfeld caricatures of him, photos and personal notes, thru 12/30.

***NYU**–Grey, 33 Washington Pl (598-7603) and Loeb Center 566 La Guardia Pl (598-2027). 20th-century European and American paintings from the Gallatin Collection/The Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors from 1940 to 1978, including Barnett, Gross, Nevelson, thru 12/16.

Pratt Graphics–160 Lex at 30th (685-3169). Stitched cloth panels of the Cuna Indians, thru 12/29.

Society of Illustrators–128 E 63rd (TE8-2560). Mon-Fri 10-5. Illustrations, the past and the present, 12/6-21.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

St. John the Divine–1047 Amsterdam Ave (678-6888). Tues-Fri 9-5, Sat & Sun 12-5. 15th century polyptych, 16th century Spanish Christ, Haitian steel sculpture, thru 12/31.

US Court House–40 Foley Square (228-5283). Patterns by Andrews, Carleton, Stevens, and Yoder, thru 12/17.

Photography

***Hilla and Bernd Becher/Deborah Tureville**–Large industrial structures/Fashions, thru 12/30. Sonnabend, 420 W Bdwy (966-6160).

Barbara Bordnick–Portraits of legendary women in jazz, thru 12/21. Space, 154 W 57th (765-1776).

***Margaret Bourke-White**–A retrospective, including the 30s industrial compositions and her last essay on American cities of the 50s, Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Mark Cohen–Recent photos, thru 12/23. Castelli, 4 E 77th (288-3202).

Jay S. Colen–Paris on high-speed film during, thru 12/12. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (223-9751). Mon-Fri 1-6.

Michael de Camp/Anne and David Doubilet–Habitats/Underseascapes, thru 1/13. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Double Exposure–340 Sixth Ave (260-6051). Contemporaries from New Zealand, thru 12/10.

***French Cultural Services**–972 5th Ave (CI6-3965). Mon-Fri 10-5. Invitational, including Aarons, Capa, Jacobi, Orkin, thru 12/7.

Mark Golderman–Color thru 12/16. Sragow, 43 5th Ave (929-2734). Wed-Sat 1-6.

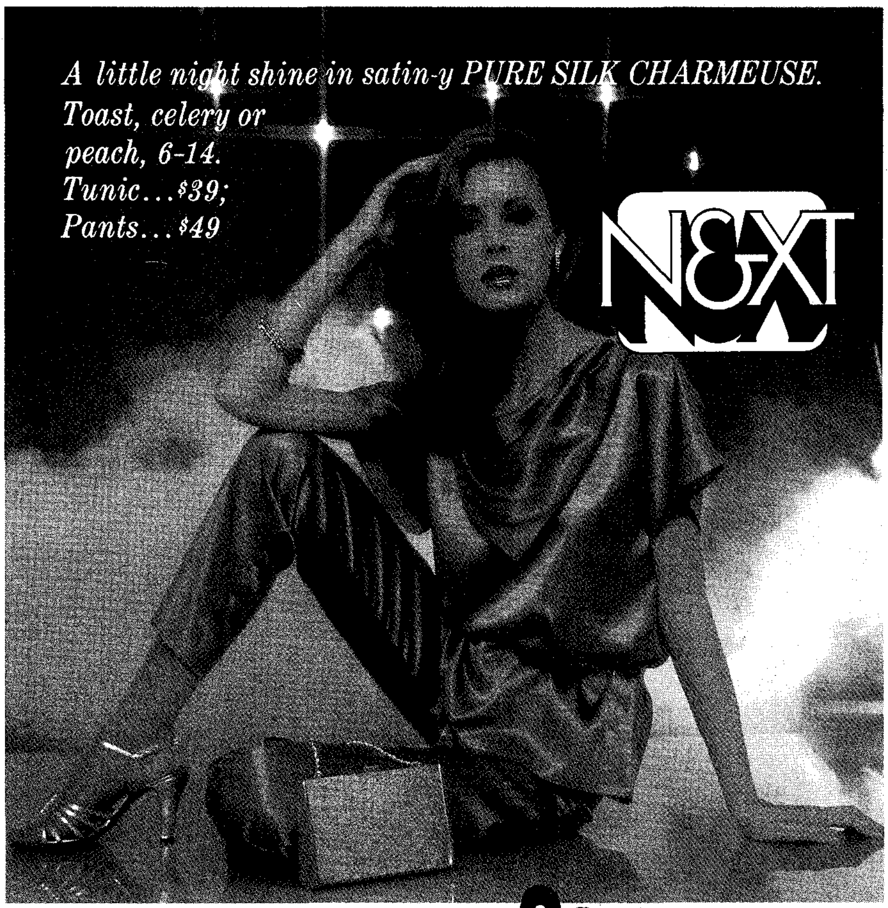
Rene Groebli–Color fantasies, thru 1/2. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

Joáo Hafers–Beach sculptures in color, thru 12/9. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

***Serge Hambourg**–People carrying things in black-and-white, thru 12/16. French Institute, 22 E 60th (355-6100).

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave. (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *The Story of Christmas,* thru 1/7.

***Robert Mapplethorpe**–Recept photos and objects, thru 12/23. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).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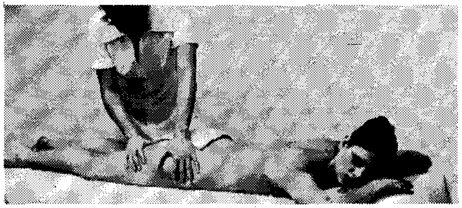
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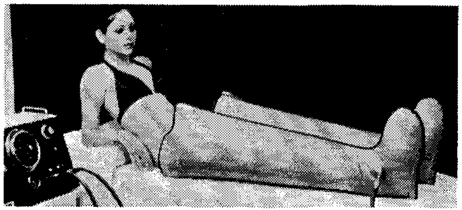
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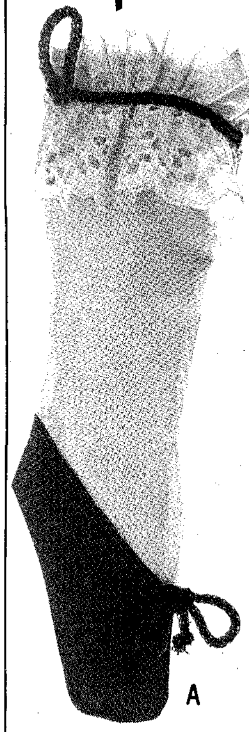

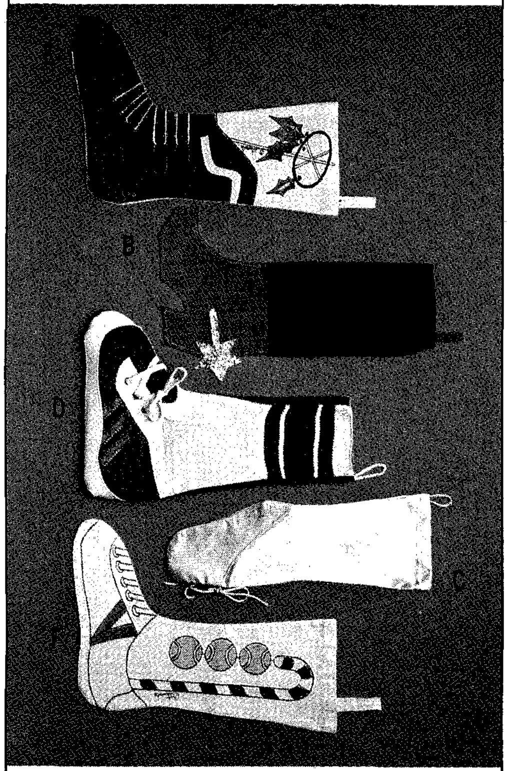

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AROUND TOWN

***Ben Martin**–Marcel Marceau, onstage and in private, 12/6-30. Nikon House, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

***Sheila Metzner**–Simple, personal portraits, nudes, and landscapes, thru 12/9. Wolf, 30 W 57th (586-8432).

P.S. 1–46-01 21st St, Long Island City (564-5989). Thurs-Sun 1-6. Dance and the experimental movement, thru 1/21.

***Herbert J. Seligmann**–50 vintage works, including NYC's architecture, the plight of the Jews in 30s Germany, thru 12/9. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Larry Siegel–People in Mexico, Egypt, NYC, thru 12/31. Midtown-Y, 344 E 14th (674-7200). Sun-Thurs 12-8, Fri 12-4.

***Aaron Siskind**–Conceptual NYC, 1976-1978, thru 12/23. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Soho/Stieglitz–34 W 13th (242-9198). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9. 14th street by Borden, Atlantic City by Bryen-Ross, and masked figures by Arrandale-Williams, thru 12/26.

Viewing Room–72 Wooster (431-5904). Waste print accidentals, 12/5-31.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 1/15. *The Making of a Dinosaur:* The process of restoring dinosaur fossils. *Unseen Flowers of the Desert:* Robert I. Gilbreath's photographs of the tiny flowers that grow in the arid American West; thru 2/28.

Asia House, 112 E 64th St. (751-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Thurs 10-8:30.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sun 12:30-4:30. *Street Art:* Color photos of New York City murals; thru 12/29.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Africa in Antiquity:* The arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan; thru 12/31. *Brooklyn's Chassidim:* A photographic study by Allen Rokach; thru 12/10.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6868). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Ornament in the 20th Century;* thru 1/7. *Vienna Moderne:* An exhibition of the arts of the Vienna workshops; thru 2/4.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Sidewalk Superintendent:* A look at building in America from 1719 to 1830; thru 5/11.

Frick Collection, 1 E 70th St. (288-0700). Tues-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6. Western European art from the Renaissance to the 19th century. In the permanent collection.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Mark Rothko, 1903-70:* Retrospective including close to 200 of his paintings and works on paper; thru 1/14. *OMA—The Sparkling Metropolis:* Works on paper illustrating the London-based Office of Modern Architecture's plans to revitalize Manhattan; thru 12/17.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *The Gilded Age in Westchester:* Aspects of art and society in Westchester County at the turn of the 19th century; thru 1979. Recent works of Richard Smith; thru 1/14.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Fleeting Gestures:* Photographs of the dance, from its classical form to the present state; thru 1/7.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Mon-Thurs, Sat & Sun 11-5, Fri till 7:30. Folk art from Hokkaido to Okinawa, including ceramics, furniture, baskets, paintings, and sculpture, thru 1/7.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues 10-8:45; Wed-Sat 10-4:45; Sun 11-4:45. *The Print Collector in the Kitchen:* Works, dealing with food, by Rembrandt, Whistler, Boucher, and others; thru 1/7. *The Splendor of Dresden:* Over 700 masterpieces, spanning 500 years, from eight Dresden museums and including works by Titian, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Holbein, Velasquez, Rubens, and others; thru 1/14. *Georgia O'Keeffe by Alfred Stieglitz:* Fifty photographic portraits; thru 1/14. *Tribute to a Curator:* Outstanding paintings and sculpture acquired by the museum during the tenure of Robert Beverly Hale (1946-66); thru 3/4. The Temple of Dendur: In the Sackler wing. *Diaghilev:*

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AROUND TOWN

Costumes and designs of the Ballets Russes; thru 6/30. *Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Northern Drawings:* Works by Dürer, Grien, van der Weyden; thru 1/28.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *Giovanni Battista Piranesi Drawings:* Commemorating the 200th anniversary of the death of the great Venetian draftsman, architect, and etcher. *Early French Illuminated Manuscripts:* Examples of Carolingian, Romanesque, and early Gothic illuminations. *Letters of Love and Affection:* Letters by artists, authors, statesmen from the late sixteenth thru the ninteenth century. *Songs of Whales:* The music of the humpback whales. Thru 12/5.

El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272). Tues-Fri 10:30-4:30, Sat & Sun 11-4.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30 and Thurs 6-8. A collection of 120 American samplers; thru 1/7.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 10-5.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Gold and Silver—Treasures of New York:* Over 400 pieces of decorative art; thru 4/29. *Katharine Cornell Remembered:* Photographs, costumes, audiovisuals, and memorabilia honoring the late American actress.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *As We See It:* New holographic works representing the experiments of artists in dance, film, photography, poetry, and sculpture; thru 2/25.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Matisse in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art:* Paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and cutouts of virtually every period in the great artist's career; thru 1/30. *Grain Elevators:* Photographs by Frank Gohlke; thru 2/4.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Moving in the City:* New permanent exhibition of the Society's collection of 19th-century carriages, stagecoaches, sleighs, and fire trucks. *Over Here:* Exhibition of World War I posters marking the 60th anniversary of the end of the war; thru 7/4. *The American Magazine and Others:* Representative American magazines from the 18th to the 20th century; thru 1/31.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-4. *Treasures of Cyprus:* Eight thousand years of Cypriot art, history, and culture, from the Neolithic age up to the mid-19th century; thru 12/17.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. *The World of Bob Thompson:* Paintings by this artist; thru 1/7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Wed-Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Introduction to 20th-Century American Art:* Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Calder, Nevelson, David Smith, Hopper, de Kooning, and Gorky. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3. *The Symbolist Mood Around 1900:* Paintings, sculpture, photos reflecting the Symbolist movement on American artists; thru 12/6.

Sports

Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (201-935-8222); vs. St. Louis Cardinals, 12/10 at 1.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, 12/5; vs. St. Louis Blues, 12/7; vs. Los Angeles Kings, 12/12. At 8:05.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. St. Louis Blues, 12/6; vs. Philadelphia Flyers, 12/10. At 7:35.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Kansas City Kings, 12/5 at 7:30; vs. Chicago Bulls, 12/9 at 8; vs. San Diego Clippers, 12/12 at 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. San Diego Clippers, 12/9 at 8.

College Basketball, Madison Square Garden (563-8000). Tripleheader 12/9: Brooklyn vs. Hunter at 11 a.m., C.W. Post vs. Kings Point at 1, St. Francis vs. LIU at 3.

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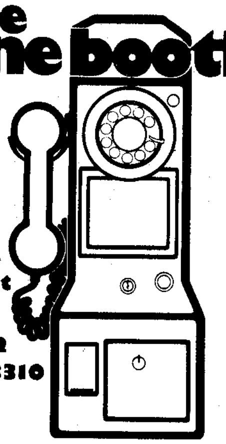

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NEW YORK

Going south: *American Airlines chairman Albert V. Casey will lead his giant firm out of Manhattan to Dallas–Fort Worth.*

The Curious Flight of American Airlines

By Timothy Morse

"...Although American says it will save $5 million by moving, it has yet to show convincingly where that saving will come from..."

The problems with boycotting grapes were, first, that people are selfish and loath to forgo something they want—even grapes—in the name of social justice; second, that it's hard to tell a union grape from a non-union grape; and, third, that the people who really had a stake in that fight—the grape pickers—did not themselves constitute a significant portion of the grape-buying public. But even considering all that, the grape boycott did have a measurable impact.

Airlines are another thing. There is precious little difference between the services they offer, even, in many cases, down to the schedules on which they depart; often, not even the slightest personal sacrifice need be made to boycott one carrier in favor of another. And yet, alike as they are, it's awfully difficult to confuse them: Boarding an American Airlines flight thinking you're on TWA is less likely than mistaking socially acceptable for unacceptable grapes. Finally, the people who have a stake in keeping the headquarters of American Airlines in New York—New Yorkers—are a not inconsiderable share of American's total customer base.

And there is one other big difference between airlines and grapes: The airline business is "highly leveraged." Sell 2 percent fewer grapes and you make a little less money—so what? But carry 2 percent fewer passengers on your planes and you get *creamed.* A 2 percent drop in American Airlines revenues in 1977 resulting from such a passenger loss, for example, would have knocked the airline's profit that year from $2.54 a share to around $1.15. A 4 percent drop would have wiped out its $81-million profit completely. If any industry is susceptible to a boycott—justified or unjustified—the airline industry is it.

American Airlines announced on November 15 that it would be moving its corporate headquarters and 1,300 employees from New York to the Dallas–Fort Worth airport, although some 8,700 non-corporate employees would remain behind. In short order, New York's police, firemen, taxi drivers, civil-service employees, and Warner Communications, among others, announced that they would boycott American Airlines. Although some have since backed down from their threats, the ill will is sure to remain.

American's chairman and president, Albert V. Casey, far from backing down, then threatened in an interview with the *Daily News* to pull out even more American employees if the boycott spread. "There are lots of ways to fight back," Casey told the *News.*

As this article was going to press, David C. Frailey, American's vice-president of public relations, was attempting to calm the waters. Casey had not meant to threaten a pullback of more jobs, Frailey emphasized, but rather had meant to imply that if the airline business kept growing he hoped American would eventually add even more jobs in the New York area than it is now taking away.

Yet the stage has been set. And that's all American's shareholders need: their chief executive's picking a fight with New York. Of the ten most revenue-producing routes American flies, five have New York at one end. Two of American's top routes, New York–Los Angeles and New York–San Juan, alone account for 12 percent of the system's passenger miles. Add New York–

Photo: UPI

> ". . . It isn't hard to imagine that even a partial boycott by New Yorkers could cost American $25 million to $30 million a year . . ."

San Francisco and New York–Chicago and you're up to 18.8 percent, not to mention such minor quarter-million-passenger-a-year routes as New York–Detroit, New York–Buffalo, New York–Boston, New York–Rochester, and New York–Washington, D. C. American, needless to say, is not the only airline that flies from New York to these cities.

In 1975, when Casey accepted a post on New York's Emergency Financial Control Board (and, later, on the Business Marketing Corporation, which is charged with keeping business and jobs in New York), he was asked how he could justify the time away from his airline duties. After all, American was losing millions of dollars back then, and the shareholders had a right to expect Casey's mind to be on *their* business. The answer came down: The job is important to New York, and New York is important to American Airlines.

Indeed it is. By one estimate, 23 percent of American's revenues are generated here. It is an intriguing question as to just how much of that business would go to TWA, United, Eastern, and Braniff, among others, if, as the New York *Post* headline proclaimed several days ago, the AIRLINE BOYCOTT HERE IS GROWING.

At peak travel times, of course, all the airlines are fairly well booked, so one could not conveniently boycott American even if one wanted to. And there would be those who would switch *to* American, in the hope of finding slightly less crowded planes—as well as Texans who would switch to encourage American's move. All this notwithstanding, it is not at all hard to imagine that even a partial boycott by New Yorkers could knock 1 or 2 percent, or even more, off American's currently booming revenues.

Which, if it did nothing else—at $25-million or $30 million a year for each percentage point—would surely turn American's move to Dallas into the costliest corporate relocation in history.

As one frequent American coast-to-coast commuter, fresh off a United 747, put it: "You know, I make a dozen trips to the coast and I almost always fly American. But I came back United this time, and it was every bit as good. Why should I subsidize Dallas when I pay taxes in New York? Texas doesn't need my help—they've got the lowest unemployment rate in the country." (The unemployment rate in Dallas is 4.1 percent; in New York, 8.9 percent.)

TWA and United, among others, must be quietly delighted at the opportunity to show off their service for previously loyal American passengers. Some who try it will inevitably like it.

What must seem as lighthearted to the average New Yorker as the "I Love New York" campaign, and as natural as rooting for the Yankees instead of the Dodgers, could, if adopted by enough of them, prove a serious financial blow to the shareholders of American Airlines. To the average passenger or travel agent, it's as easy to give TWA the first call as American. Yet to American's 70,000 shareholders, each such effortless switch could cost $180 (round-trip coach to Chicago) or even $540 (round-trip first class to L.A.). One would have to forgo an awful lot of grapes to have the same impact.

Under the mutual-aid pact most airlines subscribe to, if one of them is struck, the others return a share of the

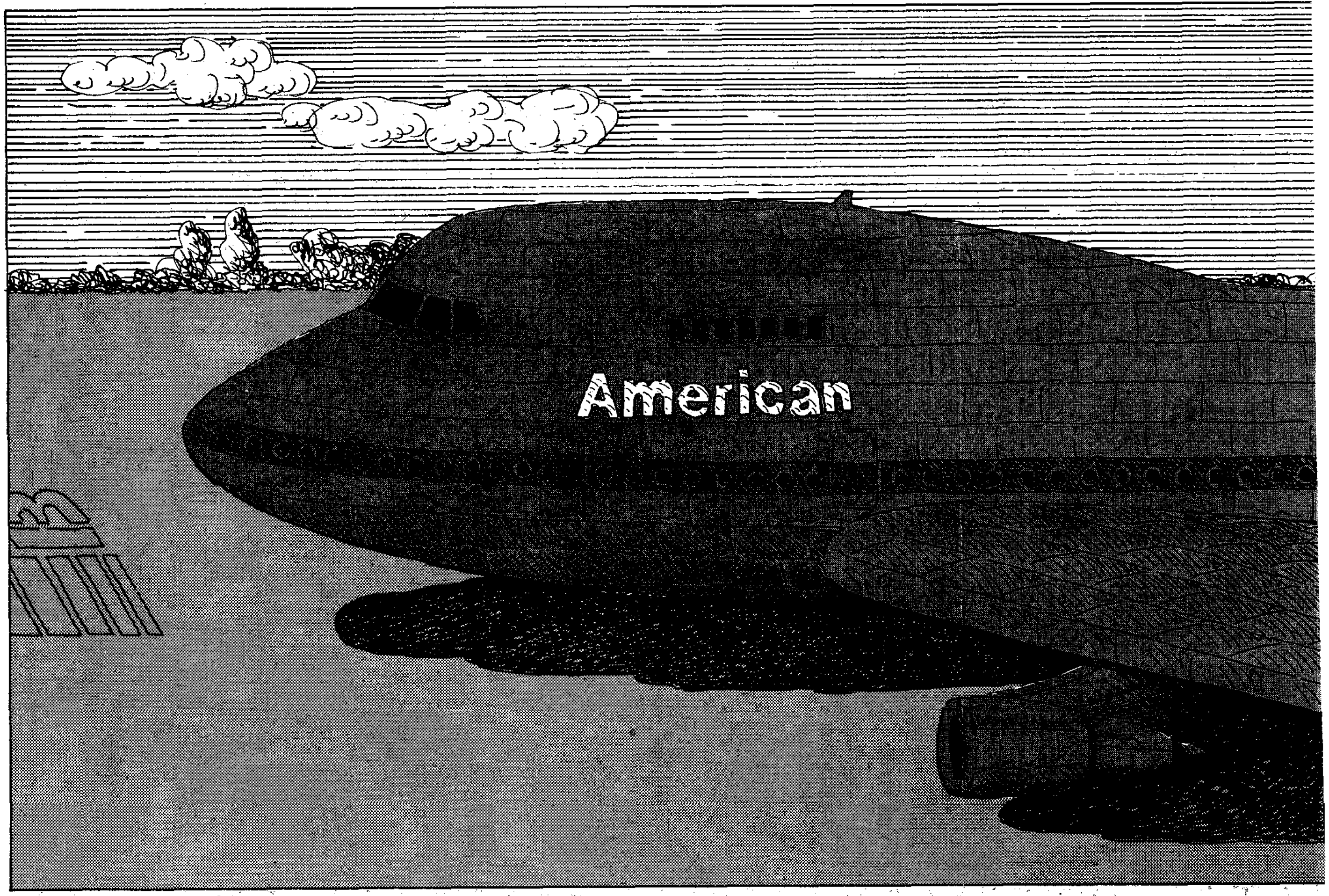


Illustration by Bernard Bonhomme

extra revenue they receive. But there is no such provision if the *passengers* go on strike. Every dollar American loses by virtue of Albert Casey's bold corporate decision, and his bumbling defense thereof, is a dollar that will accrue to its competitors.

All of this would seem particularly unfair to American, and to Casey—a case of New York's not allowing a guest to leave its party, and an outright obstruction of national economic efficiency—if it were clear that American's move is actually in the interest of its shareholders, or even in the interest of the 1,300 employees who will be transplanted to Dallas.

Yet it is unclear whether many of those 1,300 *are* eager to be uprooted (an American spokesman says the employees have yet to be polled on the question). And it is equally unclear just how American's shareholders stand to benefit from the move, even assuming revenue dollars are not diverted from American by a boycott.

What were the compelling factors that led Albert Casey to antagonize his number-one market?

Many corporate relocations are made not on economics but to suit the convenience and comfort of a handful of top executives. (Running a San Clemente White House, for example, was not done in the interest of economic efficiency—and no one pretended it was.) Casey says this was not a factor in his decision. True, his older brother is an executive with Braniff in Dallas; true, the American director credited with landing Casey his job, in 1974, is the retired chairman of a Dallas bank; true, the president of a Fort Worth newspaper and broadcasting company is an American director; and, true, Dallas is year-round golfing country. Such things did not enter into the decision. And yet if there are hard figures that would convince the typical New Yorker of the economics behind the move, Casey has been remarkably shy about revealing them. Even the public-relations man I spoke with, while assuring me that Casey had the numbers, admitted he had not seen them.

The one figure that has been much bandied about is a $5-million annual saving. But American has not explained the derivation of that figure. The New York *Times*, however, interpreted this as Casey's estimate of the annual savings in rent.

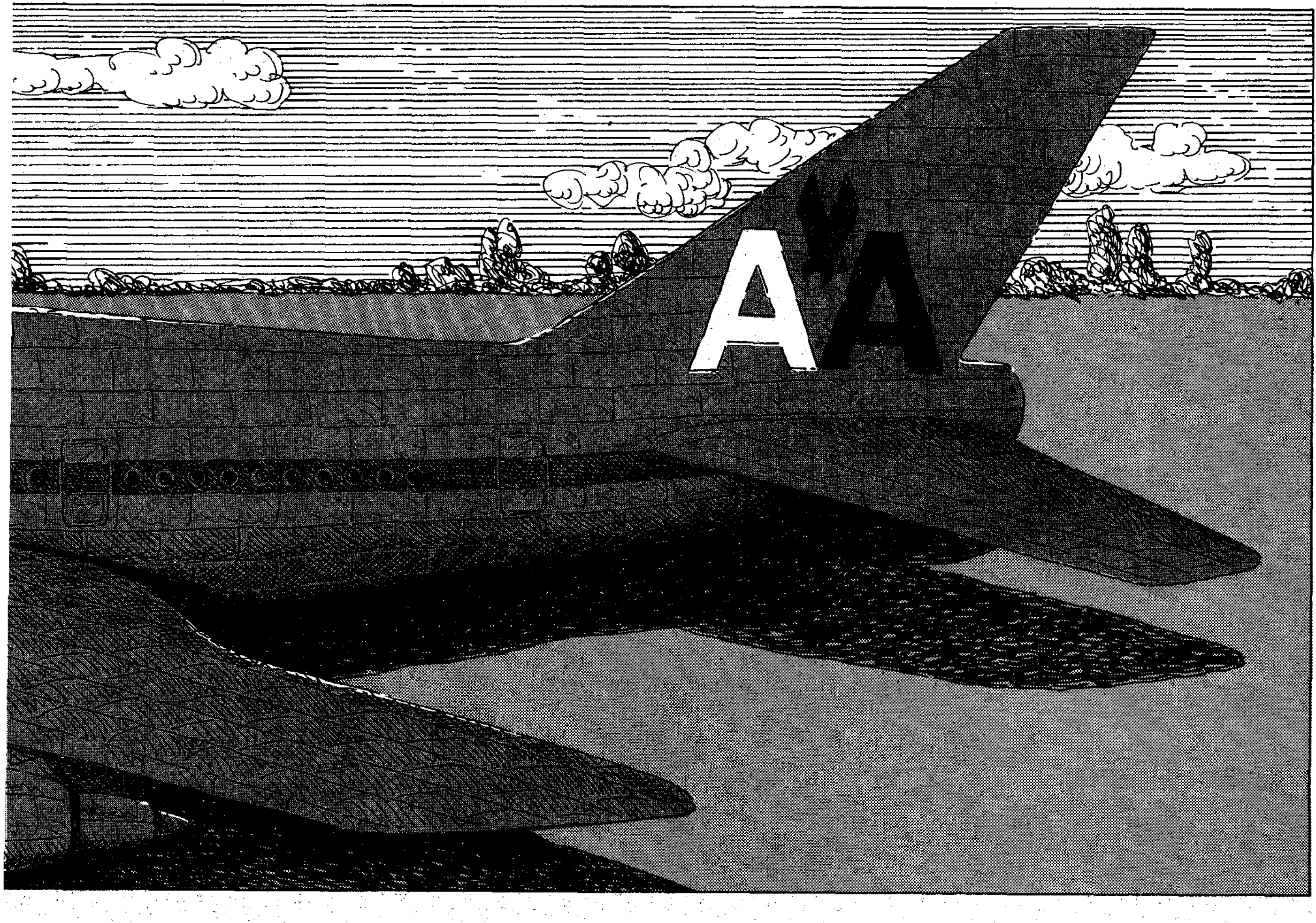
Yet if that's what the figure is meant to be (presumably it is not), it must be inflated. American needs approximately 250,000 square feet of office space to accommodate its 1,300 corporate employees, and would be paying approximately $12 a foot for that space at its current headquarters on Third Avenue. Even if it could save $4 a foot by moving to the building the Dallas–Fort Worth airport is constructing for it (in the meantime there will be temporary offices, so *two* moves will be required before all the cartons are finally unpacked), the saving on rent would be only a relatively modest $1-million a year.

And even that $1 million is questionable. Offices outside of New York tend to be larger and often, because they are in the middle of nowhere, require such extra facilities as cafeterias, executive dining rooms, huge parking areas, and even medical centers. So the savings are not always what they may appear at first.

But in any event, Peter Goldmark, executive director of the Port Authority, claims to have offered to match whatever Dallas was doing for American. Casey wasn't interested.

Wherein, then, the $5-million annual advantage of Dallas over New York? "In our discussion with American," Deputy Mayor Peter J. Solomon told the *Times,* "we could never pierce the economic veil. But it became clear to us that they wanted to move for reasons which appear to be uneconomic."

An American spokesman explained to me that Dallas is right in the center of the American route structure (which it is), and that in the future planners



"...'Why should I subsidize Dallas when I pay taxes in New York?' says one frequent passenger. 'Texas doesn't need my help'..."

The American Way

Ah, free enterprise. May the best man—or company—win. Well, in the airline business, that's not always been the case: Government regulations have all but determined which airline flies which routes and how often. While this may change somewhat with the recent relaxation by the Civil Aeronautics Board of legalized-monopoly statutes, as things now stand, just a few carriers are allowed to service each route.

All of American's eight major routes from New York are also flown by other airlines. On all but two of these, American is the leader. Whether this will continue to hold true in the event of a passenger boycott is unclear, but, as the figures below indicate, there are other airlines out there anxious to catch up.

These statistics, which show the percentage of the passenger market held by each airline, are from the CAB and are based on a sampling of 1977 ticket sales.

1. Chicago to New York

American	41
TWA	28
United	26

2. Los Angeles to New York

American	43
TWA	30
United	23

3. San Juan to New York

American	59
Eastern	40

4. Detroit to New York

American	63
Northwest	33
TWA	2

5. San Francisco to New York

American	35
TWA	33
United	29

6. Boston to New York

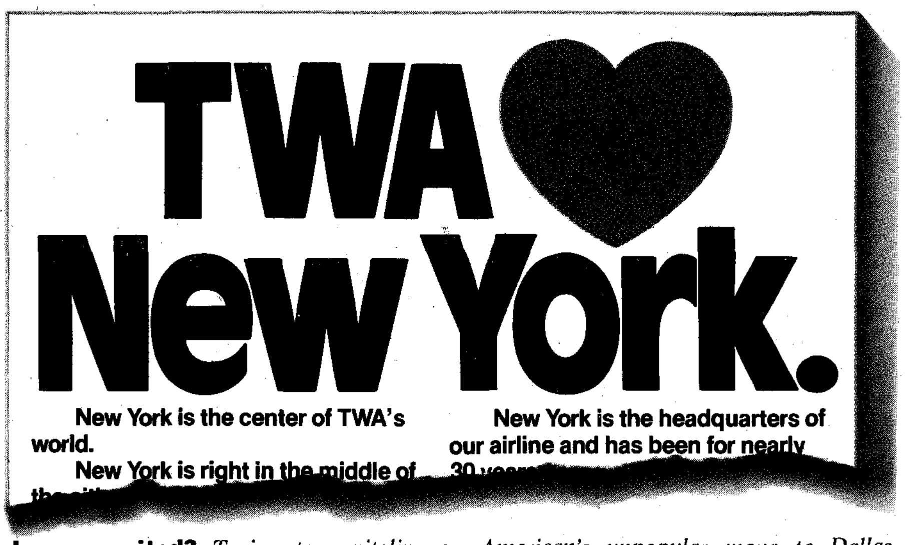
Eastern	71
American	20
Delta	4
TWA	2

7. Buffalo to New York

American	60
Allegheny	40

8. Washington, D.C., to New York

Eastern	68
American	15
Braniff	6
National	5
TWA	2



TWA ♥ New York.

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New York is the headquarters of our airline and has been for nearly

Love requited? *Trying to capitalize on American's unpopular move to Dallas, Trans World Airlines ran this ad in New York newspapers on November 22.*

envision for the airline, it will become an even more important hub (no doubt it will). Already, including its training facilities, American currently has some 5,500 workers in Dallas.

Locating the headquarters there will make it possible for employees to fly to either coast and back all in the same day, saving on travel time, wear and tear, and hotel accommodations, American says.

Of course, with the financial, advertising, and media communities still located in New York, one has to assume that at least some corporate staff will be flying frequently from Dallas into New York, when before they could make the trip in a short walk.

What are the other economies? The spokesman said they were real, but that Mr. Casey had not shown him the numbers.

Apart from the figures, he pointed out, there was the feeling that American is a domestic carrier whose headquarters should appropriately be in "mid-America."

And there is also the issue of productivity. Casey expects his executives to save on commuting time, and thus to work 40-hour weeks instead of 37 hours—"an automatic 6.6 percent improvement in productivity." To which one Wall Street analyst responded, with a snort: "Do they think executives will get more work done commuting by car to the Dallas–Fort Worth airport, or reading on the train in from Greenwich?" Added realtor Lew Rudin in a newspaper interview after the announcement: "That's just unadulterated nonsense. Everyone knows that headquarters executives put in twelve-hour days anyway, and you simply cannot equate directly hours worked with employee output."

The question remains: whence the $5-million annual savings?

And another question would be: Apart from the effects of any boycott, what will be the cost of the move? There are the costs of relocating 1,300 people (and moving their offices, twice); the costs of recruiting and training replacements for those who quit rather than move (and, presumably, some severance for those who do not wish to move); the loss of productivity during this period of uncertainty, during the move itself, and during the period of acclimatizing to a new community, establishing a new home, and such; not to mention all those new telecommunications systems, new business cards, and so on, practically ad infinitum. All told, a move of this size could wind up costing American's shareholders at least $10 million, possibly a good deal more.

If the move really would save American $5 million a year thereafter, then it's a $10-million investment worth making, and New Yorkers could hardly blame Albert Casey for acting in his shareholders' interest—although some would blame him anyway.

But if the return on that $10-million expenditure is as questionable as some observers seem to think, and if there is added to it another $25 million or $50-million or $100 million in revenues lost from angry New Yorkers (who would rather switch the flight), then American could have one more expenditure to contend with in this move: the cost of defending itself from shareholder suits that not inconceivably could follow. ■

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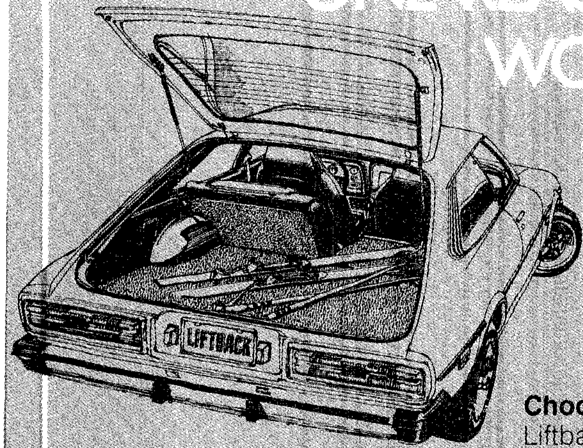
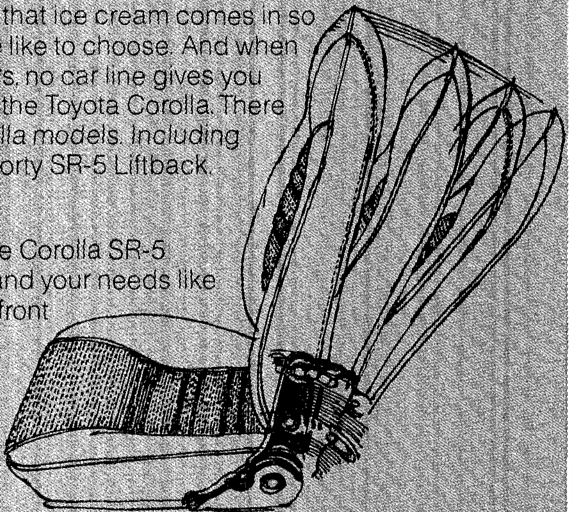


It's the same reason that ice cream comes in so many flavors. People like to choose. And when it comes to small cars, no car line gives you as many choices as the Toyota Corolla. There are 10 different Corolla models. Including this great looking sporty SR-5 Liftback.



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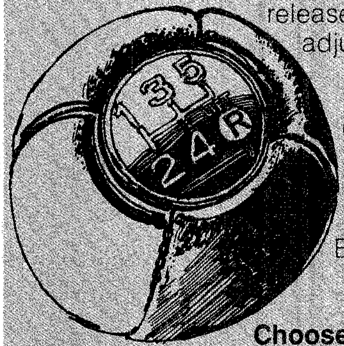

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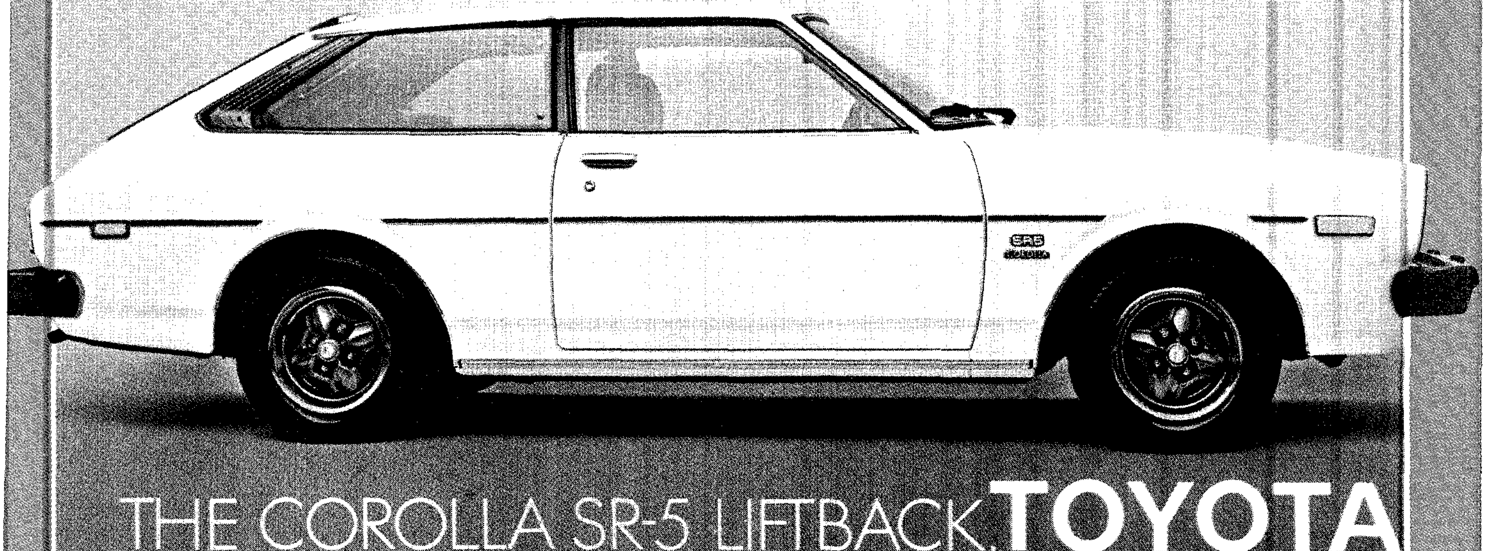

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The seer of Bayside: Veronica Lueken brings her visions of the Holy Mother to the faithful here in Queens.

Our Lady of Bayside

By Philip Nobile

"Nobody sets foot on this ground, which will be greater than Fátima someday, unless he's called," a man in a white beret explained earnestly above the prayerful murmurs of the moonlit vigil in Flushing Meadow Park. "The Blessed Mother wants your soul." I felt a sudden frisson of faith. Though once an ardent child of Mary—I was the zealous president of my high school sodality—I had gradually fallen away from the cult of the Virgin after leaving the seminary at nineteen.

Still, I was momentarily pleased by the thought that the Blessed Virgin Mary (or the BVM, as even the faithful call her) might be interested in me. An immortalist by persuasion, I am eager for further assurances of an afterlife. And so on three evenings this autumn I went to the former World's Fair grounds to inquire into the alleged apparitions of Our Lady of the Roses. According to Mrs. Veronica Lueken, a plump, fiftyish, and apparently quite ordinary Queens housewife and mother, the BVM and Christ Himself regularly appear in the skies above the Vatican-pavilion site where Paul VI gave a blessing at the 1965 fair. Though officially condemned by the Diocese of Brooklyn and ignored by the orthodox mainstream, this shrine has a pious following of thousands of holier-than-the-pope Catholics hell-bent on saving the world from the backhand of God.

Our Lady of the Roses, now in her eighth year, has run longer than any recognized vision in church history and is going strong. She and her Son float into Flushing on the eves of 28 annual major feast days.

> *". . . For eight years, the Blessed Virgin Mary has been sending spiritual messages through Veronica Lueken of Queens. This is longer than any recognized vision in church history . . ."*

Hundreds of pilgrims sit on folding chairs just beyond the roped-off sanctuary. Many bring statues, roses, and holy pictures to adorn the bare altar. I saw mostly middle-aged women in attendance, but several men and children showed up for the three-hour services (8:30 to 11:30 P.M.). The majority appear to be simple Catholics, perhaps more devout than usual, from the lower middle class. I have the impression that many come to this spot to pray for special intentions, maybe even a miracle. "All who come to these hallowed grounds will receive graces in abundance," Our Lady of Bayside, as she is also called, pledged to Veronica in 1974. "The crippled shall walk, the blind shall see."

However, the Bayside rollers are not your average congregation of Apocalypse-minded Christians. For they are deeply obsessed by the forces of 666—the sign of the "beast" in Revelation. Their appreciation of Satan's current works and pomps, fostered by revelations to Veronica, makes *The Exorcist* look like a May procession. Marauding vampires lusting after children's blood, hordes of hellish homosexuals sodomizing young boys, Satan as the real Son of Sam, an impostor Paul VI, John Paul I poisoned with curare, the agents of 666 in league with Curial cardinals worming their way to the top of the Vatican, not to mention Satan's secret grip on all media and world governments, are fundamentals in the Bayside catechism, which is weirder on paper than the Peoples Temple credo.

In the BVM's words, as given to Veronica, New York City is a cesspool of perversion and the Great Chastisement, in which three quarters of the earthly population will be blown away by the fiery Ball of Redemption, is closer than we think.

Yet the mystical temptations of Catholic spirituality are so alluring that simple souls in quest of perfection often slip over the edge of sanity. Such persons find this shrine a powerful attraction. A pretty 23-year-old painter whom we shall call Katy is one of them. I noticed her smiling at me on the fringe of the crowd at my first vigil. I asked her what she was doing there. "I'm divinely inspired," she said. "At my highest potential, I am an incarnation of the Blessed Mother. I was told that by my higher mind." While Katy rattled on, one of Veronica's helpers grimaced in my direction. Eventually, he pulled me away and said not to pay attention to her. "Some people are fanatics," he whispered. He was wearing a white beret on orders from Our Lady of Bayside and believes in 666.

Then there are the "miraculous" photographs. Our Lady apparently encourages photo opportunities at the vigils, promising to reveal certain messages on the prints which Veronica interprets at the vigils and at Sunday-morning “holy hours” in the park. One blond woman of blind faith enthusiastically flipped through her album for my edification. I viewed many Polaroid shots with shafts of light marring otherwise perfectly normal takes of statues, the pavilion altar, and other outdoor scenes. Other “miraculous” photos seemed to be Polaroid time-release shots taken in the semi-darkness of the vigils; since the shutter remains open for a number of seconds, any movement of light—candles, flashlights, streetlamp reflections, planes flying into La Guardia, etc.—impresses multicolored squiggles on the resultant photo.

The woman’s prize exhibit was a set of color photographs of Veronica’s sixteen-year-old son, Raymond, lying in a coffin. He died in a shotgun accident in 1974. “See the top photo,” she said. “It was taken with a flash. The boy is laid out in the coffin. But look at the other photo. It’s dimmer because the flash didn’t go off. But notice how the boy is floating above the empty coffin wrapped in a shroud.”

I examined the set closely. “The boy isn’t floating in a shroud in the second picture and the coffin isn’t empty,” I said, trying not to hurt her feelings. “This second shot was just taken at a different angle, farther back, so that more of the silk lining is shown falling down the side of the coffin. The boy is still lying in the coffin, only he appears higher compared to the angle of the first picture.” I placed the photos side by side to demonstrate the difference. She was speechless, as was the small gathering around us.

Another “miraculous” photograph was a double exposure of Paul VI snapped at a 1975 audience in Rome; this confirmed for Veronica the BVM’s disclosure that three traitorous Curial cardinals—Villot, Benelli, and Casaroli—kept the pope paralyzed with drugs while they installed an impostor, an Italian actor who had undergone plastic surgery for the role, in his place. The BVM called this plot “the deception of the century.”

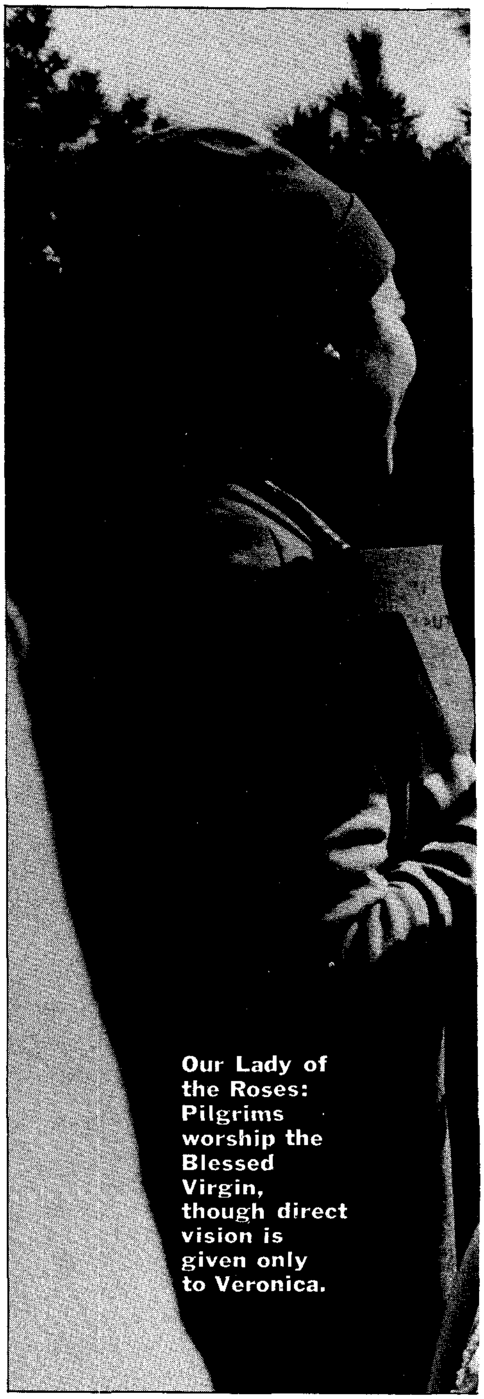
The vigils in Flushing Meadow Park are tame affairs. Veronica kneels before the stone altar just east of the Unisphere and records on tape the messages she receives. She says she hears the actual voice of the BVM but that Christ “speaks” to her through extrasensory means without moving his lips. Veronica’s ecstatic rendition is drowned out by the public Rosary—all fifteen decades—whose recital the BVM has commanded during her apparitions. A ring of bodyguards surrounds the so-called seer of Bayside to ward off assassins. On the BVM’s advice, Veronica avoids human contact outside her chosen “inner circle” of workers.

The private apparitions begin about an hour into the vigil. Veronica describes them in vivid detail for later transcription in *Roses*, the shrine’s tabloid. Her wailing voice, as heard on cassette tapes, is breathless with excitement, as though she were seeing these marvels for the first time. Here is her color commentary on the BVM’s arrival last September 28:

> There’s a very pale blue shading all about the trees now directly around Our Lady’s statue. High up in the sky there’s a circlet of light directly over Our Lady’s statue and it’s opening up as though there’s a light from within that is parting the darkness of the sky. Directly in the center of this light—it’s become very circular now—I can see Our Lady coming forward. . . . She looks very *beautiful*. Oh, Our Lady has on the *most beautiful* garments. Her gown does not have the stark white appearance that she normally did have; it’s more almost like a silk, a very fine, very fragile-looking white. And Our Lady has a belting, a gold belting, a very narrow gold belting; and also there’s a most beautiful shade of blue mantle cape about Our Lady’s shoulders. The mantle has a head covering that’s a little tighter than I’ve normally seen on Our Lady. . . . I can see just a wisp of Our Lady’s hair, not much. . . . Our Lady has on now a small circlet crown, it comes quite a bit down on her forehead. It’s a very narrow band of gold with what appears to be diamonds with little crown points on the top. . . . Oh, Our Lady looks absolutely beautiful.

After the BVM’s words of doom and devils wandering the earth, Christ himself appears. According to Veronica, He is tall and handsome with long, flowing reddish-brown hair parted in the middle and a well-trimmed Vandyke beard. His full-length beige linen gown is bound at the waist by a brown skinlike cording. His cape is usually burgundy-colored, His feet are often bare.

Occasionally, Veronica witnesses a supernatural extravaganza. Depending on the mood of the Almighty, she may be treated with visions of angels in addition to Michael the archangel (the BVM’s constant escort), St. Joseph, the Apostles, St. Thérèse of Lisieux, St. Bernadette, bevies of glorified nuns, and other luminaries from beyond the veil. Poems of celestial inspiration are read. A typical couplet: “All hearts must ascend in true supplication/To avoid the sad state of divine devastation.”



Our Lady of the Roses: Pilgrims worship the Blessed Virgin, though direct vision is given only to Veronica.

Veronica must also endure horrible visions of the Great Chastisement. “The world shall be seized by tremors, the firmaments shall be aflame in explosion, and all that is rotten shall fall,” Michael warned at the May 14, 1977, vigil. “The whole sky is becoming, oh, a gray-white mass,” the seer of Bayside commented as the vision unfolded. “Michael is standing over on the right side. He’s pointing with his spear. And over on the left side, coming through the sky, is a tremendous red ball of fire! Oh! It’s hurling across the sky. I can feel the heat of it. . . . It looks like a

". . . Hundreds of pilgrims bring statues, roses, and holy pictures to the shrine at Flushing Meadows, where they pray for special intentions, maybe a miracle . . ."

hot sun. And there's a tail coming behind it. It, it—now there's a piece breaking off of it and, oh, it's so hot I can't breathe! Ohhh! Oh! Oh, my! Ohh! . . . I hear screaming. . . . Oh, my! Blessed Mother!"

"Do not be afeared, My child," the BVM soothed. "You will be asleep. I repeat, do not be afeared, My child. The days of suffering are not for you."

Veronica is the only one permitted to see the visions and hear the divine locutions. This limited access accords with precedent. The BVM spoke only to Bernadette at Lourdes and only to the three little children at Fátima.

Yet the Bayside pilgrims are privileged from time to time with minor manifestations of the divine. For example, the recognizable aroma of roses has often been sensed at the vigils, or so I am told. I didn't smell a thing in my three visits, but on the evening of October 2 I did see the so-called heavenly doves associated with Our Lady of Bayside. As I stood at the edge of the crowd examining rosary beads that allegedly turned from tin to gold overnight, I heard a chorus of ahs. "Look at the sky, see the doves," said the man with the golden beads. I looked up and saw five luminous disks darting across the sky. They were like beams of light banked against the clouds, only no beams seemed to be coming from the ground. The disks disappeared simul-

Photograph by Leslie Jean-Bart

taneously in a matter of seconds. "They are spiritual doves," a Puerto Rican in a white beret hastened to inform me. "But sometimes they could be just regular doves from a nearby pond that are supernaturally inspired to fly by. It's a little treat that the Blessed Mother gives us." I had no explanation for what I had seen with my own eyes, and the Port Authority at La Guardia received no UFO reports that night.

"Our Lady says she wants women to wear blue berets and men white berets with 'St. Michael' on them," one of Veronica's guards informed me. "There is a reason for it, but we don't know why." The BVM's insistence on the blue berets caused a schism in the ranks in 1975, when a Marian band from Montreal refused to turn in the white caps their women had been sporting in Mary's honor for the past 40 years.

I asked an elderly white beret why the BVM seemed so politically right-wing, opposing such earthly measures as the Equal Rights Amendment. "It makes sense," he replied. "It's equality and integration and then women reporters in locker rooms."

"What's wrong with women in locker rooms?" I wondered.

"That's diabolical. You see, first it's unisex, homosexuality and fornication eventually. You can't tell the difference between boys and girls."

Owing to the church's condemnation, few priests or nuns attend the vigils. But I met one Sister of St. Joseph, who defied her religious superiors to give homage to Our Lady of Bayside while dressed in her community's discarded black-and-white habit. The sister was an archetypal *Bells of St. Mary's* sweet-faced bride of Christ in her sixties, with a manner both intelligent and serene. But she told me that Susan Hayward was cured of a brain tumor by rose petals blessed by Christ at the shrine and that later, when Miss Hayward denied the efficacy of the holy petals, she died from a recurrence of the tumor. Sister knows this because Veronica interpreted a profile in a miraculous photo as that of Miss Hayward. Did the sister believe this merely on Veronica's authority? "There's nothing against the faith here," she remarked. "But I can take you to any Catholic church in the United States and show you things against the faith."

Without Veronica's constant flogging for prayer and sacrifice the Ball of Redemption would have already struck. The BVM made this abundantly clear in a 1974 message in which she announced a brief reprieve from the Great Chastisement. "A few with faith can hold back this great warning and chastisement," admonished the BVM. "However, the scale must be balanced."

> *". . .New York City, says Veronica, is a cesspool of perversion, and the Great Chastisement, in which three quarters of the population will die, is very near . . . "*

In that same year, an informal clerical commission led by Monsignor James King, then chancellor of the Brooklyn Diocese (including Queens), declared Veronica's visions spurious. She would have been dismissed as just another deluded Catholic if she had not stirred up discontent in her home parish, St. Robert Bellarmine in Bayside, Queens. (Thus the name Our Lady of Bayside.) Throngs of pilgrims flocked to the parish grounds, and Veronica held out until, after a court injunction, the BVM directed her to Flushing Meadow Park in 1975. "The visions seemed to be an amalgam of Fátima and Lourdes by someone with a fertile imagination," Monsignor King told me. "Mrs. Lueken is a pleasant woman. She probably believes she sees visions, but I don't think she really does see them." He charged amateurish blundering and some tampering with the miraculous photographs—which the shrine denies.

Veronica Lueken had her first mystical experience, according to Bayside legend, when she was driving her husband, a construction engineer, to work on the day Robert Kennedy died. She smelled a rose perfume in the car while she prayed for him. Then St. Thérèse began appearing in her home and dictating poetry to her. Two years later, in June of 1970, the BVM instructed Veronica to hold Rosary vigils on the eves of certain church feasts at St. Robert Bellarmine's. The BVM promised to deliver significant messages to the world at each apparition. And eight years later, the shrine is thriving.

Veronica rules over her congregation infallibly. All donations are sent to her post-office box. Nobody within the organization questions her expenditures or authority. "Our Lord is her spiritual adviser," says Frank Albas, Veronica's 31-year-old spokesman. "He told her not to listen to any human counsel." Veronica supports Albas and six other lay bachelors, who live communally in a Bronx apartment and work full-time without salary for the shrine. They print about 100,000 copies of the tabloid *Roses* after every vigil and duplicate tapes of BVM messages. Everything is given away free.

Veronica has anticipated the inevitable suspicion that bats abound in her belfry. An open letter by a Massachusetts psychologist named Dr. Edward A. O'Keefe answers these dark thoughts. Dr. O'Keefe remarks that he had expected to discover symptoms of instability in the seer. But after two long interviews in 1973, he found the opposite. "I can truthfully state," he wrote in 1975, "that in my professional opinion Veronica Lueken at that time was intelligent, rational, and completely free from any symptoms of emotional disorder. Her sequence of thought and expression was lucid and forthright, and the religious beliefs she expressed were, to my knowledge, consistent with the doctrines and teachings of the Catholic church as propounded by the vicars of Christ down through the centuries."

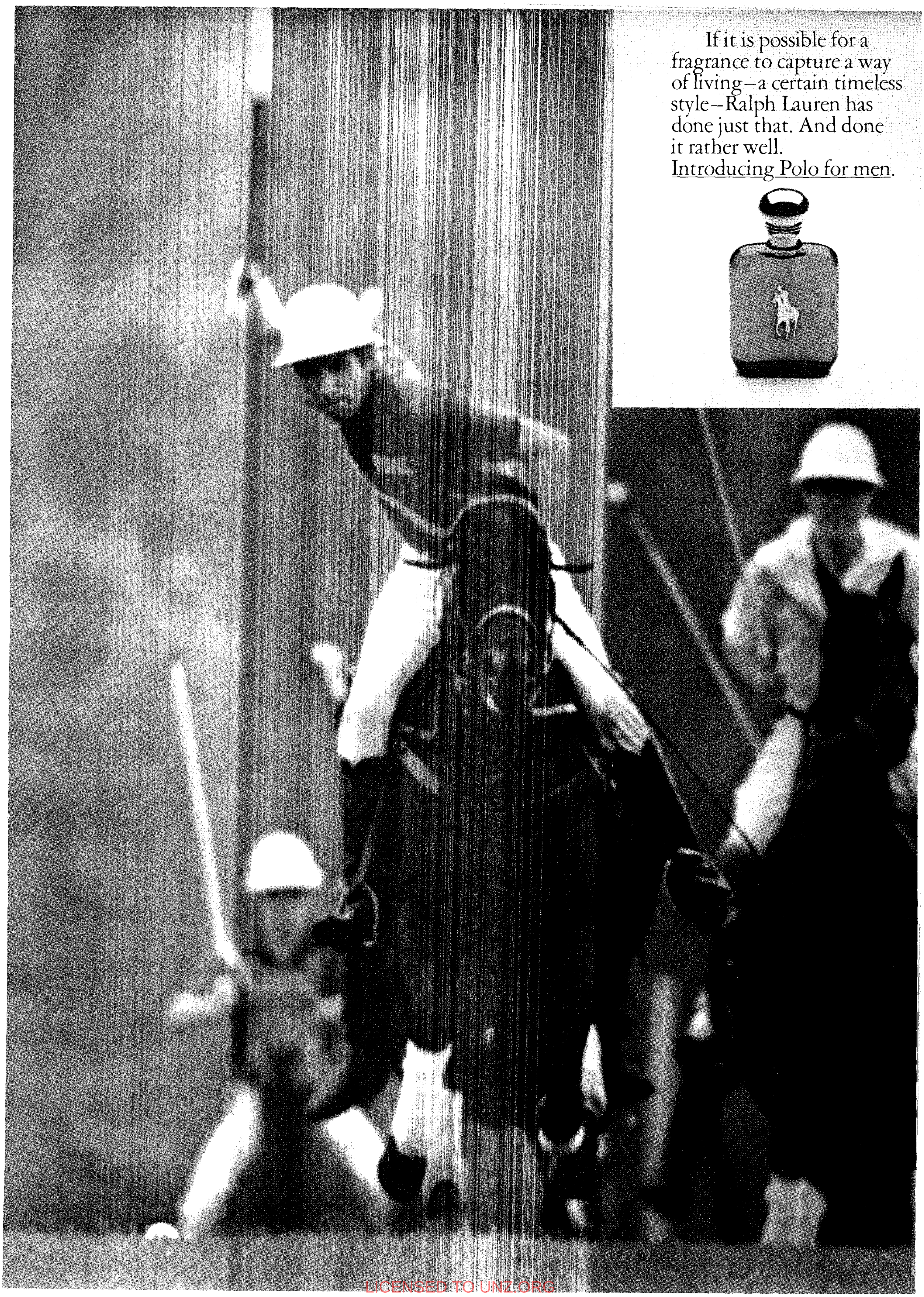
I phoned Dr. O'Keefe to learn whether he had been apprised of Veronica's recent ghoulish theology and, if so, whether he thought the 666 business was the product of a sound mind. Dr. O'Keefe retorted that he kept up with all of the BVM's messages and was hardly put off, either professionally or personally, by Veronica's obsession with Lucifer. I read him the passage about the vampire from the message of September 13, 1977:

> My children, I have a fact to be made known to you that may be scoffed at, but I must give the truth for your knowledge and protection. There is one called 'man' among you now who is diabolical of nature, using a human body. This evil one We have named 'the vampire,' because in his diabolical nature, in his supernatural state, he has developed a necessity for the consumption of human blood to retain the human body he travels in. Know ye well now that he is going about your city looking for young blood. . . . Many have been slaughtered at his hands. . . . Children, unknown to their parents, are entering into his covens.

Does such a bizarre statement clash with Dr. O'Keefe's 1973 observations of Veronica?

"This could well be," he said calmly of the march of the vampires. "How about those missing children in California? Over 300 children have disappeared in California in the past four years. Nobody knows what happened to them."

And now, after Guyana, Veronica's visions seem to have taken on a bizarre rationality. Lucifer's presence in the pulpit, the mass destruction of the misled, the days of horror, all seem to have been predicted here. If Veronica continues to be right, we are all in deep trouble.


If it is possible for a fragrance to capture a way of living—a certain timeless style—Ralph Lauren has done just that. And done it rather well.
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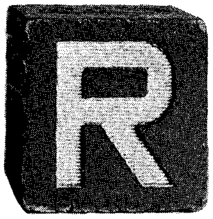
Real Estate: How High the Boom?

By Fergus M. Bordewich



Real-estate people sound like men who have found the Promised Land after years in the wilderness of a nonexistent market...”

Manhattan is in the midst of a land rush—more precisely, perhaps, a *space* rush—the likes of which have not been seen for a decade. The lust for office space has transformed buildings that, only a few years ago, seemed no more than monuments to investors' greed and folly into thriving hives of activity. The craving for apartment space has turned once desolate commercial areas of the Upper West Side, Greenwich Village, and downtown Brooklyn into posh residential enclaves, while tenants pay unheard-of rents from Chelsea to the Upper East Side.

After four years in the wilderness of a nonexistent market, the real-estate people today sound like men who have finally reached the Promised Land.

"We're at the beginning of one of the largest booms in real-estate history," pronounces Sam Lefrak, the city's largest private developer. "There's a kind of euphoria in the air," observes Geoffrey Wharton of I. Wharton and Company, real-estate consultants and mortgage brokers to such notably unhysterical clients as Citibank, Chemical Bank, and the Bowery Savings Bank. "The market is like a pressure cooker," crows another broker.

But what Lefrak sees as a boom and Wharton feels to be euphoria may look to you, me, and every other space applicant in town suspiciously like a crunch, one that has commercial and residential tenants alike competing for the limited space available.

How has all this come about in a city that, scarcely four years ago, seemed to the cynical to be on the brink of sinking into oblivion? A couple of factors have been crucial: a massive influx of foreign corporations and banks chasing the cheapening dollar, and the expansion rather than continuing relocation of local firms. But the *sine qua non* of the frenzied lust for space in midtown these days is the fact that scarcely any new space has been added to the existing stock since the end of the 1960s.

When no one creates new space to meet the demand, competition grows fierce for the space that exists, and no one in Manhattan in the last ten years has seen the likes of the competition now raging. These are some of the symptoms of the crunch that is squeezing commercial and residential tenants:

☐ A massive block of space at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, which five years ago was offered at $10 and $11 per square foot, is now being offered for $22 per square foot.

☐ A few years ago, real-estate people were calling 9 West 57th Street a "disaster area" because it was so slow to rent. Today it is 99 percent full. Deutsche Bank has established New York offices there, at a whopping $25 per square foot, in quarters that cost only $8 per foot five years back.

☐ A major rental agent says that East Side apartments he commonly rented last year for $175 per room per month are now cheap at $240 per room per month.

☐ In the grotty-chic ambience of the Upper West Side, a one-bedroom apartment in a brownstone may now rent for $500 per month.

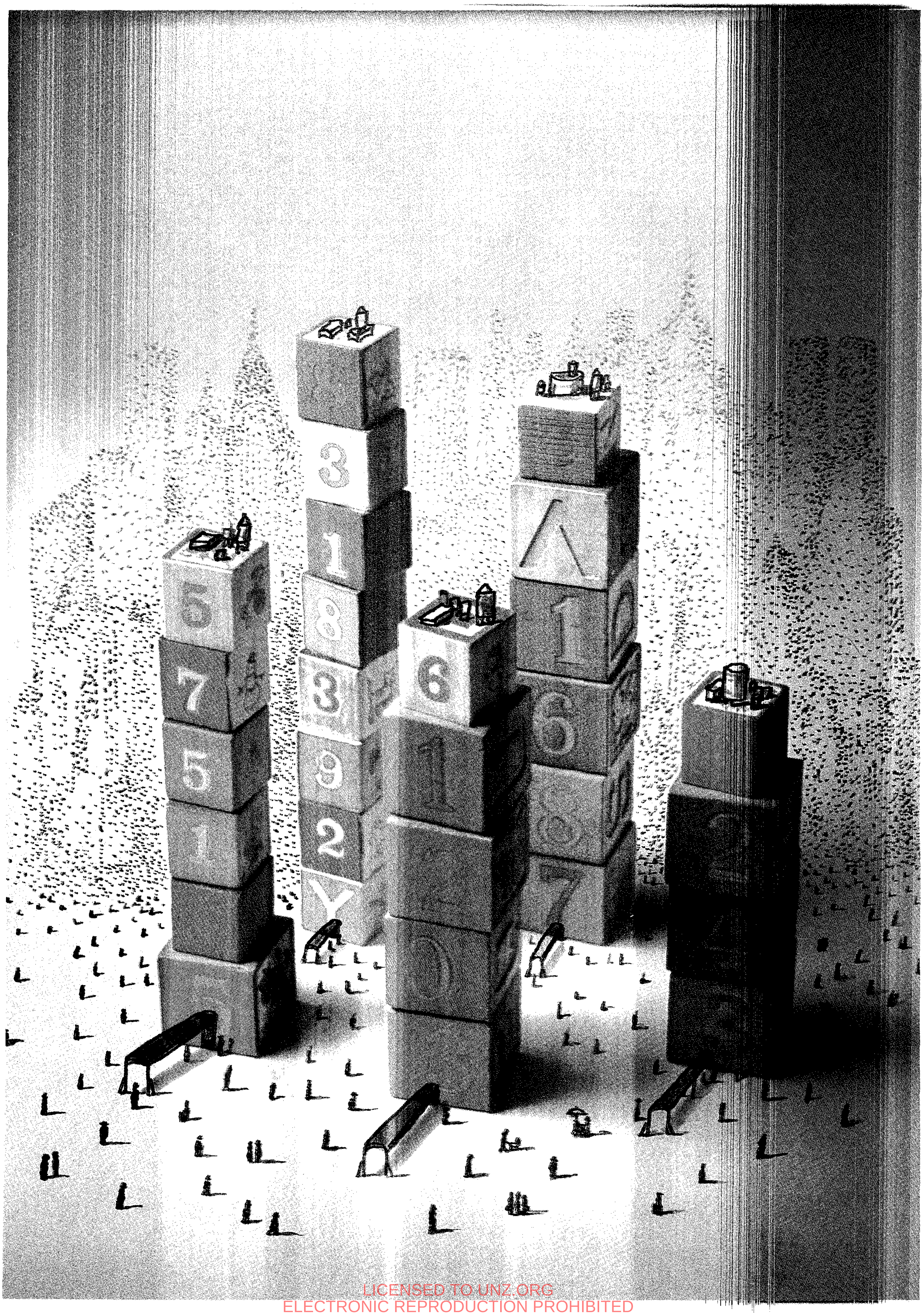
One major by-product of the wearying search for space is a re-evaluation, in the mind of both the residential and commercial renter, of what constitutes prime location.

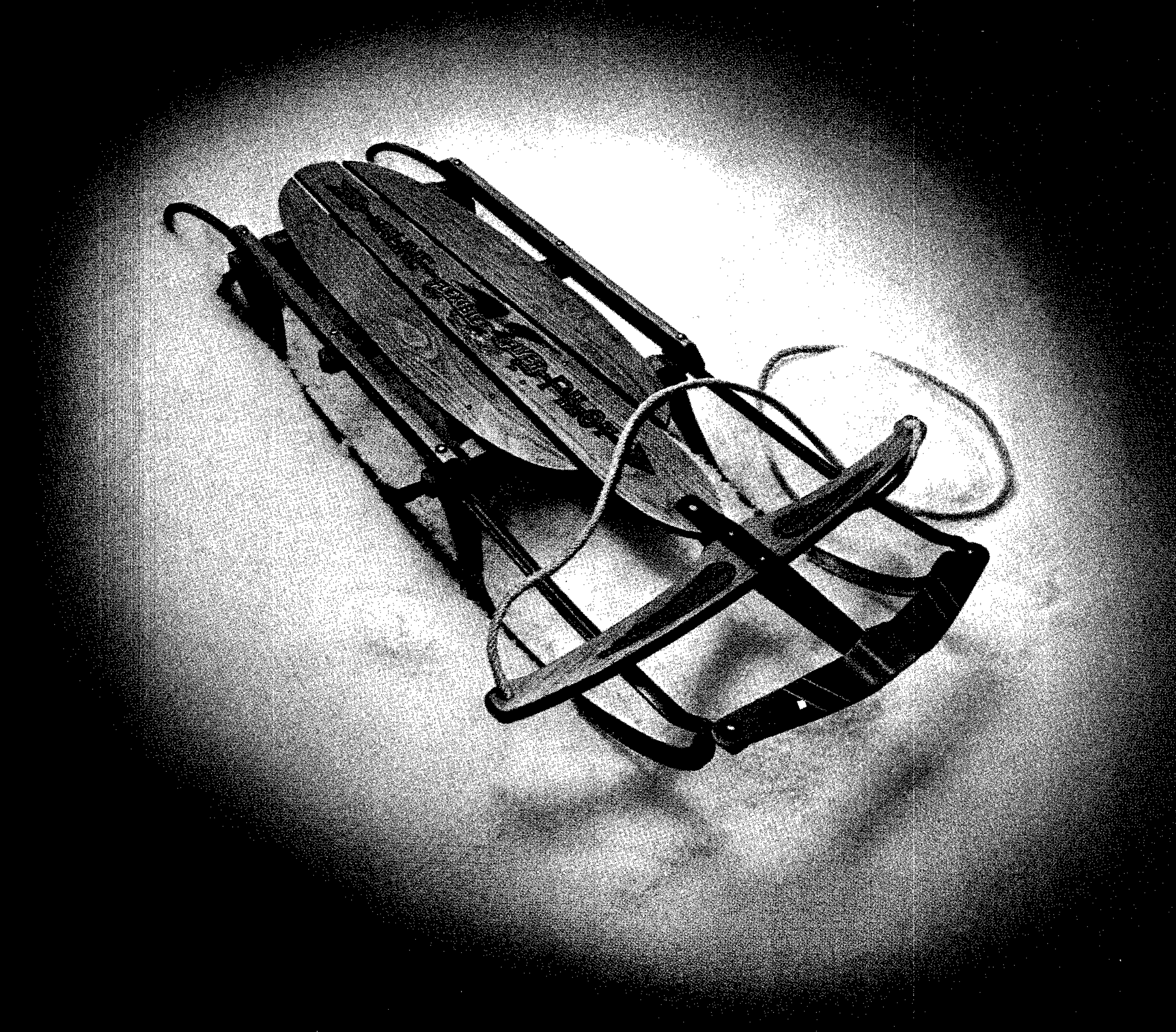
"The market fattens," as one broker puts it. An executive looking for quarters on Park Avenue, for example, may now go to Third Avenue; an upwardly mobile career couple who wanted Greenwich Village may try Chelsea or Murray Hill.

On the Home Front

"I've been in New York since 1961, and I've never seen the rental market so viable as it is today," says Hank Sopher, president of J. I. Sopher & Company, the city's largest rental agent. "There are ten people for every apart-

Photograph by Peter M. Fine; illustration by Eugene Mihaesco





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Within four years, luxury apartments will rent for $1,000 per room, Lefrak predicts. Others say they see $500 per room . . .”

ment on the market, regardless of price.”

In addition to the battalions of businessmen scouring the Gold Coast of the East Side for luxury apartments commensurate with their burgeoning offices, there are a variety of groups expanding in Manhattan and clamoring for dwelling space. One agent says that disgruntled suburbanites returning to the city account for a major proportion of his clients, while Sopher, who rents or sells an average of 250 apartments per week, says that a third of his business consists of middle-class families fleeing the decaying outer boroughs for Fortress Manhattan. Nearly everyone has also noted a massive proliferation of singles. “The average occupancy of apartments is getting smaller,” says Ed Potter, research director of the Real Estate Board of New York. “More people who used to share apartments are now willing to spend more money to live by themselves.”

One astute and skeptical broker, Edward S. Gordon, adds still another element: the new woman. “I'm convinced that women are a major factor,” he says. “A man will live where his wife wants him to live. Educated women are getting tired of living out in the suburbs, where they don't see anyone and where there's nothing for them to do but shop and drive the kids to school. Today, the educated woman wants to live where the jobs are and where the action is, and that means Manhattan.”

Indeed, all these diverse streams are converging full force on the undersupplied Manhattan housing market. The city as a whole could absorb between 12,000 and 15,000 new apartments annually, but only about 3,000 new apartments have been built each year during the last decade, largely due to inflated site-assembly, construction, and operating costs that price new apartments beyond the reach of all but the wealthy. In 1979, in response to the growing demand, as many as 10,000 new apartments may go up, but they will still be just a drop in the bucket.

While more than a dozen major new apartment buildings have been completed recently or are under construction on the East Side, none will offer apartments for less than $250 per room per month, and some will rent for considerably more. New buildings, like the Connaught on East 54th Street, the Sheffield on West 57th Street, and the Claridge on East 87th Street have typical rents of about $250 per room. That means a one-bedroom apartment costs $750. The apartment building at 800 Fifth Avenue and another new building on East 66th Street are renting for as much as $400 per room per month. Meanwhile, in the Lincoln Center area, the only part of the West Side where high-rise luxury development is currently active, rents are only slightly lower. In the recently completed Nevada Towers at 69th Street and Broadway and at another newly constructed building on West 67th Street, apartments are renting for $200 per room per month, although still another nearby new building has already reached the $250 mark.

Apartments in older buildings are, of course, theoretically cheaper. In addition, those apartments that are not rent-controlled are rent-stabilized, which means that rent for new tenants cannot legally be raised by more than a 5 percent “vacancy allowance” plus a percentage that depends on the length of their new lease. However, real-estate people generally admit that illegal rent gouging is widespread. “A lot of people are doing it,” says one agent, who refused to be identified. “And I'm not so sure it's wrong. If a landlord's weighed down with a lot of rent-controlled tenants in his building, he's losing money on them, and he's going to try to make up the difference by charging what the market will bear for the other apartments.”

Nevada Towers: *Left half-built for two years, its flats are nearly all gone.*

Lefrak has confidently predicted that if the current pressure keeps up, luxury apartments will typically be renting for $1,000 per room per month within the next four years. Others are more conservative, although their caution offers little enough comfort to tenants. “Not by 1982,” says Sopher. “If that happens, it'll mean the entire country is in pretty bad shape. Then you might as well paper your walls with your dollars. But $500 per room I can see.” Adds Potter: “A thousand per room seems excessive, but I could see maybe $800 per room in the top, top luxury buildings. Even $500 seems high to me, and I can't see people spending that unless the builders are planning to put up housing only for the top of the luxury market.” A continuing shortage of apartments at more acceptable rents will only mean even greater competition for existing apartments, and consequently higher rents. Current construction costs virtually prohibit the development of “middle income” housing without massive government support.

The Co-op Bonanza

Public perception of the looming competition and ever spiraling rents have had an electric effect on the market in cooperative housing: “It has just gone wild,” says one happy broker. Co-op prices on both the East and West Sides have generally doubled, and sometimes tripled, in the last year. “We sold $6-million worth of co-ops in 1977,” says Sopher, “and we have already doubled it this year. There's no such thing as a price. The market just took off.”

A Park Avenue co-op that Sopher sold in February of 1977 for $130,000 was resold in March of 1978 for $290,000; a three-bedroom apartment on East End Avenue that he “had a hard time selling” for $88,000 in 1976 was sold again this year for $290,000. A one-bedroom apartment on Central Park West in the Eighties that was offered for less than $20,000 scarcely a year ago was sold this spring for $40,000. Even up in the relative boondocks of Morningside Heights, a studio on West 110th Street, which one knowledgeable developer claims “you couldn't have given away two years ago,” was recently sold for about $20,000. Gener-

Photographed by Serge Hambourg

> The midtown office vacancy rate is now 4.37 percent, tantamount to full rental. But that doesn't signal a long building boom…"

ally, says a broker who specializes in West Side properties, a buyer can expect to make between $30,000 and $50,000 profit on a co-op within two years.

"People are buying today on anticipation," said Lefrak. "You can't replace existing real estate for a price acceptable to the middle class, while you can buy a co-op for $20,000 and know that you can sell it in a year for $30,000."

"The co-op market has gone absolutely berserk in the last two years," agrees Austin Laber, a lawyer and developer who specializes in the conversion of commercial buildings into residential cooperatives. "People have begun to perceive rents as so high that they are looking at co-ops as an alternative. But aside from the economics of it, people have also begun to see real estate as a good investment in a time of inflation."

Work Space

The commercial crunch is centered roughly on the area bounded by 50th and 59th streets and by Fifth and Park avenues, but its effects have already been felt as far south as the financial district, where former problem buildings like the World Trade Center and 55 Water Street have been almost fully rented. The return of investors' confidence in the local market is underscored by figures like these: One of the city's largest mortgage brokers, the Sonnenblick-Goldman Corporation, in 1977 packaged nearly $345-million worth of mortgages in New York State, the vast preponderance in New York City—fully five times the amount the firm put together during the doldrums of 1975.

The office vacancy rate in midtown Manhattan is currently only 4.37 percent, tantamount to full rental of the space available, since the difference is mainly made up of tenants in the process of moving into or out of their quarters. That compares with a vacancy rate of about 14 percent in early 1974 and a high of 20 percent in late 1973. And, while the full-house syndrome is nice for the moment, it does not necessarily signal a building boom.

"New York got so shell-shocked after the last boom that no one's building today to meet the demand," says Julien Studley, of Julien Studley, Inc., a major renter of midtown office space. "There's a new building going up at 59th and Park, but it won't offer anything cheaper than $22 per foot. There's another one planned for 560 Lexington. And there isn't anything else."

Until now, of course, developers had good reason for caution. At the end of the 1960s, some 25 million square feet of new office space, much of it purely speculative, were built in Manhattan. When the national economy went into recession in the early 1970s, entire fortunes ebbed away into those vertical miles of unrentable space in buildings like 1166 Avenue of the Americas, 10 John Street, and that apparent granddaddy of all white elephants, the World Trade Center.

The story of the Chrysler Building, that gleaming chrome bonanza of Art Deco design, is symptomatic of the new mood in midtown. In 1975, Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance foreclosed on the building, whose owners had defaulted on their mortgages. Mass. Mutual held the building's second mortgage, worth more than $12 million. "Our choice was either to walk away from the property or to stay and hope for the best," says John Swart, Mass. Mutual's director of real-estate operations. "We chose to do the latter, and it has turned out for the best. We expect to recoup our full investment and to make a good return on it, in time."

On top of its original investment, Mass. Mutual bought at a discount the building's first mortgage of some $28-million, and is putting more than $25-

Beyond Manhattan

If the circulation of money is any sign of health in the New York real-estate market, then the patient's heartbeat is almost back to normal. But his extremities—the other boroughs and some outlying areas—remain partly paralyzed, as vast tracts of the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens continue to wither for neglect.

"There has been a dramatic increase in values in certain areas, but that doesn't mean that all New York is booming," one broker says. "It really means that the city is getting smaller. Everyone wants to live in one place." And that place is Manhattan.

There is competition for apartments in sections like Riverdale and Mosholu Parkway in the Bronx, and in Forest Hills and other parts of Queens. But, aside from the few residential conversions in downtown Brooklyn and the likelihood of some residential development in the future in half-abandoned Long Island City, these trends reflect more a consolidation of the surviving middle-class population than any newfound vitality in the boroughs. David C. Gold, who owns or manages 12,000 apartments ranging from slums to luxury dwellings in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens, says the only significant new investment in the boroughs is restricted to the few remaining high-rent neighborhoods there. "Basically, it's a question of holding the line," he says, "and we're slipping."

It is only speculation at this point, but the mid-Manhattan boom may encourage the reclamation of some parts of the deteriorated boroughs in the course of the next decade or so. Ceilingless midtown apartment rents, coupled with the erosion of rent control and a continuing lack of federal aid for middle- and lower-income housing, may drive the middle class farther and farther from the center of the city, northward toward Harlem, where a tiny colony of the white middle class has already established itself on East 101st Street, and outward into the boroughs to expand the borders of brownstoning neighborhoods like Park Slope in Brooklyn. But the number of new apartments created in the boroughs through conversion and brownstoning is still insufficient when compared with the perhaps 30,000 apartments lost there each year through abandonment.

"The boroughs are another 'world,'" adds Julien Studley, of Julien Studley, Inc. "The first 'borough' that's going to get a spillover from the East Side will be the West Side, if you know what I mean. The way the boom will move is from the Plaza area over to Sixth Avenue, then to Eleventh Avenue, and then downtown, where you can still rent office space for $10 per square foot. Beyond that, no one knows." —F.M.B.

> There's no such thing as a price,' says Sopher. A co-op he 'had a hard time selling' for $88,000 in 1976 sold in '78 for $290,000…"

million into what is said to be the largest building renovation ever undertaken. Since Mass. Mutual took title to the building in February of last year, tenancy has shot up from 55 percent to 91 percent, and the rents have climbed enough to warm the most hard-bitten real-estate agent's heart, from $7 and $8 per square foot to between $14 and $20 per square foot.

Back in the 1960s, while unwary developers were busy throwing up office buildings, the corporate clients they expected to rush into their speculative embrace were fast fading into the hinterland, toward the cow pastures of Connecticut and the reclaimed swamps of New Jersey. The reasons were many: executives personally sick of commuting, a rising city crime rate, and declining schools. But in addition, companies were lured by bargain rates for life in the country. A decade ago, rents in Fairfield and Westchester counties ranged from $1 to $4 less per square foot than for comparable facilities in Manhattan.

By about 1973, however, the situation began to reverse itself. The same lust for space that's now turning mid-Manhattan into a pressure cooker of competition was driving suburban rents past $10 per square foot, and then, in 1975, past $12 per square foot. At the same time, some modern midtown office buildings were crying for tenants at as little as $8.50 per square foot. Executives ceased being able to justify a move to the suburbs on strictly economic grounds just as suburban communities were beginning to realize that the corporate influx into their more or less bucolic bosoms was not an unmixed blessing. Greenwich, Connecticut, for example, eventually felt the town's character had been so disrupted that it clamped a moratorium on any more corporations.

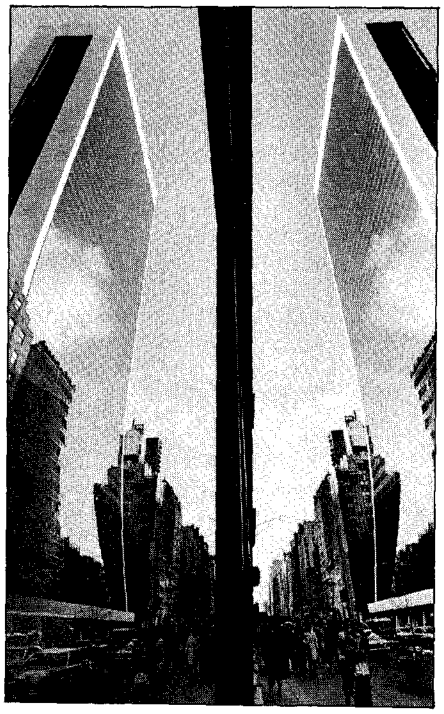
Rents for prime suburban sites are now in much the same range as those for desirable locations in Manhattan. Meanwhile, a growing housing shortage in Westchester and tougher environmental regulations in Connecticut have helped discourage further corporate invasions, while New York City's tax-abatement program for corporations willing to expand their facilities here has made it more profitable for the city's surviving corporations to remain, and gave them one fewer reason to complain, since taxes were high on the corporate complaint list.

Foreigners, even in the depths of the recession, had more confidence in the resilience of New York's economy than most American investors did. In addition, the plummeting value of the dollar abroad made American real estate an even more attractive investment for foreigners with surplus cash.

Almost perversely, to many foreigners New York has seemed the epitome of security. The Deutsche Bank is not alone, with its new citadel on 57th Street: In the last four years, some 30 foreign banks, not to mention a battalion of European and Japanese companies, have opened new offices in New York. "Compared to the Italian economy, for example, we're stable," says David Burley, president of Walter & Samuels, Inc., brokers who specialize in handling property for European buyers. "I don't mean to be flip but, literally, every time the Red Brigades hit someone in the knee I get a phone call."

The Market of the Future

Even the most conservative observers expect the renting boom—commercial and residential—to continue for at least another year and a half, unless the projected 1979 recession dips to depression lows. The city's real-estate men talk easily about a boom. "We've been in the starting gate for five years—now we're off and running," Sam Lefrak says gleefully.



9 West 57th Street: *Once a disaster area, the offices are now 99 percent filled.*

"Running," in this business, means filling space—offices, apartments, stores. But it also means creating more space when the space you've got is already full. And no one is willing to predict how big or sustained a building boom will follow on the heels of this renting boom.

"We've run out of space," says Harry Helmsley, one of the city's major builders. "There will have to be new buildings." Helmsley's projects include two midtown hotels, but he is also contemplating once again the creation of office space on the landfill of Battery Park City in lower Manhattan.

There are other office projects already under way. A 25-story tower that will contain about 250,000 square feet of office space will be erected at Park Avenue and 59th Street. Lexington Avenue and 50th Street will soon have 330,000 square feet of new offices, packaged in a 22-story building. And the Grand Central area will get yet another resident when a 26-story office building, with some 450,000 square feet of space, rises.

Also reflecting belief in the strength of New York as a corporate town are the now rising headquarters of IBM and AT&T. And Walter Hoving, the chairman of Tiffany, recently declared in an advertisement, "Because we believe . . . in the future of New York City, we are planning to build three more floors on top of our Tiffany building at 727 Fifth Avenue."

"The lesson to be learned from the last debacle is that recovery has a momentum that will carry with it people who will build marginal properties, and therein lies the danger," says Wharton. "Last time, money was available in such plentiful quantities that it chased bad deals. Things were built at an extraordinary rate, and some of them, like 1166 Avenue of the Americas, failed because there was an oversupply of space and they were in the wrong area. We've looked at $300-million worth of real estate and we've found that those buildings that failed were ill conceived in the first place—they were the wrong products in the wrong place at the wrong time."

The current boom won't solve all of New York's problems; indeed, for residential and commercial tenants, it has created a whole set of new ones. But for a town that only a few years ago was almost written off as dead it is surely a most concrete sign of health! ■

Rolling for Dollars

By Elin Schoen

"... Dancing on roller skates is now an Official Trend. It's also big business..."

Dancing on roller skates is nothing new. They've been doing it at the Empire Rollerdrome in Brooklyn for the past twenty years or so. But only now is it an Official Trend. ("Look at all the people having fun!" exclaimed a visitor to the 'Drome on a recent evening. "And look at all the other people trying to make money off the people having fun!" his friend replied.)

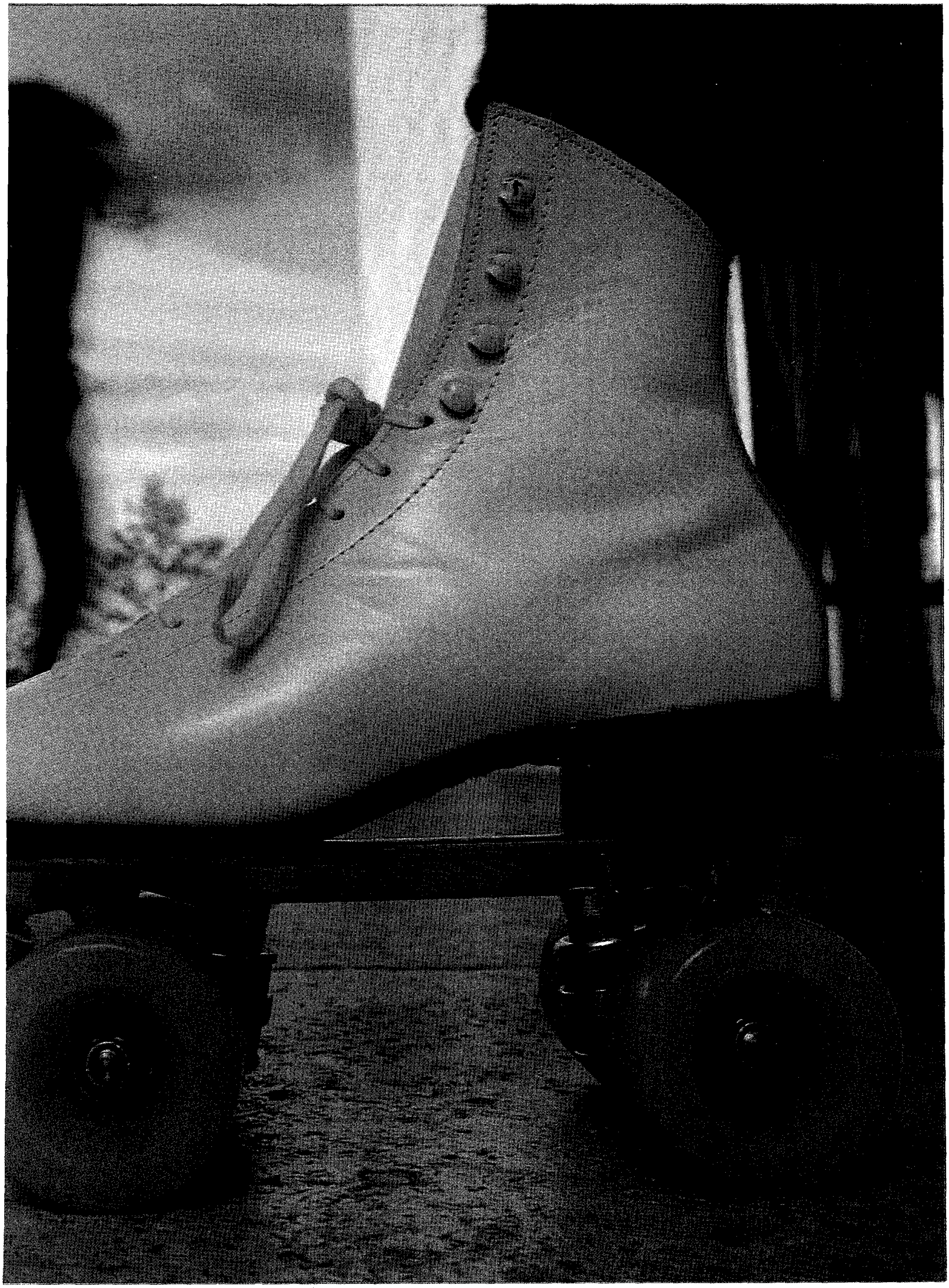
Disco skating is not alone in the spotlight. New Yorkers have also taken to skating outdoors, and not just in Central Park, where the Goodskates rented roller skates to capacity crowds all summer. The other day, I saw a young man dittybopping south on Eighth Avenue, dodging traffic. But most local roller-joggers (and their numbers are increasing) stick to the sidewalks or bicycle lanes.

One reason roller skating is a Trend now (as opposed to last month) is fashion. It started when jogging and gym gear were translated into disco wear (satin bomber jackets, Day-Glo leotards), a natural development, since disco dancing is nothing if not good exercise. At the same time, fashion people began dropping into the Empire Rollerdrome, where they saw lots of track shorts and leotards and a ton of disco bags streaking around. Somehow, it all looked even better on wheels. Then, when the forties came back to clothes this fall, they brought with them roller skating, which really peaked in that decade. Roller skating's time had come—again.

"Roller skating is going to be ten times bigger than jogging, on a gross level," according to Eric Myrman, a roller entrepreneur. For one thing, skates are more expensive than running shoes. For another, many skaters prefer rinks to sidewalks, and rinks charge admission. So the rush to cash in on roller skating is on. Eric Myrman sums it up: "Two major roller-skating publications are coming out—*Rollerskating* magazine, which will be out in two and a half weeks, and *Skater*. Two sportswear stores are making sequined elbow pads, and there will be 20 or 30 different wheels on the market in all price ranges—from $10 to $500. There ought to be a Skate Central."

The Goodskates is way ahead of Myrman. It has the New York Skate Information Center, a hot line (535-1080) for news on both the outdoor- and disco-skating fronts. The Goodskates will expand from Central Park into four other parks next summer, and it won't be idling away the winter, either. It holds Tuesday roller-disco nights every other week at Xenon—Hurrah's is next—and will set up private roller-disco parties providing both skates and a show (call 877-1024).

Let's twist again: *You can spend $200 on a pair of roller skates, and waste $200—if you don't know how to adjust your wheels. The trucks (the chunks of rubber and metal between each set of wheels) control the accuracy of roller motion. They need to be tightened or loosened for your weight, so that all four wheels stay on the floor when you shift your balance. To do this, take a wrench and loosen the nuts on the action bolts, which attach each truck to the plate. Then tighten or loosen the action bolts. Test the skates by leaning left and right on them. The wheels opposite the direction in which you're leaning shouldn't leave the floor. When the wheels feel right, tighten the nut to lock the adjustment.*



Photograph by Terry Hourigan

"...The new urethane wheels make skating smoother. You don't feel the cracks underfoot; you don't have to breathe in rosin..."

But the biggest item on the Goodskates' agenda is the Rollerballroom, which will be a disco-skating rink complete with health-food restaurant.

Meanwhile, at the grass roots (that is, among people who have been manufacturing and selling roller skates for years) nothing terribly dramatic is happening yet. This is largely because most skaters are still renting, rather than buying, skates. "I think it's a media thing so far," said Joe Shevelson, vice-president of Chicago Rollerskate Company. "The mass merchandisers are all interested, but cautiously. I think the real boom will come next spring." Chicago Rollerskate Company isn't letting any rosin collect under its wheels, though. The firm is offering a new line of "Roadsters"—the "Sports Roadster" (jogging shoes on wheels) and the "Pro-Roadster" (a high suede boot for the disco market).

Kryptonics, where the specialty is polyurethane wheels for skateboards, will soon have a new, narrower wheel for skates.

Polyurethane wheels are quite a change from the metal, clay, or wooden wheels on which we used to skid along sidewalks, with our legs vibrating, in deadly fear of capsizing at every crack. Urethane has made the going smoother. You don't feel the cracks or very much else underfoot. Nor do you have to lift your foot to place it into a turn as you had to with the old clamp-on skates. On the precision skate, all you have to do is lean. Urethane is also ideal indoors. "It's quiet," says Tony Miller, the president of Kryptonics. "It doesn't interfere with the sound system." You also get a better grip on the floor, which means that as more skaters use urethane-wheeled skates (most rental skates at rinks now are rubber-wheeled) rosin will not be necessary. That will be a relief to skaters tired of breathing in rosin or finding it, at the end of an evening, coating their hair and eyelashes or corroding their Mylar jeans.

Skate retailers are already profiting from the roller craze. At Peck & Goodie, a leading source of skates (both roller and ice) since 1925, roller-skate sales have gone up 25 percent so far this year over all of 1977 (and ice skates are "maintaining themselves"). The past few months have brought a 25 to 30 percent increase in roller-skate sales at the 42nd Street branch of Herman's World of Sporting Goods.

Of course, now that roller skating looks like big business, small businesses are sprouting up all over. "Pop Wheels"—wooden sandals (not unlike Dr. Scholl's) under which wheels appear and retract at the pull of a button—are being sold at the Beverly Hills Fiorucci for $32. They were originally designed eighteen years ago for Swiss factory workers so they could move around the factories more efficiently. Bob Diamond, the Los Angeles distributor, reports, "I just got 30,000 pounds of them air-freighted in and most of them are gone." Pop Wheels should be in our own Fiorucci momentarily, but I couldn't wait and had Bob Diamond send a couple of samples. I discovered, during a quick turn around the office, that the Italian makers of Pop Wheels don't know much about roller skating. The wheels are too small for the thick, heavy sandal, and too hard to grip even a rug. In short, Pop Wheels might be great for getting around the factory, but not for very much else.

There are, however, plenty of other opportunities for stylish skaters. A regular at the Empire Rollerdrome claims to be buying up Gucci and Charles Jourdan pumps to convert into roller-dancing shoes. (Joe Moore, president of Charles Jourdan, stateside, was not thrilled to hear this. "A Charles Jourdan shoe and a roller skate are kind of a contradictory idea," he said. "I imagine this could very quickly become a serious legal matter.") Manufacturers could well pick up on Rollerdrome chic, such as knee-high leather boots with wheels, and skates with lights under the arches—"for night skating," their creator says. Donna Altman, a handbag designer who is also hell on wheels, is putting out waterproof canvas or nylon-broadcloth skate cases (call 391-0109). In Venice, California, they've been selling skate-shaped satin disco bags for ages. About the only question remaining is "Who will do the first roller-disco movie?" Paramount seems to be the leading contender with its property based on the action at the Empire Rollerdrome.

But another question comes to mind. Last year around this time I was saying that disco on wheels is the logical answer to "Where do we go from disco?" Now what I would like to know is, where will we go from disco on wheels? ■

Where to Spin Your Wheels

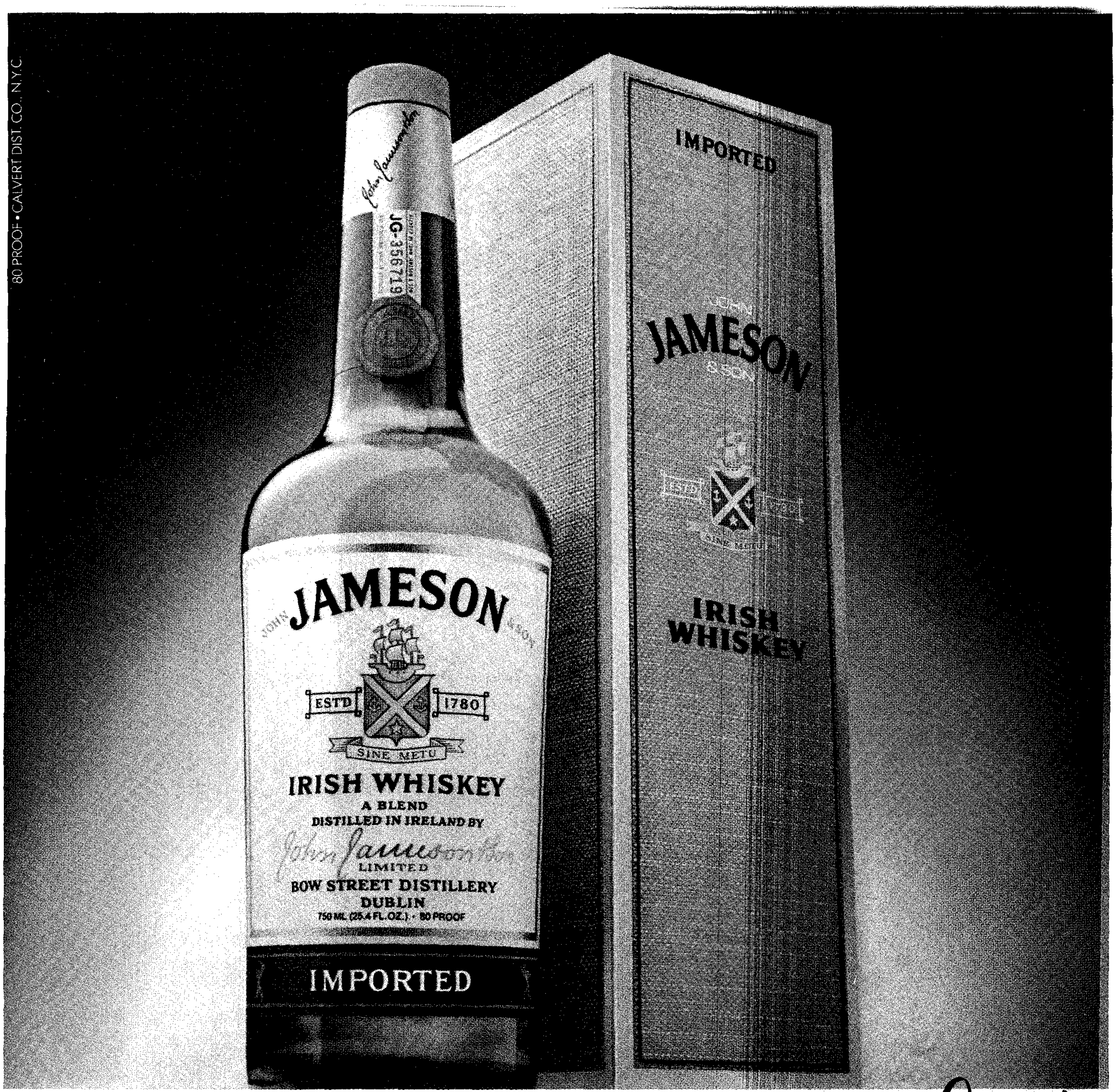
Chilly weather seems to have no effect on our intrepid outdoor skaters. Some people just prefer traffic lights to disco lights—like the woman who, after roller discoing all night at Xenon, commented, "The best part was skating to my car."

If you would like to get in on the outside action, these are some places which are hot, regardless of temperature: the closed-off portion of the West Side Highway, office plazas on Sixth Avenue in the Fifties (particularly the McGraw-Hill Building), the sidewalk-level plaza at the General Motors Building, the Wall Street area at night, all around Lincoln Center, and throughout the West Village, where the Buffalo Roadhouse and Adam & Eve (across from Village Skating) are popular for skate breaks.

If you like your action centrally heated, try: the Empire Rollerdrome, 200 Empire Boulevard, Brooklyn (462-1570); Park Circle Roller Disco, 11 Ocean Parkway, at Coney Island Avenue, Brooklyn (GE 6-1300); Roll-A-Palace, 1728 Sheepshead Bay Road, Brooklyn (646-0909); Utica Skating Arena, 631 Utica Avenue, Brooklyn (772-1400); Rollerena, 515 Bruckner Boulevard, Bronx (292-7288); Village Skating, 15 Waverly Place (677-9690); Xenon on every other Tuesday night only, 124 West 43rd Street (221-2690).

These rinks are strictly for disco skating, although Park Circle has Wednesday-night dance and figure skating (with lessons available) and might begin speed-skating sessions. Sheepshead Bay's Roll-A-Palace is also considering speed skating and offers dance- and figure-skating lessons with Charlie (call 646-0910).

You'll find dance and figure skating to organ music Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday nights at the Levittown Roller Skating Rink, Hempstead Turnpike and Wantagh Parkway, East Meadow, Long Island (516 731-6200)—and also dress rules (no tank tops, blue jeans, or shorts). Friday and Saturday nights are disco. —E. S.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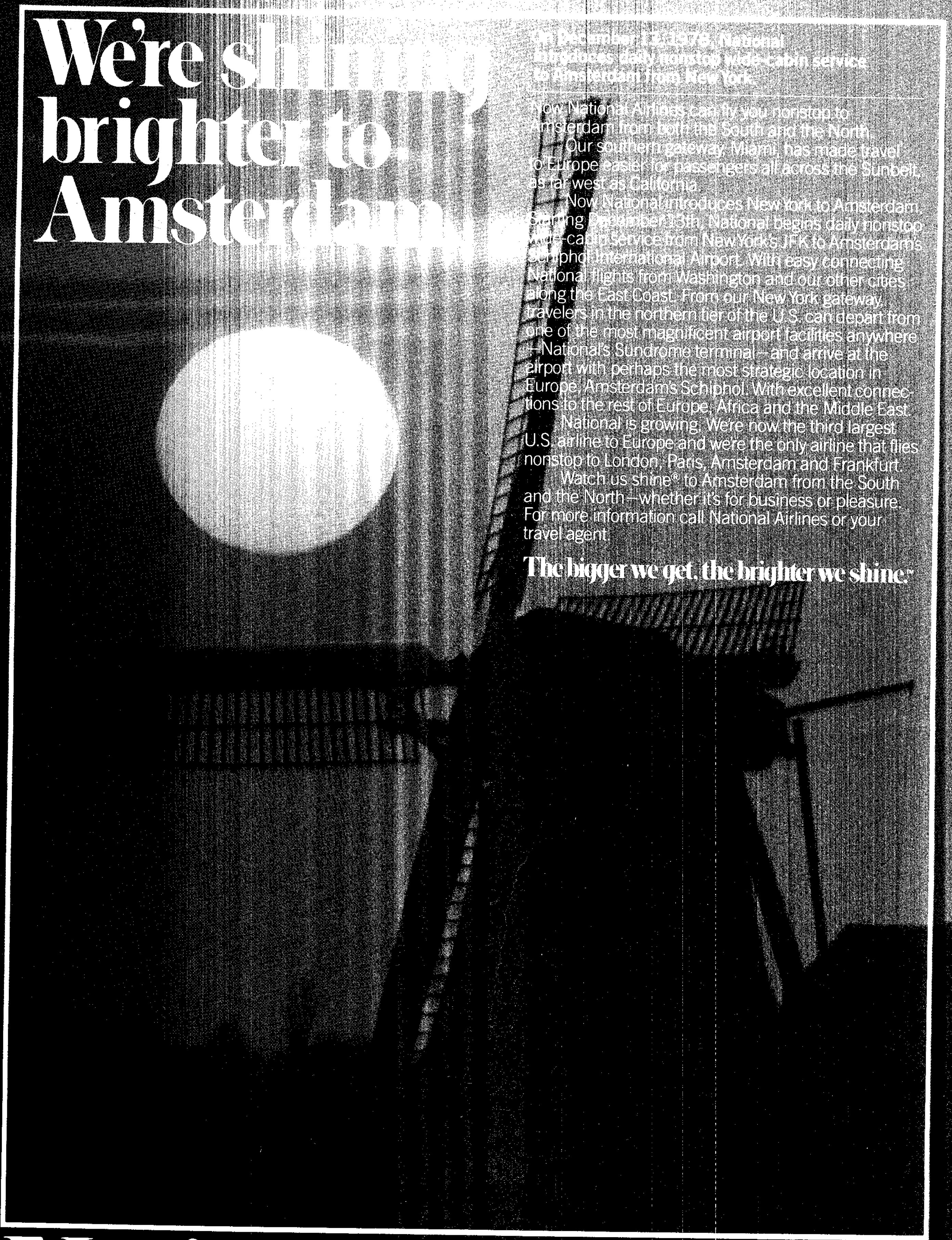

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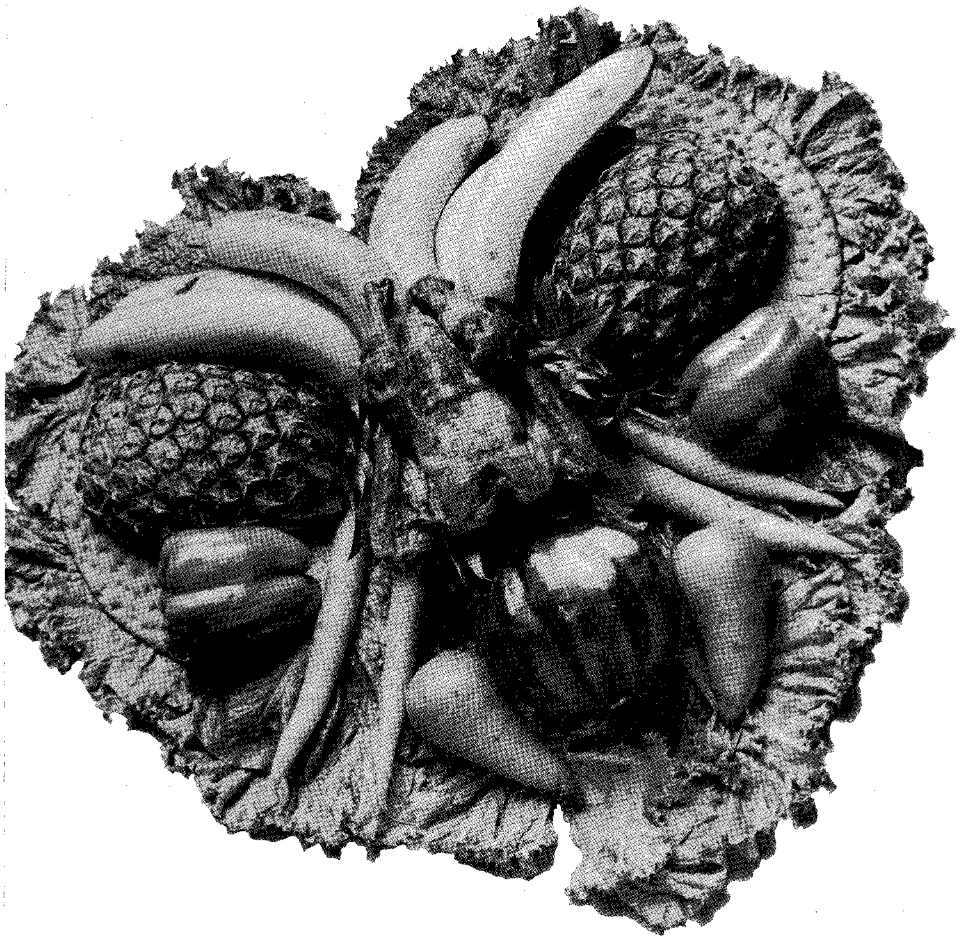
The Diet That Can Reverse Heart Disease

By Rollin H. Kimball

"...Three years ago my doctors wouldn't admit I could shrink the plaques blocking my heart arteries. Now they say it's possible..."



In December of 1974 I was walking the streets of New York City with my fiancée, Debby. Suddenly she was running across streets on the amber light, weaving around slower pedestrians like O.J. ducking around a last-round draft choice, all the while taking in a Bonwit's window on the dead run. I was keeping up but suddenly felt a throbbing pain in my chest. I insisted on slowing down "to look at the people." Soon we speeded up and I could feel the pain again, this time running like a sharp finger down my left arm. I suddenly felt that living with a robust doll considerably my junior was not an unmixed blessing.

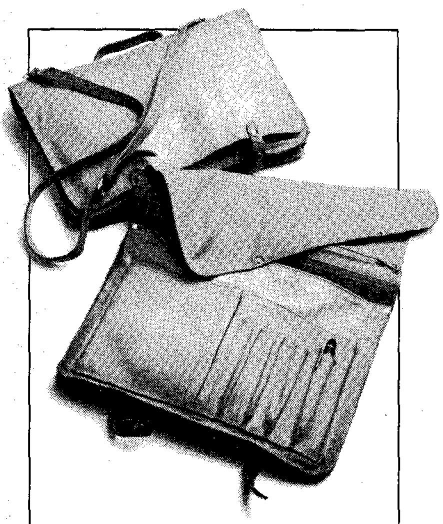
By the time we returned to Fort Lauderdale, where we are both now real-estate brokers, I had convinced myself that the chest pains were cold-induced, New York–pollution–induced, or, if they were early warnings of heart trouble, at least they were *very* early. After all, I was only 49.

Things went along fine, working, golfing, and even playing tennis, until June 1975. I woke up one night feeling that I couldn't breathe. My chest felt as if a large weight were resting on it. I couldn't fully inflate my lungs. An iron hand was around me. I got out of bed as quietly as I could, opened the window sixteen floors over the ocean, and tried to breath deeply. Naturally, I lit a cigarette. Debby awoke and we agreed I should see a cardiologist immediately. I was afraid.

The small group of cardiologists (or "professional association," as it's now called) that I went to was highly recommended by a general surgeon who had practiced in town for 25 years. I dealt primarily with two doctors whose identities I shall protect by calling one Dr. Elder and the other, his junior by twenty years or so, Dr. Younger.

Dr. Elder checked me over after his nurse had taken chest X-rays, an EKG, and a medical history. He was concerned that my midnight experience had been a real myocardial infarction, or heart attack, and permanent damage had been done. He could tell nothing from the X-rays and EKG, but since I was about ten pounds overweight and a heavy smoker, both my father and mother had died of heart trouble, and my early youth had been spent in small-town Georgia eating fried chicken, gravy, sausage, eggs, biscuits, and country ham, I almost surely had angina to some degree—maybe badly. I was told to check into the hospital to see (1) if I indeed had an infarct, and (2) what the score was on my probable angina.

Photograph by Matthew Klein



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Weight	186	174
Blood pressure	high normal	low normal
Cholesterol level (150–300)	391	229
Triglyceride level (200 or less)	324	92
Resting pulse rate (62–72)	95	62
Pulse rate after 8½ minutes on treadmill	177	152
Return to resting pulse rate after treadmill	18 minutes	10 minutes
Tolerable time on treadmill	3.2 minutes	9.5+ minutes
Pain during treadmill	yes	no
Daily medication (Isordil and Inderal)	8 pills	0
Tranquilizers per day	2	0
Tuinal to induce sleep—per week	2	0
Distance run without pain	100 yards	2 miles
Distance walked without pain	½ mile	unlimited
Random chest pain	every 2–3 days	none
Smoking—packs per day	3	0

Pritikin's Seven Commandments

Thou shalt not smoke, nor eat fats, sugar, salt, or foods containing cholesterol; neither shalt thou drink coffee or tea.

	Yes	No
Fats and oils		Butter, lard, meat fat, all oils, and margarine.
Meats, poultry, fish, eggs, nuts	Chicken, turkey, fish (fresh, frozen, or canned in water), veal, beef (lean), hamburgers (lean). Only one quarter pound of red meat a day. Trim all fat off meats and bake, broil, roast, or stew them. Dried beans and peas; egg whites.	Lamb, pork, ham, duck, goose; all marbled and fatty meats: spareribs, mutton, fatty hamburgers, grain-fed beef, bacon, luncheon meats, frankfurters, sausages; organ meats: liver, kidney, sweetbreads; shellfish, fatty fish such as salmon; egg yolks and nuts of all kinds.
Vegetables and fruits	All fruits, but only four pieces a day; all vegetables, raw, baked, steamed, or boiled; dried fruit: one ounce a day for raisins, two ounces for prunes and others.	Olives and avocados.
Grains	Sourdough bread, any other sugarless breads without shortening; corn tortillas, pita, Scandinavian crackers, matzos; rice, pasta, noodles (not egg); oatmeal, shredded wheat, any cereal without shortening or sugar.	All foods baked with shortening and sugar, which means cakes, crackers, doughnuts, sweet rolls; commercial mixes containing dried eggs and whole milk.
Dairy foods	Skim milk (nonfat), powdered skim milk; cheese made from 100 percent skim milk, such as farmer's, baker's, and hoop cheese.	Whole milk, chocolate milk, canned whole milk, powdered whole milk, creams, yogurt with butterfat and sugar, non-dairy cream substitutes; all cheeses, except those made from skim milk.
Desserts, beverages, condiments	Canned fruit (not in syrup), only four pieces a day; decaffeinated beverages, herb teas. Limit alcohol to no more than two ounces a day. Vinegar and spices.	Coffee, tea, sugared drinks; puddings, ice cream, sherbets, canned fruit in syrup, gelatin desserts, fried desserts, candy; sugar and salt. Do not add salt to your plate or to your cooking.

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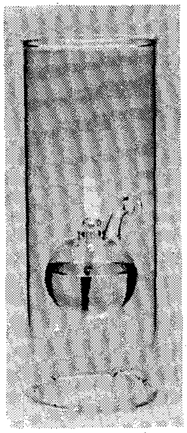

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The tests revealed that I had *not* had an infarction, but I did have angina, or blockage in the heart arteries. This restricted the blood supply to the heart and caused chest pain, especially under stress. I had done poorly on the stress, or treadmill, test—only 3.2 minutes before I had to stop because of angina pain.

"So," said Dr. Younger, who was handling things in the hospital in a very efficient way, "I suggest we get a bypass done right away." I knew what a bypass operation was: A section of vein is taken out of your leg and spliced in, one end before and one end after the blockage so that the narrowed area is bypassed. He felt I would probably need three bypasses and, his pencil poised, waited for me to ask whom he'd recommend to do this little job. "I don't want to have a bypass operation," I said. "What else can be done?"

"You can take pills to dilate the blood vessels and pills to keep your heartbeat slow, but you don't want to be a pill taker the rest of your life! Look, these plaques, or obstructions, in your arteries don't get better. You can't flush them out with Drano; they just get worse. You should get a bypass without question!"

I visualized my arteries (about the size of a soda straw) being patched into one another and thought of leakage, scar tissue, and what would happen to the narrowed area. Would it close completely? I also thought of the mechanical clamps pulling the ribs back after the breastbone had been sawed open, and I thought of my heart being immobilized while the operation was performed—would it start pumping again?

Now, I know doctors well. Almost every relative I have is a doctor: three brothers-in-law, cousins, nephews, a niece, and a cousin's wife. I know many other doctors as well, both through these relatives and socially, and every one of them is human. Some of them drink too much, some operate too quickly, some follow fads in medicine the way we laymen follow fads in clothes or sports. At one time, asbestos powder was put in the chest cavity with the idea that it might irritate and stimulate the heart arteries to better circulation.

Still, I might have gone ahead with the bypass had Dr. Elder pushed me as hard as Dr. Younger, but he didn't. "In your case I'd say I'm 50-50. We've had great success with the bypass operation and you are a great candidate: young, active, nothing else wrong with you. However, I don't think you're ready yet. You don't hurt enough. I'll go along with drugs, Inderal and Isordil, four times a day for now, and let's see

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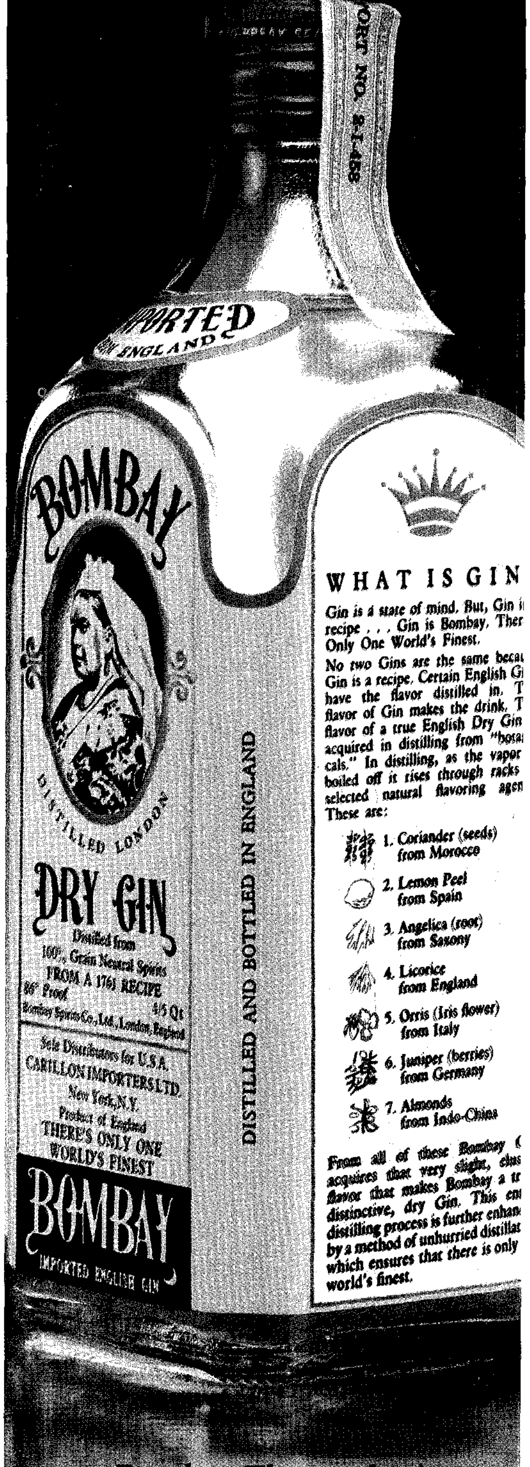
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what happens. Just go about your business and play a little golf," he said.

From the summer of 1975 to November of 1976 I agonized and vacillated. I talked to a real-estate prospect who had had a bypass eight months before and looked like a ghost: He moved slowly, spoke slowly, was six foot three and couldn't have weighed more than 130 pounds. A friend of mine had an employee who had had a bypass which had leaked. He'd had a clot in his leg and then his chest. He was currently having trouble with an eye clot, and his doctor wanted to go back in and repair the leaking bypass. I met other people who had had the operation and swore by it. What to do?

I took another stress test in July 1976, and with the help of the drugs I was taking I did 5.5 minutes on the treadmill before chest pain made me quit. This was still very poor, far below the eight-to-ten-minute level considered normal for my age. Dr. Younger tried to shame me into having the bypass. I was weakening but again put off making a decision.

My whole world changed when I read a *New York* Magazine article of November 8, 1976, "Can This New Diet Prevent Heart Attacks?" Nathan Pritikin was opening up clogged arteries with diet and exercise! Eliminate all fat from the diet and exercise long and steadily. I was electrified! I could not afford to take a month off and spend $4,000 for a trip to Santa Barbara, California, and 30 days at his Longevity Center, but I didn't feel that I would need to. Basically you eliminated *all* fat, sugar, caffeine, and nicotine from your diet and you walked or jogged (he called it "roving") as long and hard as you could—doing more as you were able each day. The article listed, in excellent detail, foods you could and could not have (see box on page 78). That was it!

From November 1976, when I read the article, until July 1977, I did a poor job of living up to Pritikin's commands. I smoked my usual two or three packs of cigarettes a day. Thanksgiving and then Christmas loaded my diet with forbidden goodies, and the loss of novelty took its toll of my exercise plan. In spite of this, by summer of 1977 I had lost weight, felt much better, and could now jog half a mile with half the pain that had previously stopped me after only 200 yards. Encouraged, I cut my smoking to one pack a day, stuck closer to the diet, and ran and walked four miles at least five times a week.

At the end of August 1977, I walked into the stress lab with my pulse racing. On my second stress test in 1976 I had quit at 5.5 minutes, gasping for breath

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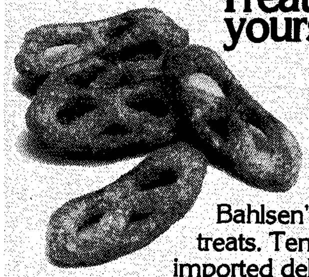

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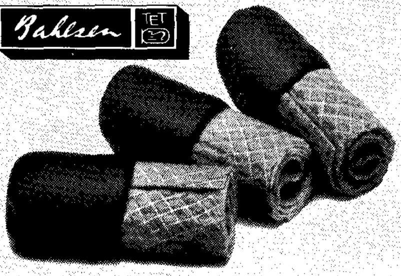

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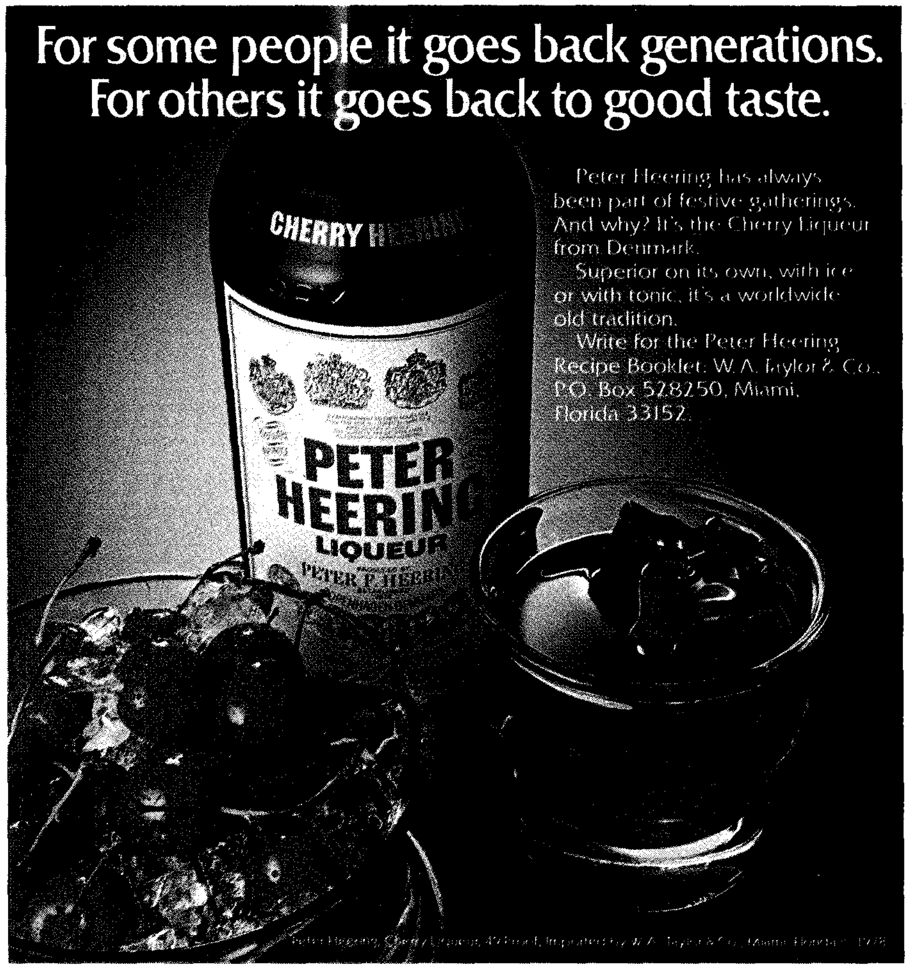
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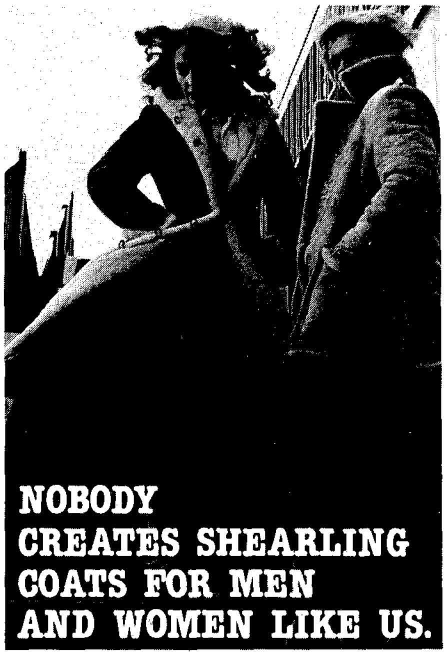
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and with chest pain that was pure agony. How would I do now? I dreaded the pain that would come again, even though I could now run three quarters of a mile.

I climbed on the treadmill. At eight and a half minutes I was sweating profusely, my legs were starting to get tired, and I was gasping a bit, but I had no chest pain. Every few minutes the tread was speeded up and the angle of the platform was raised, so I was working much harder than last time at 5.5 minutes and felt I could have gone further. "Okay," the doctor said, "let's get off the treadmill. Your pulse rate is up to 178, maximum for your age, and you've done so much more than last time that I don't want to stress you any further."

The fact was, he couldn't believe I had taken myself off medication several months before, had not had a bypass, and could have improved so much. Dr. Elder was pleased but careful not to say that angina could actually be reversed. He talked about developing collateral circulation (forcing new blood vessels to form) and making my cardiovascular system more efficient through exercise. He pointed out that it took eighteen minutes for my pulse to return to normal and it did so erratically. But my victory came when he said that in my "presently greatly improved condition," he would absolutely *not* recommend any consideration of having a bypass operation. For the rest of 1977 and into February of 1978 I ran four or five times a week and kept my fat and sugar intake fairly low. I was now up to regular jogs of three quarters of a mile and occasionally did a full mile, but that hurt a bit. I would then walk briskly another three or four miles. In late February I quit smoking. To do this I indulged myself with candy bars, ice cream, and anything else I wanted short of LSD. I did keep up my regular running. By April I was over the hump with the smoking and began getting rid of the fourteen pounds I'd gained. I also laid plans for the great "put it all together" month of May. I would go to Great Smoky Mountains National Park in Tennessee, get a cabin with a kitchen, and do nothing but hike the mountains and eat right. It sounded great—no customers to take to lunch or have over for dinner, no friends to visit and guiltily gobble up their cheese dip and mushrooms wrapped in bacon. Debby gave her lukewarm approval.

I loaded the car with hiking clothes and provisions and started out for Gatlinburg, planning to arrive May 1. I drove only six hours a day, walking and running two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. I heated up my special homemade vegetable

The Pritikin Diet Comes East

There is now a Longevity Center in Bal Harbour, Florida (a suburb of Miami Beach). Arthur Breakstone, its director and general manager, and his wife, Julie, its food director, started the Florida operation in February 1978 after they went through the course at the original Longevity Center founded by Nathan Pritikin in Santa Barbara, California. The Florida center is located in a large oceanfront hotel, the Americana. Participants, whose complaints range from diabetes and rheumatism to degenerative diseases of the heart and circulatory systems, have their own private rooms, dining room, and kitchen.

Like its parent in California (now in Santa Monica), the program is designed to change your eating and exercise habits for life. Participants enroll for a 26-day program which consists of eight mini-meals a day interspersed with walks and lectures on how the program works physiologically. It also includes increasingly extensive walking and, later on, jogging (if your condition warrants) and demonstrations on how to prepare low-fat dishes.

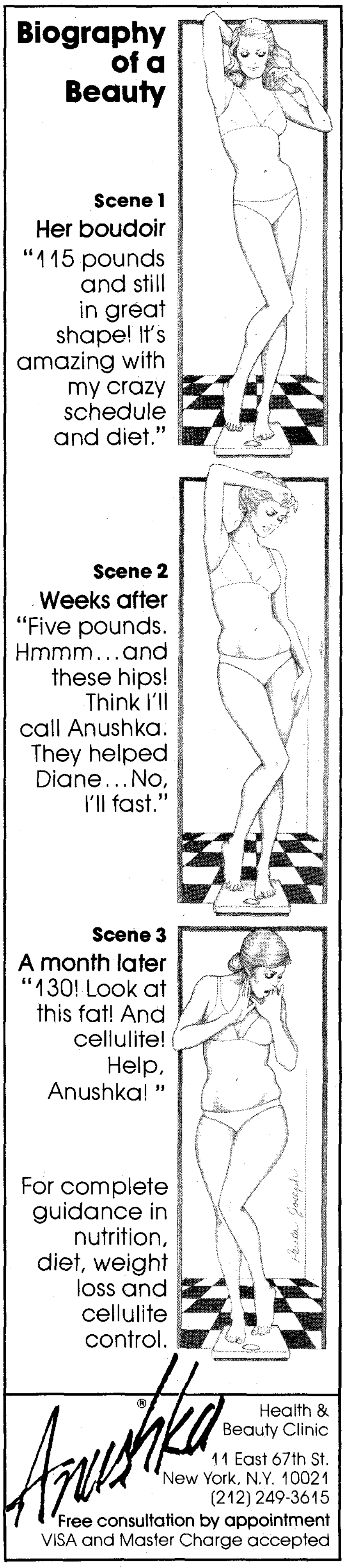
This last is invaluable. Heart specialists, the American Medical Association, and the American Heart Association have all criticized the original Pritikin diet (see box on page 78) for being unpalatable and therefore untenable, but Julie Breakstone was a gourmet cook before going to California and has applied all her knowledge and imagination to rendering the "legal" foods not just edible but really enjoyable.

Watching her put on a food demonstration is a treat. She has a flair for showmanship, a superb sense of humor, and down-to-earth communion with her little audience of 30 or so people. She combines cold cooked rice, hot sauce, garbanzo beans, apple juice, fresh ginger, and other ingredients in her food processor, turns it on, and talks about other things the forthcoming concoction can be besides a dip. Made thicker it can be a sandwich spread; with bean sprouts and several other ingredients it can be used to stuff squash. She and her two assistants zip around constantly, putting one dish in an electronic oven and starting another in a second food processor. All the while Julie pronounces one just-finished item "delicious" as she tastes a spoonful, or "It needs more pizzazz—let's try some chili powder, more rice, and some onion." She will ask her audience what they would add, and frequently stops their note taking to be sure they know what she's doing or where they can buy millet, etc. At the end of an hour everyone lines up to try a small portion of the six or seven things they have just seen prepared. The things she has made *do* taste good. The audience strolls out. It's time for walks. An hour and a half later there is another "meal," which is a half ear of corn steamed in skim milk. It is so good we don't miss the butter and salt.

Arthur Breakstone and Robert Bauer, M.D., the medical director, both feel that I've accomplished on my own pretty much what they attempt to do, but they feel I was very lucky. Breakstone thinks I could have easily included too much fat in my do-it-yourself diet and gained few if any benefits. Bauer feels strongly that people with degenerative diseases should not attempt to follow the Pritikin diet and exercise program without medical supervision—a diabetic, for example, must have medical help in adjusting medication constantly as his blood-fat levels change. They both are aghast that I quit taking angina medication on my own and set my own pace in jogging by just taking my own pulse as I ran. The medical department at the Longevity Center is complete with treadmills, EKG equipment, blood-testing apparatus, and a great deal of other equipment for constantly monitoring every patient's progress and change under an M.D.'s supervision and in communication with the participant's own doctor.

Patients frequently face a real medical problem when their own doctor will not recognize the Pritikin approach as an appropriate treatment for angina. Some participants have enrolled at the Longevity Center in spite of their own doctor's disapproval. Some have enrolled after being scheduled for bypass surgery. In spite of this, Dr. Bauer would not overtly criticize his fellow M.D.'s. He says that cardiology is moving toward recognizing diet and exercise as a way of reversing heart disease.

I came away impressed. If I had to cure angina again, I would gladly spend the $4,200 (approximate) for the full 26-day complete program or $2,100 for the two-week "Executive" program. I may do it yet, just to listen to Julie! —**R.H.K.**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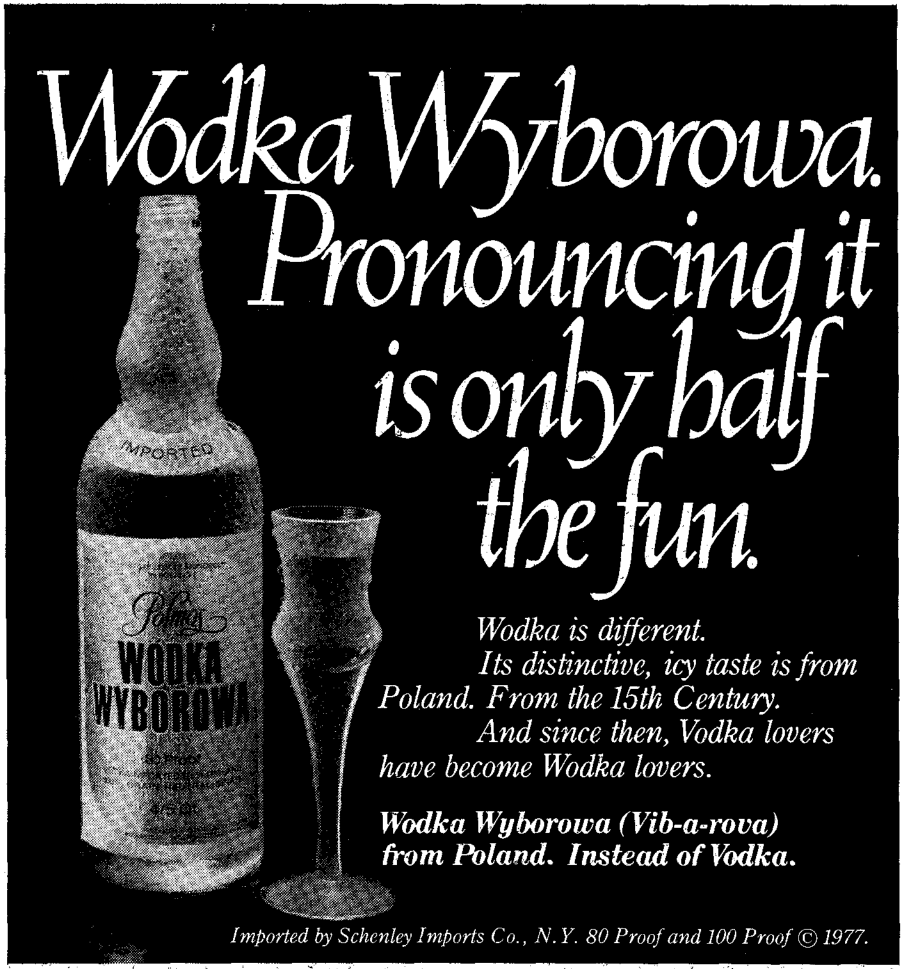

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soup in motel rooms at night and toasted pita bread. I had low-fat cheese, tomatoes, and pickles on the side. For breakfast I had a whole grapefruit and toasted pita bread. For lunch I had roast chicken breast from my big cooler, tomatoes, lettuce, mustard, and the ubiquitous pita bread. (I took twenty packages of pita bread and ran out in two weeks.)

Gatlinburg was not a perfect choice. The town seemed to have 30 Candy Kitchens, 40 fast-food franchises all featuring greasy hamburgers and exuding odors of fresh French fries, candied apples, caramel popcorn, doughnuts, and something called "funnel cakes." It was like living over Wolfie's Restaurant in Miami Beach. I could find only two grocery stores of any size. Both were long on deli items and short on no-fat, no-sweet foods, although the larger of the two did have fresh trout a few times.

I will not regale the reader with long essays on my daily hikes. Suffice it to say that I hiked eight to twelve miles a day in four to six hours and sometimes I ran in the local park. Eighteen times around the outdoor concrete basketball court equaled one mile (I think). The trails were clean and pure wilderness.

I arrived home exactly four weeks after leaving. When Dr. Younger gave me the stress test, he was effusive and, I felt, a little guilty-looking as the nurse shaved spots on my chest and attached electrodes. He seemed apologetic and a little apprehensive as he looked at my skinnier legs and running shoes. I was not "getting worse" as he'd predicted.

At 9.5 minutes I was moving right along, sweating and breathing hard, but with no chest pain and legs only moderately tired. Dr. Younger cleared his throat and said, "Now I know you can keep going for another few minutes, but I've seen all I need to and your pulse is up to 90 percent of maximum. Let's stop the machine."

My pulse was back to normal in ten minutes instead of the eighteen minutes of a year ago. As I was putting my shirt on he said, "I guess you think I'm the dumbest son of a bitch in the world, don't you?" I couldn't resist saying, "No, but after this stress test, do you still think I should have a bypass operation?"

He frowned and said, "Of course not. But . . ." Then he began the rationalizing: He argued that most people wouldn't have done what I did; that I may have just induced collateral circulation and not reduced the size of the plaques narrowing the vessels; and that I could still have trouble someday.

In fact, one or more of these three things have happened: The deposits blocking my heart arteries have been

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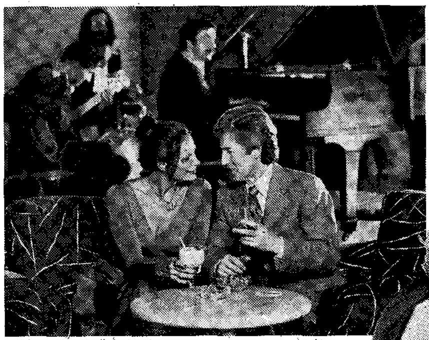

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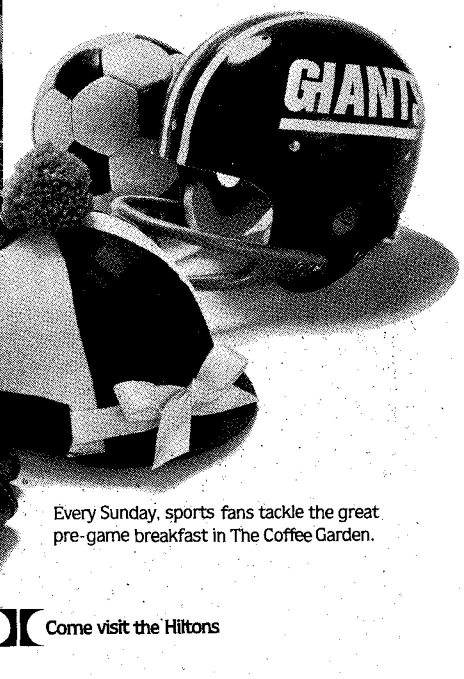

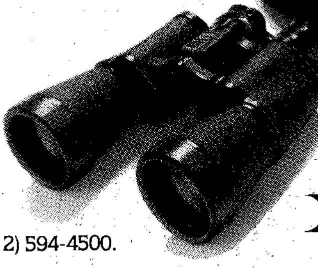

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reduced in size, the arteries have been enlarged by exercise, or new arteries have been formed. Pritikin says the first happens; Drs. Younger and Elder say the third, but now they admit that plaques might possibly be reduced in size. They did not admit this possibility three years ago.

There has recently been a rash of articles publicizing the controversy within the medical system on bypass surgery versus drug treatment for angina. Dr. Christiaan Barnard of heart-transplant fame was quoted in September 1976 as saying, "The reason the bypass was done so frequently in the United States was that it is a simple operation and a moneymaker." The *Wall Street Journal* in a front-page article in December 1977 publicized a Veterans Administration study that indicated that about the same results can be achieved with drugs as with surgery in treating angina.

As one who suffered from angina three years ago and who does not have any symptoms today, I feel these arguments both miss the point. Much, if not all, angina can be alleviated, reduced in severity, cured, or caused to regress by diet, exercise, and giving up smoking. This regimen must be undertaken after surgery anyway, if angina is to be prevented in the bypass, so why not start with it? Is the medical profession ignoring this course of action because it is too cheap? In fact, free!

Maybe. The figures are growing every year. In 1976 there were approximately 80,000 bypass operations at an average cost of $10,000. In 1979 there may be as many as 100,000 such procedures, each costing anything from $10,000 to $20,000 and on up. This will put $1 to $2 billion into doctors' pockets! Or, as some insightful soul said, is it because doctors know a lot about sickness and damned little about good health? It seems that the medical profession totally shuts its mind to anything that is not certified as the exclusive idea of the AMA.

The cardiologists who treated me were recommended as "the doctors' cardiologists," the group that local physicians go to. They did not suggest I quit smoking or lose weight. They did not think my cholesterol and triglyceride levels high enough to be alarming. They suggested I quit playing tennis and just "do my work." They specifically did not recommend jogging or running. I wonder how many times today in this enlightened country a doctor will say, "Yes, you definitely have angina, but fortunately you're an excellent candidate for a simple bypass operation."

Ring up another cut-and-spliced human and another $20,000. ■

YOU AIN'T HEAVY JAKE, YOU'RE MY BROTHER.
LISTEN ELWOOD MEET ME DOWN THE BASEMENT AFTER CLASS AND WE'LL SMOKE A FEW CHESTERFIELDS.
DIS HEA'S CALLED DA BLOOZ, BRUZ.
HMMMM. THE BLUES BROTHERS.
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD...
WE BE THE BLUES BROTHERS
PAYIN' THESE DUES IS ONE DAY GONNA PAY OFF JAKE.
MEET ME BACKSTAGE AFTER THE GIG AND WE'LL SMOKE A FEW CHESTERFIELDS.
IT APPEARS THE TIMES HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH US, BROTHER.
BETTER THE TIMES THAN THE LAW.
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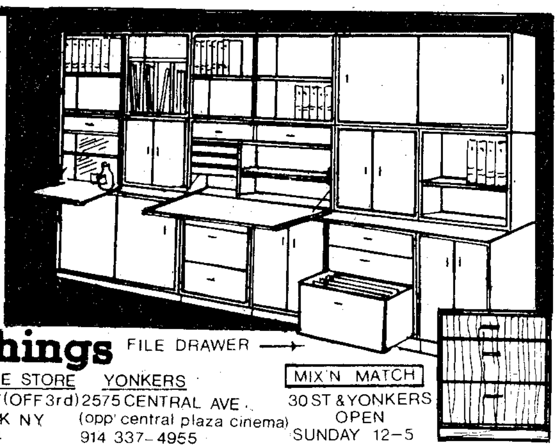
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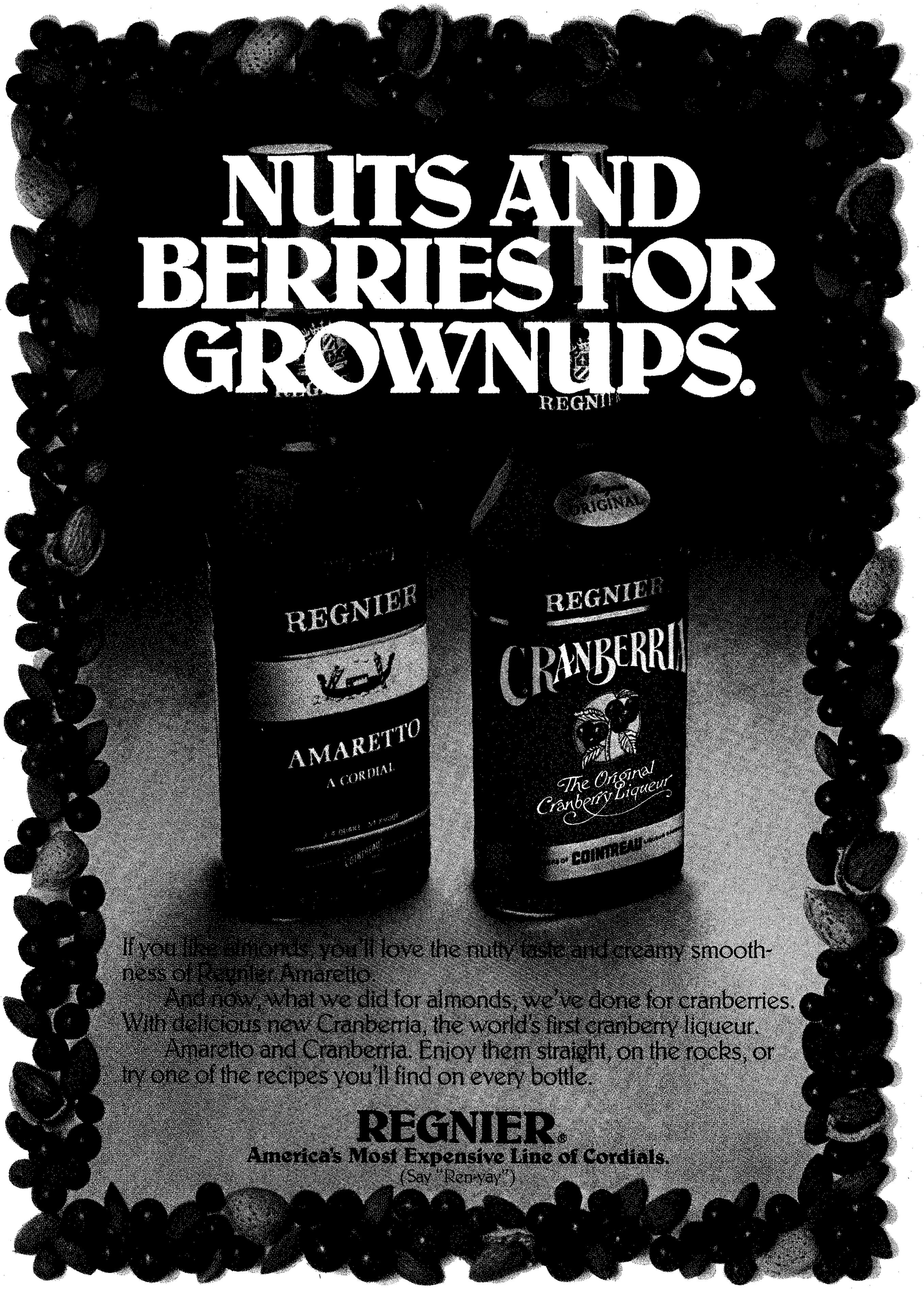
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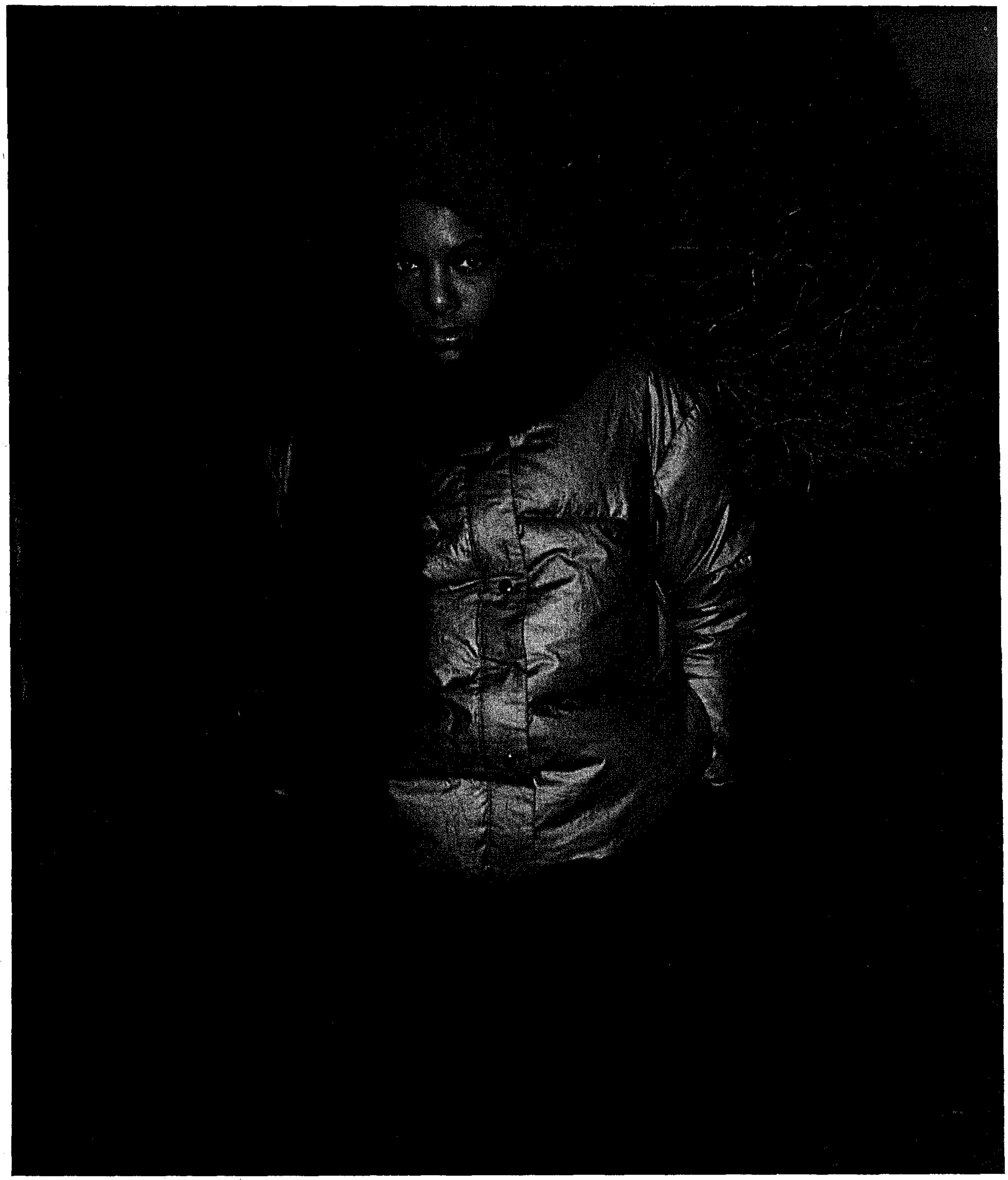


Goose-down cotton jacket (above) from Perry Ellis for Portfolio is $190 at Saks Fifth Avenue; dyed black fox scarf, $595 at Henri Bendel; gray angora beret, $36 at Betsey Bunky Nini (746 Madison Avenue, near 65th Street).

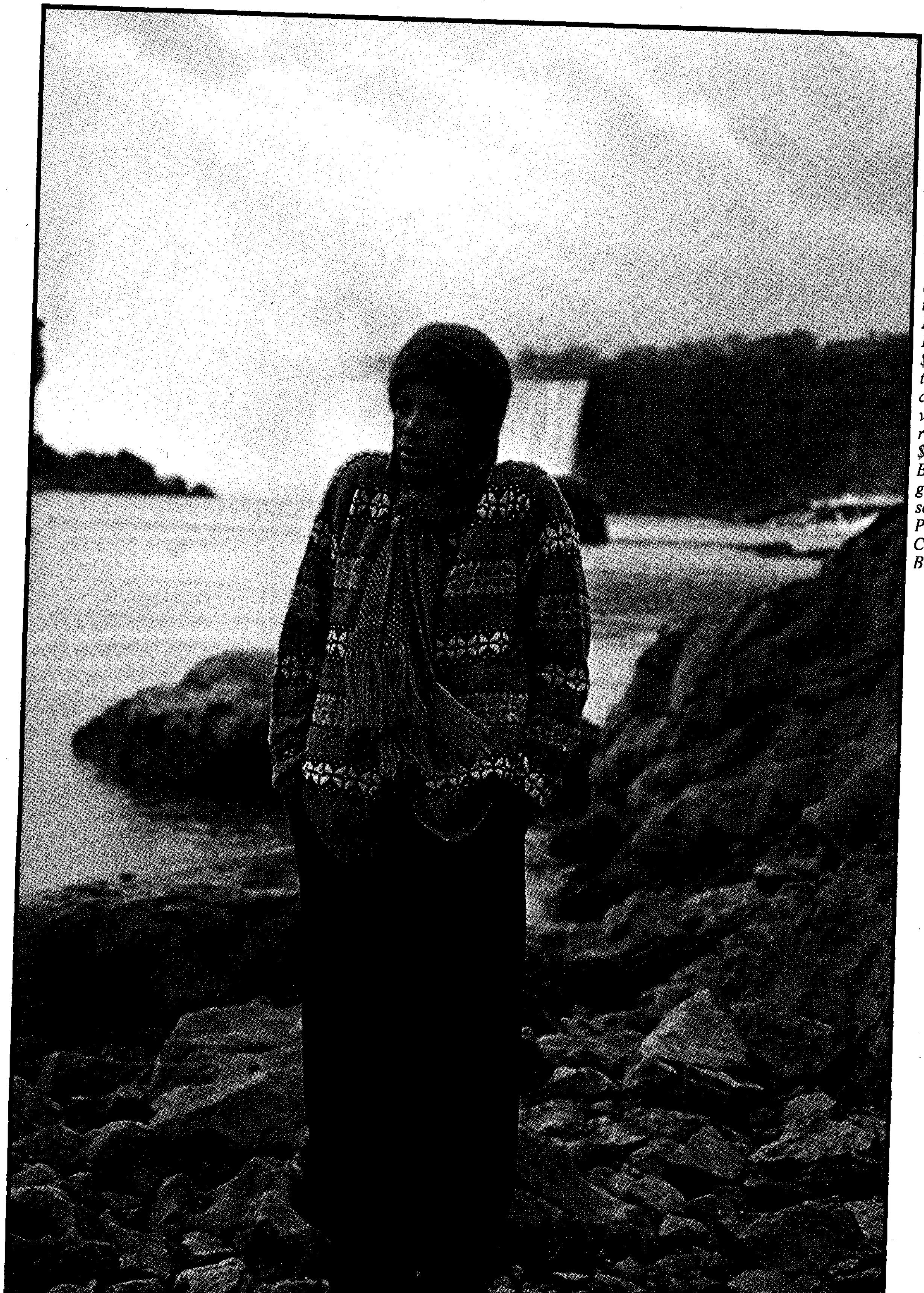
Reversible goose-down leather parka (right) by San Lorenzo, $1,275 at Henri Bendel, is worn with silk tweed scarf, about $50, and raspberry knit gloves, $16, from Peter Barton's Closet at Henri Bendel; suede trousers, $315 at Riding High (1143 First Avenue, near 63rd Street); and flat tie shoes by Giorgio Armani, $130 at Barney's and Vittorio Ricci (1019 Third Avenue, near 61st Street).

Photographed by Michael Soluri; hair and makeup by Jac Colello

Cold Comfort

Most of us wait until it gets good and cold before buying warm clothes. Fortunately, many stores still have a good selection of winter wear in stock. The look to shoot for this season: new, bulkier-than-ever goose-down jackets in cotton or leather, and the traditional Fair Isle sweater—worn with skinny-legged suede or corduroy pants. To dress them up, chenille or fur scarves, angora berets and gloves in colors like raspberry and gray. **—John Duka**

DANGER
keep back 10'
from railing



Fair Isle sweaters never die. This hand-knit updated version is $165 at Stewart Ross Stone Free (754 Madison Avenue, at 65th Street). It's worn over black wool trousers by Kamikaze for Riding High, $126. Extra texture and color are added with a raspberry cap, $18 at Henri Bendel, and gray tweed scarf, $30 from Peter Barton's Closet at Henri Bendel. ■

WAITING TILL NEXT YEAR CAN COST YOU THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

Evelyn Walsh, Senior Vice President of Central Savings Bank, gives you some Central Ideas on IRA and Keogh Accounts.

Q. How can waiting just one year make such a big difference in an IRA or Keogh Account?

A. It's simple math. Every year you put money in your IRA or Keogh Account and that money earns interest. As the money in the account grows, the interest accrued becomes greater every year. The money can easily accumulate to more than one hundred thousand dollars before retirement. So over the years the interest becomes a large figure. Delaying just one year now can cost you thousands later.

Q. An IRA or Keogh Account accumulating over $100,000?

A. Sometimes a lot more than that. For example, if you begin a Keogh Account at Central Savings when you're thirty-five, and deposit, say, $3,000 a year and continue adding to it year after year, at age sixty you'll have over $234,000.

Q. What if I wait just one year — till age 36 — before starting?

A. Then you'll have around $213,000. So that one year means a $21,000 difference at retirement.

Q. Let's get back to basics. What exactly is an IRA Account?

A. IRA stands for Individual Retirement Account. It's designed for people who work for a company that doesn't have a retirement plan. You can set aside up to 15% of your salary, not to exceed $1,500 a year, in your IRA Account here at Central Savings Bank.

Q. What makes this different from any other kind of savings plan?

A. It's a plan that is authorized by the U.S. Government and can save you money on taxes.

Q. How does that work?

A. You pay no income tax on the money you've deposited in your IRA Account, and no income tax on the interest it earns until you withdraw. This of course can save you quite a bit on taxes every year. You may withdraw the money beginning at age 59½. You have to pay taxes on it then, but you'll probably be in a lower tax bracket and therefore pay less taxes.

Q. What's the difference between IRA and Keogh?

A. Keogh is for self-employed people who don't have a retirement plan. Its rules are similar to IRA's except the yearly deposit limit is higher, up to 15% of earned income, not to exceed $7,500.

Q. The example you cited before was $3,000 a year for a Keogh Account. Can someone still get a substantial retirement from the lower deposits involved in an IRA Account?

A. Yes, but the age you start and stop the account is critical. Say you begin an IRA Account at age thirty and continue to deposit $1,500 a year in the Account until you reach age sixty. Then you stop making deposits into the Account, but continue to let the interest accrue until you collect at age sixty-five. You'll have over $276,000 then.

Q. That's amazing. What rate of interest are you using for your calculations?

A. All of the illustrations I've given are based on annual interest of 8%, compounded daily. That's the rate we now offer on our 8-year savings certificates. Of course, we cannot guarantee the rate beyond maturity; and you should remember that there are substantial penalties for premature withdrawals.

Q. Anything else you'd like to add?

A. Yes. IRA and Keogh are effective ways to save money on taxes and build a comfortable retirement income. But the time to start one is now. A year's delay on that IRA Account I gave as an example would cost you over $20,000. I urge everyone who is eligible — those without retirement plans — to stop by Central Savings Bank, see one of our pension specialists, and begin an IRA or Keogh Account now.

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BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

Stock in Trade

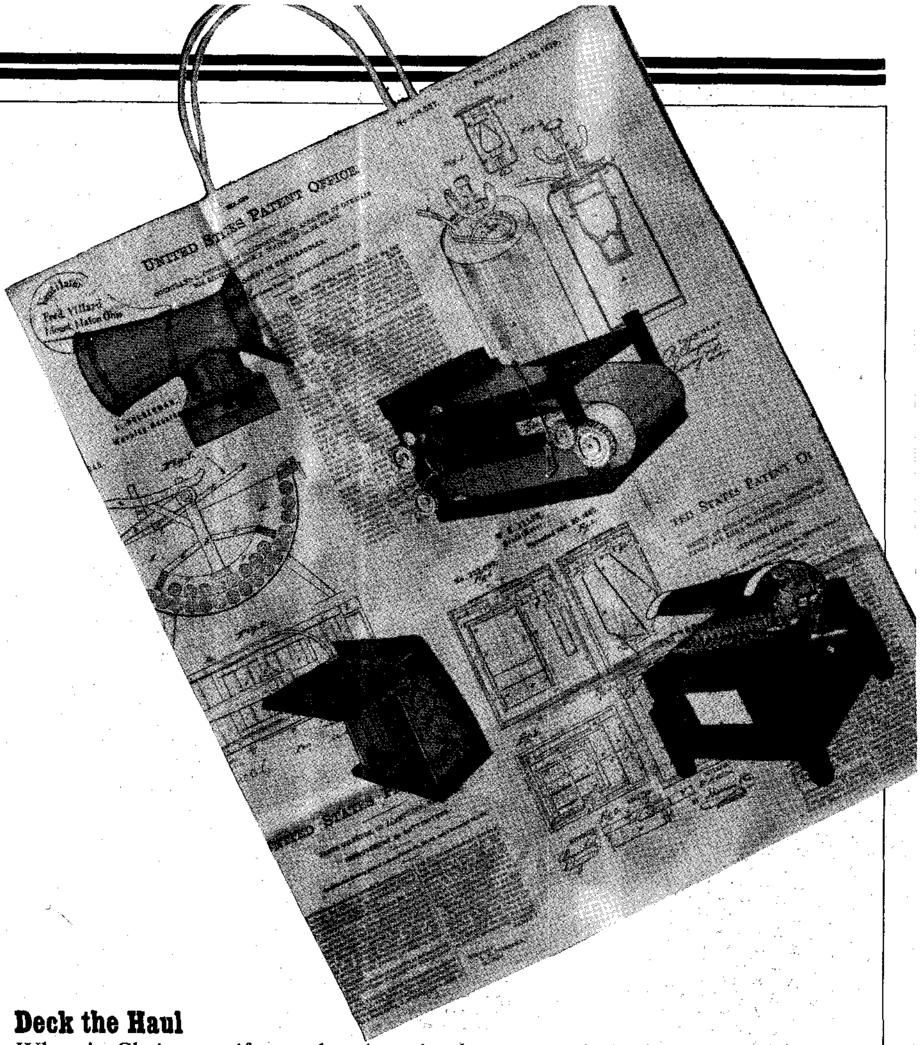
A peaceable, and pieceable, kingdom is presently corralled at the Elements. There are raku animal whistles ($14–$24); mugs with giraffe-, zebra-, and goose-neck handles ($24–$40); casseroles with a dog or cat on top ($110); white porcelain pig, elephant, and unicorn Christmas-tree ornaments ($6, $7.50); a honey pot with a honey bear on top ($28); a porcelain cow necklace ($100); and a pendant showing a chorus line of tiny silver horses ($95).

ANIMAL IMAGERY/*The Elements*
766 Madison Avenue, near 66th Street
Through January 7

West Bet

Gene Autry, who someone once said "perpetuates the notion that cowboys use soap," is back in the saddle again. Artist Neke Carson has dug up what he says is the first and last and only science-fiction Western, Autry's *Phantom Empire,* a three-and-a-half-hour serial.

PHANTOM EMPIRE/*December 6 at*
8 p.m./Robert Freidus Gallery
158 Lafayette Street



Deck the Haul

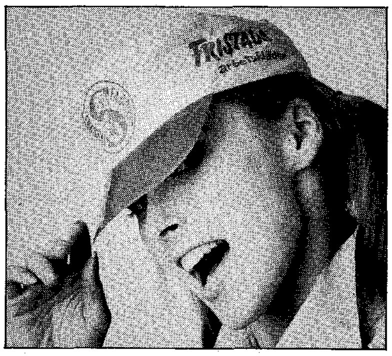
What is Christmas if not the shopping-bag season? And New York, if not the shopping-bag capital? And Cooper-Hewitt's Dick Oliver, if not the most inspired curator in town? Thus: a shopping-bag exhibit, comparing 151 bags with seven bandboxes (their nineteenth-century equivalent) in order to show the evolution of such design . . . the use of color, logo, patterns, pictures. The museum will also begin collecting shopping bags of graphic interest. "Does that make us the nation's bag lady?" Dick Oliver wonders.

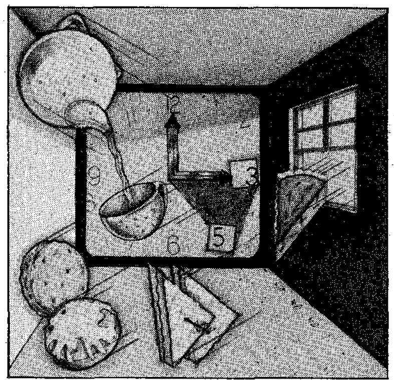
THE SHOPPING BAG: PORTABLE GRAPHIC ART/*December 9–January 27/Cooper-Hewitt Museum/2 East 91st Street*

You Go to My Head

It says "Fristads arbetskläder" and "Fristads Fabrikat," which is not surprising, since it is a Swedish carpenter's hat. What's more, it is yellow with a red vinyl visor and costs a mere buck.

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP/*249 East 77th Street*



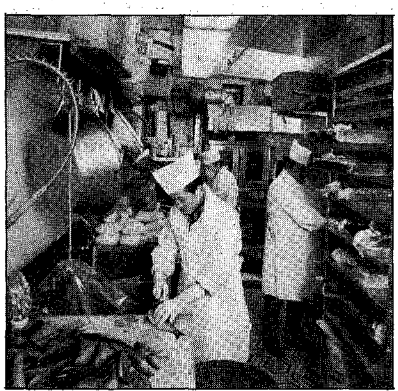


One Cup Above

Every afternoon, from three to five, the Larder is serving high tea—with scones, savories, finger sandwiches, Bath buns, and treacle tarts ($3.50). This is nice.

THE LARDER/*1113 Madison Avenue, near 83rd Street/737-4327*

Photos: top left, Ricardo Salas; bottom, Anthony Loew; illustration by Scott Berkson



Zabar's in Excelsis

Once, Zabar's was just a little neighborhood deli, known for the haunting tang of its lox and the perfume of the nobler pickle. What did Zabar's know then from reblochon and prosciutto? Today, the house cures its own gravlax and poaches salmon to go with a mellow green sauce. There is delicious whitefish salad, sweet Scotch salmon . . . and imported housewares suspended from the ceiling—tempting stalactites of colanders and whisks and copper bowls for ballooning egg whites, all at discount prices. In Provence, they fill crocks marked "Zabar's" with herbs. And there is a gathering of fine breads baked about the boroughs, baklava, and rich Russian coffee cake.

And suddenly the meat department is a hotbed of creativity. Texas barbecue has come to Broadway. So much is happening in Zabar's cramped kitchen (where it turns out five tons of food a week), not even Harold can keep up with it. Harold is the amiable and portly impresario of the charcuterie. A few months ago, Stanley Zabar brought home a hickory smoker and told Harold to play with it. The folks there have smoked almost everything but Harold: ribs, of course, and pork (southern-grown, peanut-fed), chicken, duck, brisket (the barbecue classic), shell steak, and spectacular prime ribs. They smoke turkey, too, and lamb. Rabbit is next. There is a smoke-perfumed barbecue sauce that is definitely an acquired taste. Zabar's regulars take a number and queue to buy the moist apple-stuffed duckling and homey meat loaf, magnificently moist ribs of veal, sweet Virginia-style corned beef and juicy corned beef hot out of the oven, roasted under a mantle of peppers, onions, and tomato. There are 423 items tucked into a narrow nave 24 feet long—hams, scented with honey or molasses, apple, and hickory; mellow Black Forest bacon and nitrate-free bacon too; salamis for every taste (try the red-hot peppery calabrese from San Francisco); smoky all-beef beer sticks; and classy liverwurst from Wisconsin.

P.S. Whatever you do, don't miss Scrumpy's cider. It's the essence of apples times ten. —**Gael Greene**

ZABAR'S/*2245 Broadway, near 80th*

The Urban Strategist/Betty Kelly and Karen Erickson

A KID'S DECEMBER

...For children, New York is a winter festival: pageants, bazaars, carol sings, Chanukah-story puppet shows, and plenty more...

December 4

HOLIDAY BOUTIQUE: Books, dolls, games, stuffed animals, candies, imported toys, and toys from Rappaport's; Health-Tex clothing; the $1 admission is good for all three days the boutique is open; *11 a.m.–9 p.m.* Park East Day School, Minskoff Cultural Center, 164 E. 68th St., 737-6900. **Through Dec. 6.**

SEE HOW THEY RUN: 150 types of battery-powered toys and games for kids and adults to play with. Helium balloons for kids. Admission: one smile per person; *10 a.m.–4 p.m.* Union Carbide Building, upper lobby level, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St., 551-2345. **Mon. through Sat. through Dec. 22.**

December 5

"THE NUTCRACKER": New York City Ballet's annual treat; $3–$17; *6 p.m.* New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. **Through Dec. 31 (but not Christmas Day).** Call for times.

TRINITY SCHOOL FAIR: Today, the public is welcome. A booth of children's gifts for $1 or less, handmades, toys, books, records, raffles, plants, buffet, snack shop, morning showing of films for kids; *9 a.m.–3 p.m.* Trinity School, 139 W. 91st St., 873-1650, ext. 38.

TURKISH BAZAAR: Handmade gifts, Christmas-tree ornaments, jewelry, ceramics, yarn animals, piggy banks, animal pillows, Turkish cuisine (lunch), Turkish music; *11 a.m.–4 p.m.* Church Center for the United Nations, 777 U.N. Plaza (First Ave. at 44th St.), second floor, 428-0618. **Also Dec. 6.**

December 6

"BABES IN TOYLAND": The Victor Herbert operetta (with new lyrics and a new script); ages 5–15; $5–$8.50; *2 and 8:30 p.m.* Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E. 74th St., 861-2288. **Through Jan. 14, Wed. at 2 and 8:30 p.m., Thurs. and Fri. at 8:30 p.m., Sat. at 4 and 8:30 p.m., Sun. at 4 p.m.**

December 8

THE GOLDEN APPLE: Performance of the 1950s Broadway musical; ages 6–15; unreserved seats $3, reserved seats $5; *8 p.m.* The York Players, Church of the Heavenly Rest, Parish Hall Theater, 2 E. 90th St., 289-3402. **Also Dec. 9 at 8 p.m. and Dec. 10 at 3 and 8 p.m.**

December 9

CHILDREN'S CONCERT: New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert commemorating Franz Schubert; ages 5–15; $2–$5; *2 p.m.* Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, 874-2424.

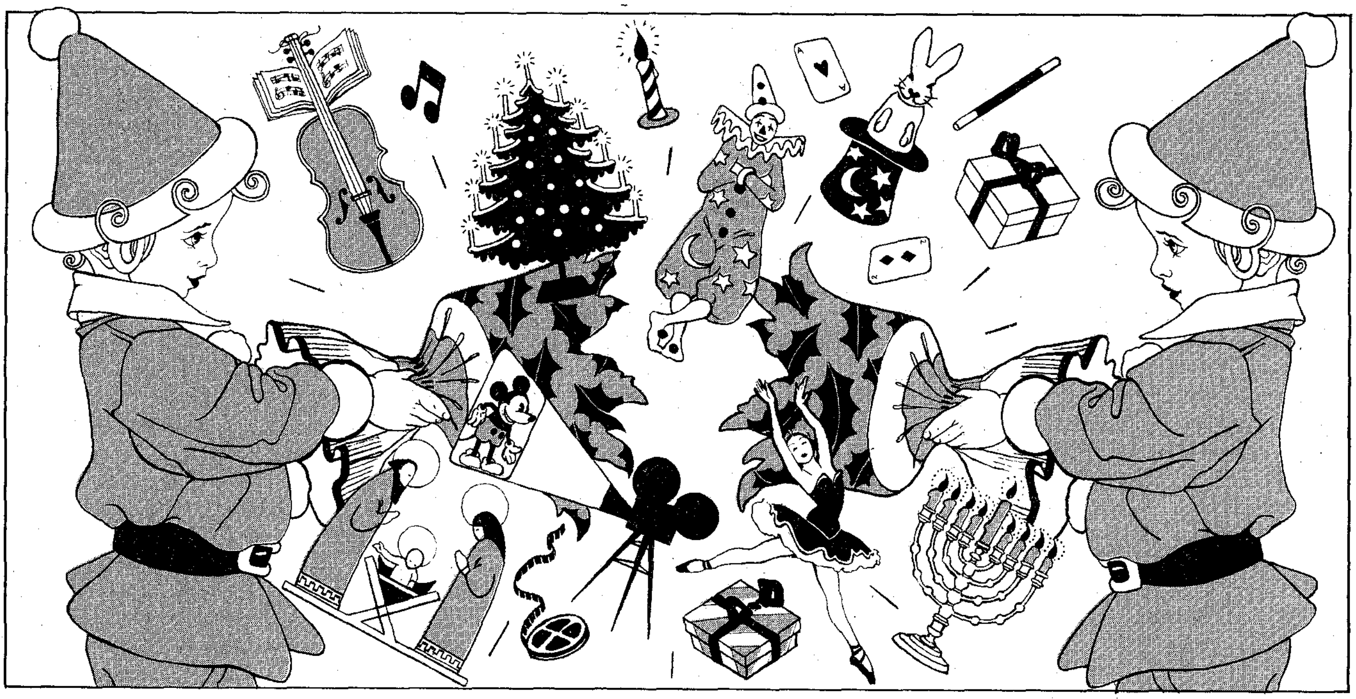
CHRISTMAS FAIR: Games, "lucky dips" (grab bag), Snoopy counter, toys, Santa Claus, lunch; *11 a.m.–4 p.m.* Church of the Resurrection, 115 E. 74th St., TR 9-4320.

LEA WALLACE PUPPETS: *The Space Ghost;* folk-song puppet theater; *The Circus;* kids make paper puppet doves; ages 3–8; $2; *2 p.m.* First Moravian Church, 154 Lexington Ave., at 30th St., 683-4219. **Also Dec. 16 and Dec. 23.**

MAGIC TOWNE HOUSE: Magic shows for kids 4–10; $3; *1, 2:30, and 4 p.m.* Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave., at 61st St., 752-1165. Reservations required. **Also Dec. 10, 16, 17, 23, 24, 26–31.**

MARIONETTE SHOW: Musical *Gulliver's Travels; noon and 2:30 p.m.* Cottage Marionette Theater, Central Park (about 2½ blocks into the park, near 81st St. and Central Park W.), 988-9093. **Also Dec. 16, 26–30.** Reservations needed Dec. 26–30.

PENNY JONES AND COMPANY PUPPETS: Musical version of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice;* ages 3–9; $2; *3:30 p.m.* Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St., WA 4-4589. **Also Dec. 28–31.**



Illustrated by Joyce Macdonald

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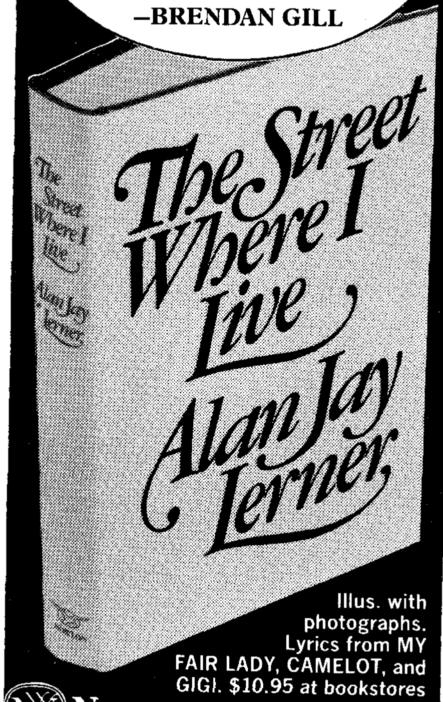

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December 10

"AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS": Presented by the St. Andrew Music Society; ages 5 and up; *5 p.m.* Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, 921 Madison Ave., at 73rd St., 288-8924. Donation requested.

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT AND PARTY: Following the pageant, kids make decorations to put on the tree. Refreshments. Child to bring a gift to give to Santa Claus for children in need; ages 3–early teens; *4:30–6:30 p.m.* Park Ave. Methodist Church, 106 E. 86th St., 289-6997.

COMMUNITY CAROL SING WITH ADULT CHOIR: Begins at *6 p.m.* in front of Brick Presbyterian Church; refreshments after singing in Watson Gym, in church basement. Brick Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 91st St., 289-4400.

December 15

FAMILY CHANUKAH WORSHIP SERVICE: The telling of a special Chanukah story; *7:45 p.m.* Temple Shaaray Tefila, 250 E. 79th St., LE 5-8008.

FAMILY JAM '78: A ten-day festival to help initiate UNICEF's 1979—Year of the Child. Magic, music, clowns, puppets, mime theater, games; all ages; $3; *10:30 a.m.:* A children's dance troupe called "Just a Bunch of Us Kids, Dancing" does all sorts of dances, including "invisible tap dancing"; *1 p.m.:* psychologically oriented Family Life Theater, for teenagers and their parents; *7 p.m.:* McLain Family Band, the bluegrass group. Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St., 475-4191. **Through Dec. 24.** Schedule changes on other days; so do performance times. Call for information.

December 16

CHRISTMAS CONCERT: Carols around a Christmas tree and performances by music students playing piano, violins, and recorders; ages 3–18; *3 p.m.* Dalcroze School of Music, 161 E. 73rd St., TR 9-0316.

MUSICAL: An original Christmas musical composed and performed by the children of St. Anthony's Shrine Church; *8 p.m.* in the Church Hall. St. Anthony's Shrine Church, W. Houston at Sullivan St., 777-2755. **Also on Dec. 17 at 7 p.m.**

YOUTH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: "A Musical Snuff Box," by Liadov; "Lieutenant Kije Suite," by Prokofiev; "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso," by Saint-Saëns; Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A, performed by young musicians; *3 p.m.* Carnegie Hall, 57th St. at Seventh Ave., 581-5933. For free tickets, mail self-addressed, stamped envelope to Youth Symphony Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall 504, 881 Seventh Ave., New York 10019.

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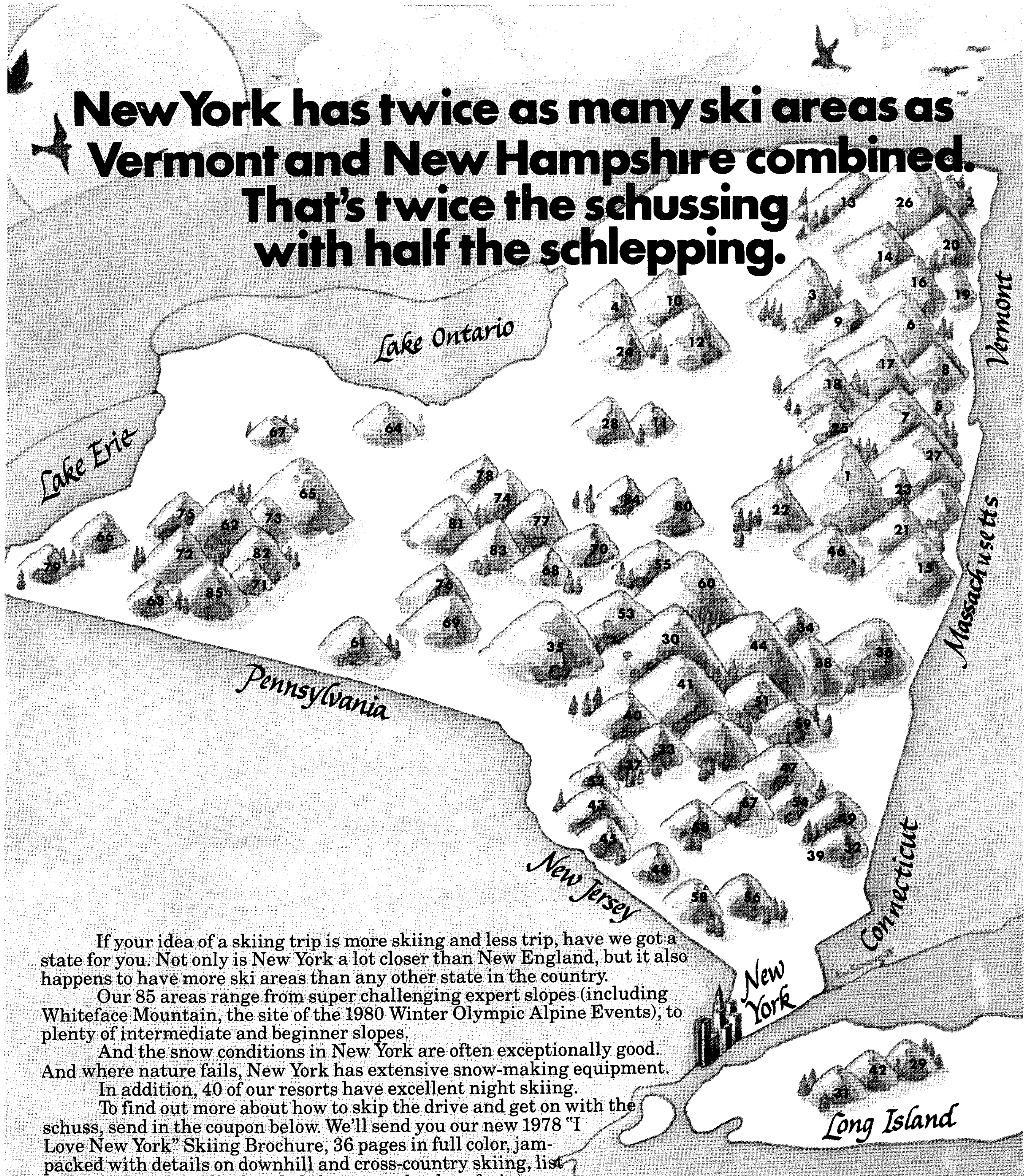

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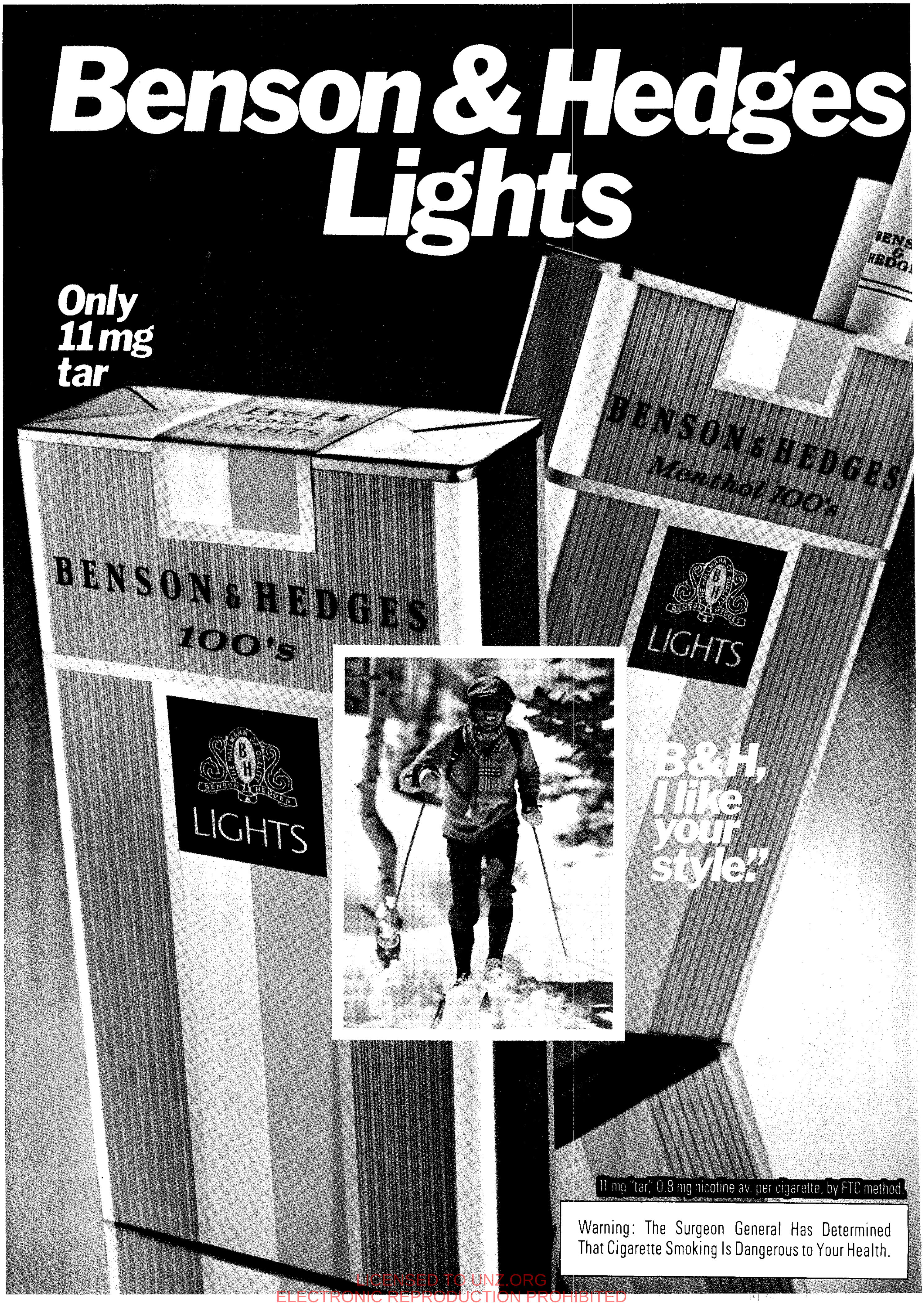

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December 17

CAROLS OF MANY NATIONS: Candlelight carol service; all ages; *4 p.m.* Brick Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 91st St., 289-4400.

THE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT: Young people of the church tell the story of the Nativity through Scripture, theater, and music; *4 p.m.* St. James Episcopal Church, 865 Madison Ave., at 71st St., 288-4100.

CHRISTMAS STORIES: Actress Mala Powers tells Christmas stories, then there's music; ages 6 and up; *2 p.m.* Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Ave. at 29th St., 686-2770.

ENACTMENT OF THE NATIVITY AND CAROL SINGING: After the pageant and candle-lighting ceremony, tree decorating in Fellowship Hall, then a church party; *5 p.m.* Unitarian Church of All Souls, 1157 Lexington Ave., at 80th St., LE 5-5530.

December 18

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY AT THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK: Clowns, games (beanbag tosses and such), face painting, young magicians, Santa, a costumed early-Dutch Colonial musical group, a guitarist, tree-ornament making, animated film *'Twas the Night Before Christmas,* museum touring; ages 4–8; $3; *2–5 p.m.* Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Write for tickets.

December 20

CHINESE ACROBATIC CIRCUS FROM TAIWAN: $6–$9; *7:30 p.m.* Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. at 32nd St., 564-4400. **Also Dec. 21–24 and Dec. 26–Jan. 1.** Call for times. Child under 12 gets $2.50 off regular price Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 1.

December 23

LONDON SAVOYARDS: Shortened versions of Gilbert and Sullivan's *HMS Pinafore, Yeoman of the Guard, The Mikado,* and *Pirates of Penzance.* Reservations suggested; matinees $4–$6,

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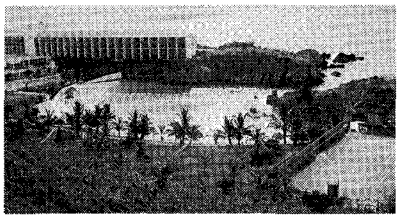

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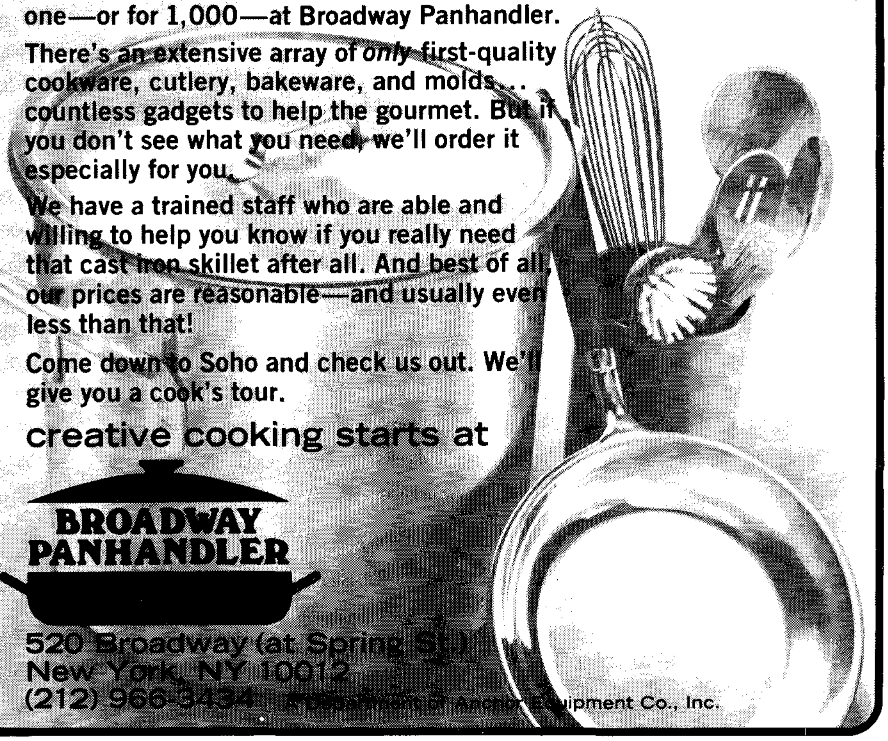

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December 24

CHANUKAH PARTY FOR CHILDREN: Special Chanukah service for children ages 6–10; lighting of the first Chanukah candle, refreshments; *11 a.m.* Brotherhood Synagogue, 28 Gramercy Park South, at 20th St., 674-5750.

CHRISTMAS CAROLING ON 89TH ST.: Meet at St. Thomas More Church, 65 E. 89th St., TR 6-7718. Call for time.

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT: The Nativity story, told in pageant (in the stable, a live donkey, sheep, and lamb); carols; a gumdrop tree; *5 p.m.* Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St., 289-3400.

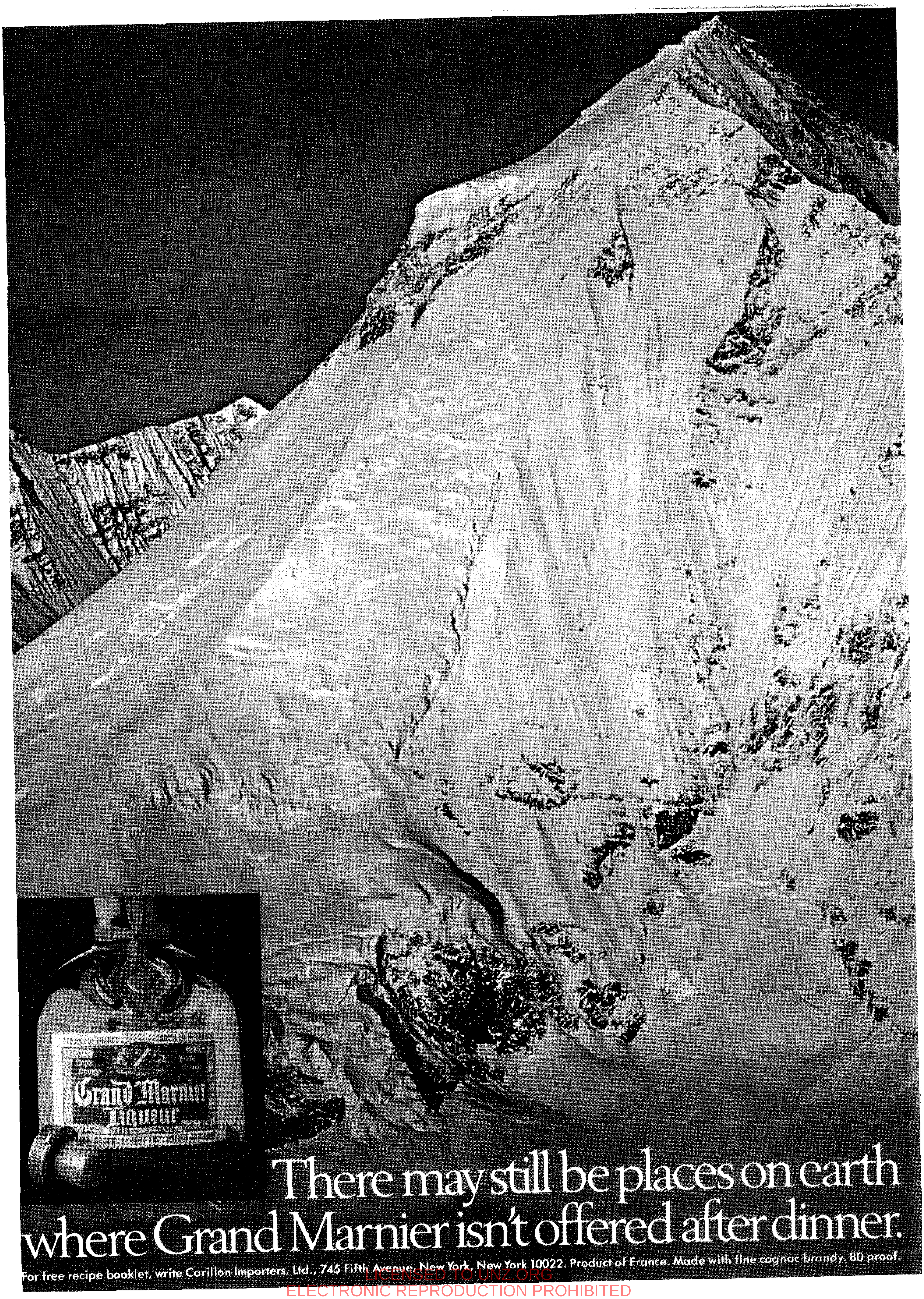
MIDNIGHT NATIVITY: Blessing of crèche, boys' choir procession, carols, string quartet, midnight Mass. Begins at *10 p.m.*, with carols. Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., 684-6770.

COMMUNITY CAROL SING: Refreshments around the fireplace in the parish hall, carol singing downstairs; *5 p.m.* Madison Ave. Presbyterian Church, 921 Madison Ave., at 73rd St., 288-8924.

December 27

CHANUKAH-STORY PUPPET SHOW, BATIK WORKSHOP: For children 4–7, a puppet show tells the story of Chanukah. Kids 7–11 are guided through the museum by artists who pay special attention to Chanukah Menorahs; at batik workshop, kids can make batik Menorahs. Reservations recommended; non-members $2, members free; *1 and 3 p.m.* The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St., 860-1863.

Betty Kelly and Karen Erickson are co-publishers of New York Parent, *a new monthly newsletter on children's activities in New York City, published at 663 Fifth Ave., New York 10022, 757-3638.* ■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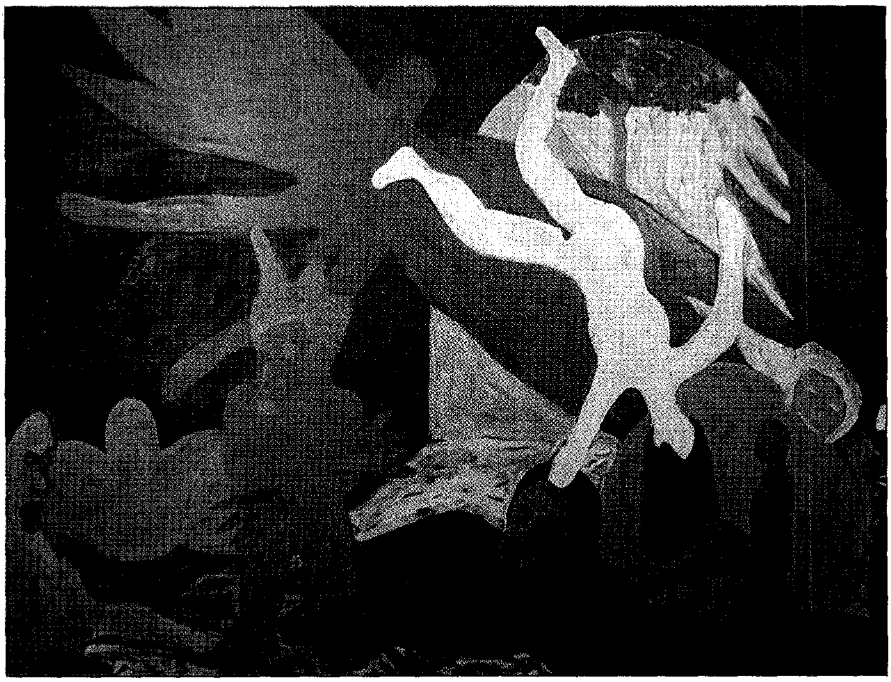
Art / John Ashbery

GOLDEN OLDIES

"...Several current shows—Rothko, Thompson, Rivers, Smith—show how varied and valid the art of our recent past has been..."



Monster rally: *John Thompson's* The Spinning, Spinning, Turning, Directing *(1964), oil on canvas, 86½ by 63 inches, at the Studio Museum in Harlem.*

"Everything that's old is new again." The cheerful message of Peter Allen's song applies not only to pop music, clothes, and face-lifts, but to art as well. "Old" art, i.e., art of just yesterday, is suddenly very much with us and is being scrutinized with a new thoughtfulness.

Of course, much of the old that is new again has been around so long in its present reincarnation that it's starting to look old again. Granny glasses, for instance. And Abstract Expressionism, whose body was still warm when it was subjected to a sort of camp revival in the early seventies. At that time younger artists like Larry Poons, John Seery, and Philip Wofford started using its "hot" gestural styles in new cold ways of their own.

This irreverent resuscitation ran its course, and Abstract Expressionism began slowly to inch its way back into institutional respectability. It was now fodder for graduate students, and even those who had once been very much caught up in the movement (myself, among others) tended to think of it as another closed chapter in art history.

The Whitney's recent show called "Abstract Expressionism: The Formative Years" came as a shock and a delight to many who thought they had seen it all before. So much of the painting of the forties and fifties was found to be alive—not alive and kicking, exactly, but alive and breathing, and of a timeless relevance. What was surprising now was not the glop and the Sturm und Drang but the exquisite craftsmanship and inventiveness. Reputations are being revised on the basis of this recently closed show. Lee Krasner's early work was one revelation, but there were many others: ravishing and unknown paintings from de Kooning's quasi-Surrealist years; lovely nocturnal ones by the almost forgotten Tomlin; atypical and beautiful early work by Gorky, Clyfford Still, and Pollock himself.

Several other current exhibitions show how varied and valid our recent past has been. First, there is the Guggenheim's retrospective of **Mark Rothko,** whose career reads like a Hollywood script about a doom-haunted genius; then there is the late Bob Thompson, a black artist much involved with the art of the sixties but who avoided its main currents. Larry Rivers is anthologizing his own past at the ACA Galleries in a show he calls "Golden Oldies," and Knoedler is showing David Smith, a great modern sculptor whose work veers close to Abstract Expressionism and to an opposed formalism but finally escapes categorization.

The sudden success that befell the Abstract Expressionist painters is one reason why their work went out of fashion so abruptly. Almost overnight, it now seems, they were swept from obscurity and poverty to riches and international fame. They were overexposed. Their heads were turned. They pontificated. And in most cases, one had to ignore their statements about their art if one wanted to go on loving it.

This is particularly true of Rothko, whose stated intentions have proved frustrating to many who respond readily to his walls of vibrant light and color. He intended the color to convey "basic human emotions—tragedy, ecstasy, doom. . . . The people who weep before my pictures are having the same religious experience I had when I painted them. And if you, as you say, are moved only by their color relationships, then you miss the point."

Any art, once it leaves the studio, is going to be misinterpreted for better or worse—"misprision" is the term used by Harold Bloom for our fertile misunderstanding of a poet's aims. It often seems that the artist's role is precisely to make himself misunderstood, that misunderstanding and appreciation are much the same. But Rothko's repeated and vehement caveats leave us uneasy. We are always a little embarrassed at esteeming his work for wrong reasons that he foresaw and continually warned against.

The effect of these pictures is truly majestic and awe-inspiring, though the awe is of a secular and aesthetic kind. Or rather, one can feel, without sharing it, the religious experience that was color manifesting itself to the painter. And perhaps this is the way it should be. One does not have to be a Dominican to appreciate Fra Angelico or a

Carmelite to understand St. Theresa.

"The World of **Bob Thompson**" at the Studio Museum in Harlem, a few significant blocks up Fifth Avenue from the Guggenheim, celebrates another American artist who died tragically—in 1966, just before his twenty-ninth birthday. Yet Thompson was enormously prolific and this fairly small retrospective is, one hopes, only a prelude to a full-scale one.

Thompson emerged out of Louisville into the clubby New York art world of the late fifties, when separatism—racial, sexual, or artistic—existed less than it does now. He showed at the Martha Jackson Gallery and was a friend of Larry Rivers's and Red Grooms's, but the artist who most influenced him was the visionary Expressionist painter Jan Muller, who also died young. Inevitably one must compare Thompson's work with Muller's, and it doesn't always stand the comparison. Muller's dream landscapes, haunting as they are, would soon pall without the magical painterliness he brought to them. Thompson rarely equaled him in this respect, but perhaps he didn't care to: One feels him in the clutches of a vision which he must set down as rapidly as possible, and never mind the niceties of pigment. For this very reason, however, his raw, vibrating, shrieking colors and grotesque allegories often have a power to shock and involve that Muller's more sophisticated primitivism avoids.

Larry Rivers's "Golden Oldies" pictures form a "personal anthology" (to use Borges's term) rather akin to Marcel Duchamp's celebrated valise full of miniature reproductions of his own works. Both fulfill the function of an artist–traveling salesman's suitcase of samples and are also works of art of a very peculiar sort. Rivers's clusters of themes from early paintings (portraits of his mother-in-law, of Napoleon and Frank O'Hara; the Camel package and the Cedar Bar menu with its Hawaiian ham steak at $1.35) encapsulate his career, but the real excitement is in the way the leitmotivs are juxtaposed and fitted together into a crazy quilt that is crazy like a fox.

The **David Smith** show at Knoedler is disappointingly small and doesn't even include all the works that are listed in the slim catalog. Still, it is always a joy to encounter this man's work and the show does include some major pieces, especially the untitled 1964 sculpture that is like a collapsing tower of girders and, best of all, *Cubi III*—a sort of abstract robot (built up out of brushed stainless-steel cubes) that is one of Smith's most astonishing, engaging, and hilarious inventions. ■

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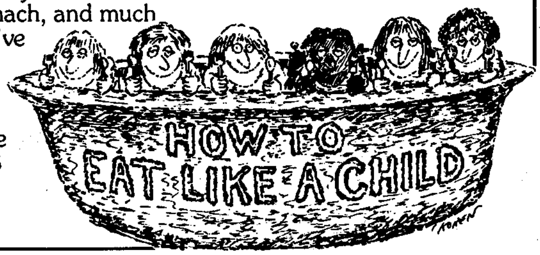


Books / R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.

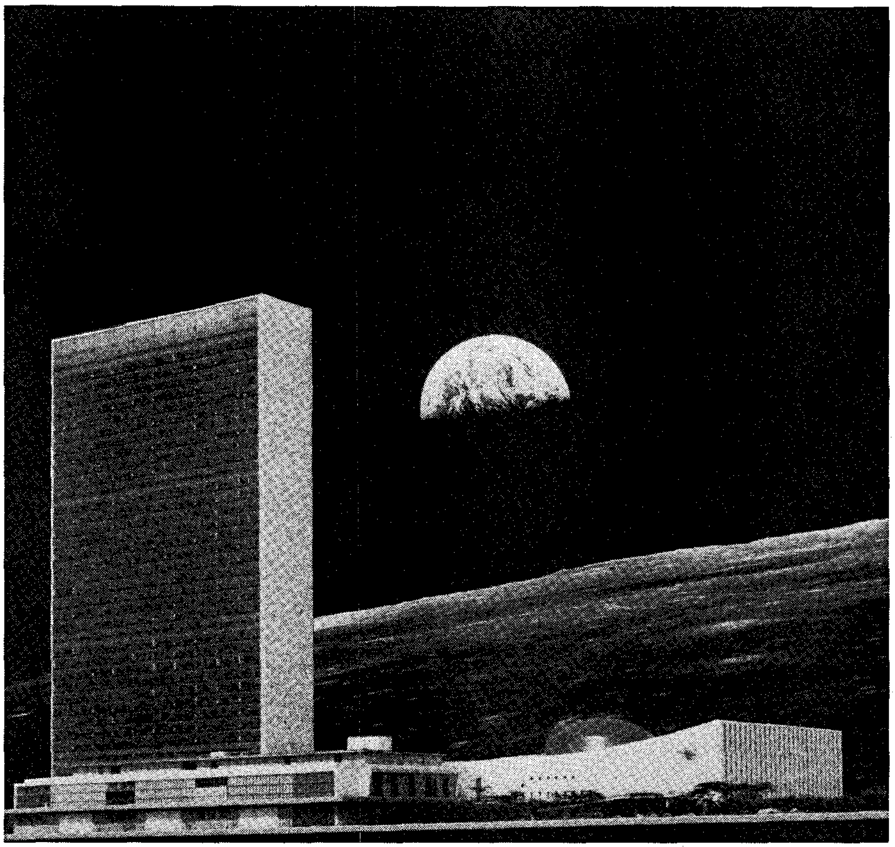
NUTHOUSE BY THE EAST RIVER

"...Moynihan's book chronicles his experiences at the most nonsensical international organization of all, the United Nations..."

A Dangerous Place, *by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, with Suzanne Weaver. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.50.*

Risibilities of the highest order! That is the timeless promise of every international organization, save the international Red Cross and one or two others. Each of us has his favorite anecdote snatched from the solemn congresses of international diplomatists.

Malcolm Muggeridge never tires of telling how the members of the League of Nations, ensconced in their exquisite Palais des Nations, were furiously discussing the codification of level-crossing signs when, on September 1, 1939, Hitler's panzers roared into Poland. My own favorite moment came in 1974, when the worthies of 130 countries gathered in Rome for a World Food Conference, urgently called to rescue 500 million people from imminent starvation in India, Bangladesh, Pakistan, and sub-Sahara Africa. At the conference's initial briefing, one of the first questions asked was "Where do we eat?" So vigorously did the delegates discuss international hunger at their first session that within an hour of its adjournment they had totally exhausted the cafeteria's supply of plates and silverware. Soon there was even North-South confrontation. Two African delegates, suspecting exploitation by the Italian waiters, marshaled support from Third World allies and led a valiant effort to force the neocolonial waiters to fill coffee cups to the brim rather than halfway, as is Roman custom. According to press reports, the delegates divided their time about equally between quibbling and haranguing, sight-seeing and eating. They devoured vast quantities of Scotch smoked salmon, fettuccine with truffles, prosciutto with melon, and Châteaubriand. The posted menu at the conference center offered gastronomes a choice of four kinds of pasta, four kinds of meat, two vegetables, dessert, plus wines, beer, mineral water, and cola. And when the last anti-Western tirade had been delivered, the mob jetted homeward, the United States sent wheat to the famished areas, and eventually it rained.



Now comes Daniel Patrick Moynihan with an entire book of nonsensical anecdotes, for from July 1975 to February 1976 he was America's ambassador to the most nonsensical international organization of all, the United Nations. In *A Dangerous Place,* Moynihan chronicles and ponders his experiences in that august circus where despotisms like Cuba lament the woeful condition of freedom in Puerto Rico and where openly racist regimes chastely vote to equate Zionism with racism.

As Moynihan sees it, he arrived at the U.N. just as the assembled worthies were in a gorgeous fever, excoriating much that is admirable on behalf of much that is preposterous. America and Israel were morally repugnant; Czechoslovakia and Algeria were the ideal. Burundi, a land where genocide really happens, was in a lather about the infringement of civil liberties by a country founded by the victims of the Holocaust; Indians were wailing about the neocolonialism implicit in birth-control plans; and, in its annual report for 1975, the U.N. Decolonialization Committee expressed concern that the American military presence in the Virgin Islands posed a threat to the peace of the region—we had poised fourteen Coast Guardsmen, one shotgun, a pistol, and an 82-foot emergency rescue vessel. Democracies, outnumbered five to one by tyrannies, were being intimidated by humbugs manipulating the rhetoric of liberty and progress. Yet the delegates from the democratic states hunkered down under the assault. It was a delectable setting for Moynihan's balance of intellect, conscience, and wit.

Moynihan agrees with another ex-U.N. delegate, William F. Buckley Jr.,

---

R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., *editor of* The American Spectator, *is the author of the forthcoming book* Public Nuisances. **Laurie Stone** *is a free-lance reviewer.*

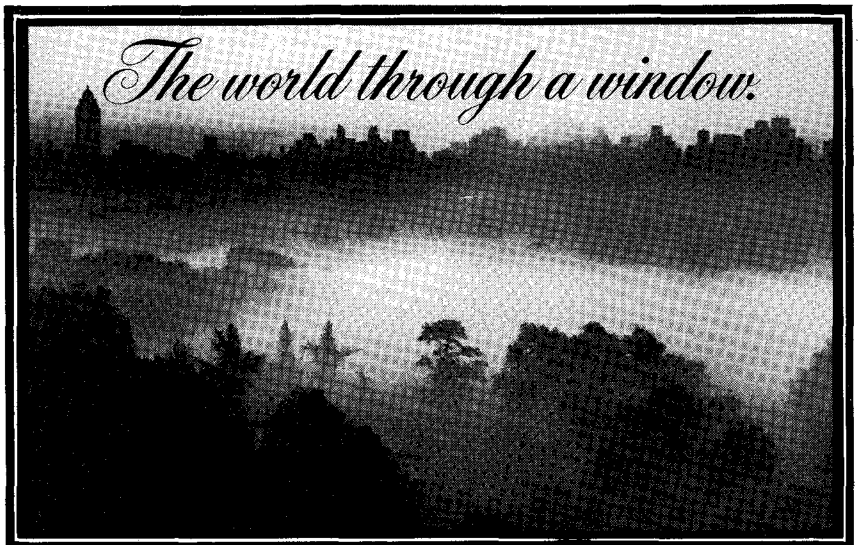
that "the United Nations is the most concentrated assault on moral reality in the history of free institutions," and Moynihan has an unfashionable yearning for moral reality. Occasionally indignant, occasionally amused, and always in motion, he would not remain complacent or patronizing before the atrocious behavior of the enemies of freedom, though the latter-day John Quincy Adamses of our State Department urged suave acquiescence. There was a cultural struggle going on as much with the bullies of the U.N. as with State's foreign-policy sages, and Moynihan chose to go into "loyal opposition," for he is quite unavoidably a civilized man who believes that words, ideas, and values matter. Moynihan in opposition was an honorable man who paid the present parliament of nations more respect by debating there than most of the present diplomats are capable of comprehending.

That made him unique and reviled. Ours is an era of sham and dissembling. Those who talk most stentorianly about freedom, prosperity, and so forth mean either something entirely different or nothing at all. With men like Moynihan around they stand in constant peril of being exposed, and so they say that he is reckless, that he is opportunistic, that he is insensitive to human needs. All such charges are of course as empty as the sonorities that regularly ring through the glass zoo on the East River. Yet empty sonorities are what one comes to expect in an era when an American president can step on Polish soil and solemnly intone: "I think that our concept of human rights is preserved in Poland." That is a choice example of what Moynihan so honorably opposed at the U.N., and to see him oppose such vacuity in a race for the presidency would be a grand moment in an otherwise meaningless era.

Tender Mercies, *by Rosellen Brown. Knopf, $8.95.*

Imagine the worst that can happen to a married couple—a man reckless with bodies, a woman reckless with thoughts—who live always on the edge of losing contact. The man takes the tiller of a boat he can't control and, accidentally, he "cuts his wife in two."

This is the premise around which Rosellen Brown has shaped her second, exceptionally fine novel. For Brown, the value of human life is inseparable from its tentativeness. Horrible things really do happen to people: There are political imprisonments in concentration camps; there is cancer in one's twenties. And, as in Brown's novel, a privileged young woman who



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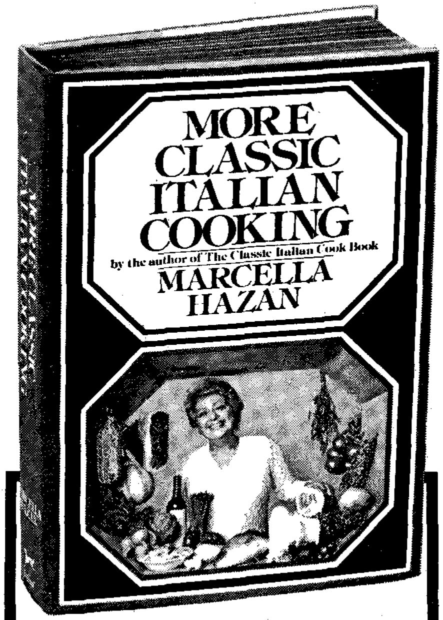
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"...*Tender Mercies* is about the betrayal of bodies, the peril of being in a family..."

went to Wellesley and married for love *can* become a quadriplegic, her husband's guilt and future all wrapped together in a body with no sensation from the neck down.

"Then what happens?" Brown posits, and her novel is about what follows catastrophe, the daily struggle to continue, because *not* continuing, the characters discover, is ultimately the most appalling thing imaginable. Brown spares no detail of the quadriplegic's condition from the reader or her characters, Laura and Dan. But the details are oddly comforting. Facts about the urinary system, the weights and pulleys of physical therapy, are fixed, definite—unlike emotions.

Laura comes back to her home in New Hampshire after a year in a New York City hospital. Dan has driven a cab. Laura is angry, as severed from her feelings for Dan as she is from the sensation of touch in her fingers and legs. How could she be otherwise? She went swimming innocently and, as a result, was reborn a baby, a total dependent with no hope of self-sufficiency.

Extreme as it is, *Tender Mercies* is a novel about marriage, about the loss of feeling between two people and the struggle to regain it, about the betrayal of bodies, the tending of bodies, the peril of being in a family, the wish to soar, to abdicate and annihilate the binds that hold people together. This is also the story of a marriage that works, which makes it a comedy of sorts, a celebration (grim as it often is)—without sentimentality—of commitment, passion, need, and trust.

Brown's prose is neat and spare. She shines needlelike lights on her characters' interiors, never missing the acid, the venom, the inconsolable feeling of loss that is the price of living with another person. Laura and Dan do eventually make contact and a new, willing contract to continue. It's credible and moving, especially since both characters know their fate is essentially to exist alone, barely understood, barely fathomed. **—Laurie Stone**

Ainslie's Encyclopedia of Thoroughbred Handicapping, *by Tom Ainslie. Morrow, $19.95.*

Until Tom Ainslie came along with a series of books that started appearing in the 1960s, no widely published writer had ever made it clear that you *can* beat the races, but that doing so is only a little less fun than holding down a job you hate. Ainslie did not come right out and say that—for all authors of books on gambling want to sell lots of books, and they know that dreams sell better than reality—but his *Complete Guide to Thoroughbred Racing,* of 1968, made it clear that mastery of the gamble took more than just knowing a few tricks of the trade. There are no simple "systems" for winning at the track, but there are methods; all of them require intelligence, persistence at boring work, restraint, and nerve. No compulsive gambler will ever be a steady winner, nor will anyone who perspires heavily when contemplating a heavy bet. For revealing all that, Ainslie is to be thanked; for his latest book, no thanks.

This so-called *Encyclopedia of Thoroughbred Handicapping* is largely a repackaging of material from previous efforts, in an alphabetical format. "A" may be the beginning of the alphabet, but "Age" and "Ailments" are not the logical first lessons in the syllabus of handicapping. The book is simply not arranged for the beginner. If you do not already know about racing, you will not know how to begin to use it. As a reference book for knowledgeable bettors, it is simply superficial. A new edition of Ainslie's almost classic 1968 book, revised to reflect changes in the sport and recent writing on the subject, would have been welcome, but this "encyclopedia" is less than half the length and depth of the 1968 book, and much of it will never help anyone find a winner. Fifteen percent of this book is given over to reprinting, exactly as it appeared in the 1968 book, the Jockey Club version of the rules of racing, which is far from universally observed. On the important matter of how to watch a race, Ainslie is just about the only writer who suggests that the best seats are near the finish line. Serious handicappers want to see what happens on the turn just before the stretch run. That is where a careful observer will pick up much for future use about the track, horses, and riders.

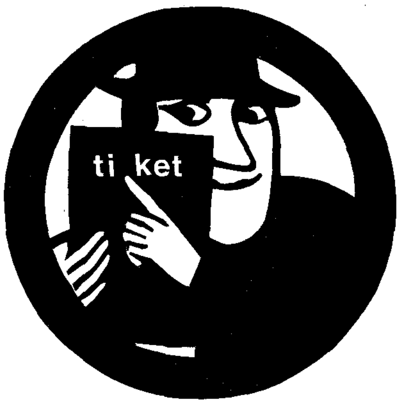
Fortunately Ainslie can be dispensed with these days, for in recent years better books than Ainslie's puff job have come along, most notably Steven Davidowitz's *Betting Thoroughbreds,* published last year by Dutton at $8.95 and still in print. Almost every page of it touches directly on the thinking—sometimes direct, sometimes convoluted—that is the substance of intelligent handicapping. **—Seymour Britchky**

Legal Aid/Andrew O. Shapiro

EXACTLY HOW TO BEAT A PARKING TICKET—LEGALLY

"... The lesson taught by the *Gruen* case: A driver's sworn testimony, in and of itself, is enough to defeat a parking ticket..."

I am reading the hottest book in town. It's not *Fools Die* or *Mommie Dearest*. In fact, you can't buy it in a bookstore for any price. It is bureaucratically labeled *Manual for Adjudication*, and it happens to be the bible of the New York City Parking Violations Bureau. If you get a parking ticket in New York City and contest it at the PVB, this manual can decide your fate.



A careful perusal of the PVB's manual reveals some little-known ways to beat a parking ticket—all of them perfectly legal. To begin with, your ticket may have been filled out incompletely. Check it to make sure *all* of the following eleven items are recorded on the ticket. If even one of these items is missing, the ticket must be dismissed: (1) license-plate number; (2) state where your car is licensed; (3) location of the parking violation (street address or lot location); (4) county where the violation occurred; (5) date of occurrence (month, day, and year); (6) time of occurrence—must indicate A.M. or P.M. or be in military time; (7) on any parking-meter violation, the official number of the meter; (8) on any fire-hydrant violation, the number of feet from the hydrant; (9) at least two of the following three items describing your vehicle must be recorded: make (e.g., Ford), color, and body type (e.g., four-door sedan); (10) the signature of the person issuing the ticket; (11) a brief description of the parking violation. Any description that is too brief may be as faulty as no description at all. Merely recording the parking restriction that you violated—such as "Alternate Side Parking," "No Parking," "No Standing"—*without also stating the days and hours during which the restriction was in effect* invalidates the ticket. The ticket should specify, for example, "Alternate Side Parking, Tue./Fri. 8–11."

What if your ticket is so illegible that you can't decipher what the officer wrote? The PVB manual says your ticket should be dismissed. In a 1977 case, a law student got a ticket for parking in front of a fire hydrant on a date that was illegible. A PVB hearing examiner nevertheless decided that the student had illegally parked on April 7. After the student testified that he hadn't used the car that day, the examiner blithely found him guilty of the violation on April 3.

Undaunted, the student took the PVB to court, where his ticket was dismissed: "The court realizes that this petitioner, a law student, was pressing a technicality; that he was probably guilty of the violation on 'some' date. . . . However, the flip manner of the hearing examiner cannot be overlooked. . . . It isn't the fault of the one charged with a violation if he and the examiner cannot read it," the court said.

A blurred ticket is treated differently from an illegible one. Your ticket is a fourth copy; if it's blurred, you have a right to get a copy of the original. Request a copy from the PVB by registered mail, return receipt requested. Under a law passed this summer, if the PVB doesn't supply you with a copy within 45 days of your request, the ticket must be dismissed.

Suppose your ticket is legible and complete. The only trouble is: You're innocent. Then you should plead not guilty as directed on the back of the ticket, and request a hearing. At the hearing, the contents of your ticket will be read into the record, thereby establishing a prima facie case against you. Does this mean you're guilty as charged? Not by a long shot.

The PVB manual says that once a prima facie case has been made out, the burden of proof is on you to establish your innocence. This part of the manual happens to be against the law. A 1972 court case, *Heisler* v. *Atlas*, first criticized the PVB for placing the burden of proof on a driver merely because he has received a valid-looking ticket. Irving Heisler was ticketed for illegally parking at 10 A.M. in a school zone where no parking was allowed between 7 A.M. and 4 P.M. At a PVB hearing, Heisler pleaded not guilty. He testified under oath that the location bore signs prohibiting parking only on Tuesdays and Fridays between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. Despite Heisler's demand for "the production of the police officer to substantiate the charge," and notwithstanding his protest that the ticket was being "held in higher esteem than sworn testimony," he was found guilty by the hearing examiner.

Heisler appealed to State Supreme Court, where the PVB decision was reversed. The court held that, under the law, *the PVB is required to establish a driver's guilt by a preponderance of the evidence.* This burden of proof can't be shifted to the driver by calling upon him to establish his innocence.

"The [ticket]," explained Justice Abraham Gellinoff, "was . . . sufficient to establish a prima facie case. But establishment of a prima facie case does not create a presumption of guilt; it merely shifts to the [driver] the burden of going forward with evidence. Here [Heisler] did go forward with evidence —his own sworn testimony. His testimony, patently not incredible, created

Illustrated by Jacqueline Chwast

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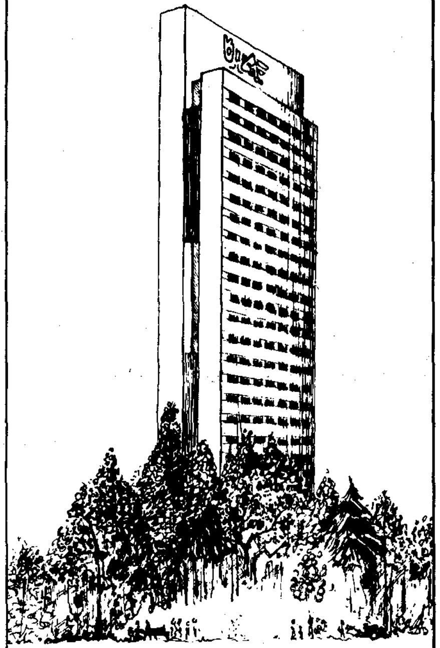

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a bona fide issue of fact as to whether the signs prohibited parking on school days between 7 A.M. and 4 P.M., or, as [Heisler] swore, only on Tuesdays and Fridays between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. The prima facie case, evidenced merely by the naked summons, could not, without more, preponderate over the sworn refutation by [Heisler]."

In other words, Heisler had shot down the PVB's prima facie case through his sworn testimony. It was then up to the PVB to resurrect the case by rebutting Heisler's testimony and proving him guilty. For instance, the hearing officer could have summoned the officer who issued the ticket, but this step was not taken. Since the PVB produced no evidence beyond the "naked" ticket, it failed to carry its burden of proving Heisler's guilt.

Despite this clear ruling, the PVB made no change in its manual. Hearing examiners continued to be guided by a manual that illegally shifted the burden of proof to drivers. Then in June 1977 Michael Gruen, a New York driver and an attorney, carried out a successful court challenge to PVB procedures. Gruen had gotten a ticket for parking in a no-parking zone. At a PVB hearing, he pleaded not guilty and testified under oath that he had been parked in a legal parking space. Despite this sworn testimony, and without any further evidence, the hearing examiner found Gruen guilty.

Gruen appealed, and in *Gruen* v. *Parking Violations Bureau,* the Appellate Division of State Supreme Court reversed the PVB, scolding it for following a "wholly improper procedure" for adjudicating guilt. (Gruen's ticket was dismissed and his fine was refunded.) Citing the *Heisler* decision with approval, the court ordered the PVB to revise its manual so that the burden of proof would no longer be illegally shifted from the bureau to the driver.

The manual is currently under revision. An intensive effort is being made by the PVB's new director, Lester Schafran, and his counsel, Mike Rosen,

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to transform the PVB from a hard-nosed collection agency into a more impartial courthouse. The manual's provisions on burden of proof will be corrected in the near future. Indeed, Mike Rosen has already been busily educating hearing examiners to the lesson taught by *Gruen:* "A driver's sworn testimony, in and of itself," explains Rosen, "is enough to defeat a parking ticket." Since Rosen began teaching the gospel according to *Gruen*, there has been a 20 percent increase in the number of tickets dismissed.

In effect, the *Gruen* case turns a PVB hearing into a legal tennis match. The ticket is PVB's serve. You successfully return that serve by your sworn testimony. The ball is then back in PVB's court. It can try to get a rally going by producing the officer who issued your ticket, or it can do nothing, in which case it loses the point.

As a practical matter, the issuing officer will not be summoned to testify against you because of the time and expense it involves—not to mention the officer's faded memory. In fact, the PVB manual tells hearing examiners never to summon an officer, unless the officer is being accused of harassing the driver, attempting a shakedown, etc.

Don't conclude from *Gruen* that you can beat a parking ticket just by weaving some phony tale. Your credibility when you testify will be critical to the hearing examiner's decision. So if you lie (technically, that may be perjury) or tell fishy-sounding half truths, the hearing examiner may discount your testimony and decide you have not fully met the PVB's prima facie case.

Whenever possible, back up your testimony with witnesses or other evidence. For example, at a PVB hearing in November, a woman testified that, despite what her ticket said, she had not parked illegally in a bus stop. She produced a photograph clearly showing the bright curbside where she had admittedly parked. Just as clearly, however, the photo revealed two recent alternate-side-of-the-street signs, which permitted parking at this former bus stop. Her ticket was promptly dismissed. Michael Gruen would have smiled.

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"Legal Aid" addresses itself to those questions of consumer law that most concern *New York* readers. If you would like to see an article on a specific legal issue, please write to this column. We cannot offer legal advice to individuals, nor can we answer letters, but we *can* research matters that are important to New Yorkers. ▬

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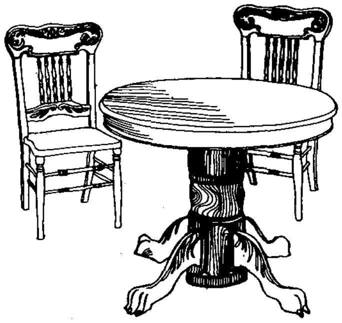

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Records / Alan Rich

OPERA—PRIME, CHOICE, AND RANCID

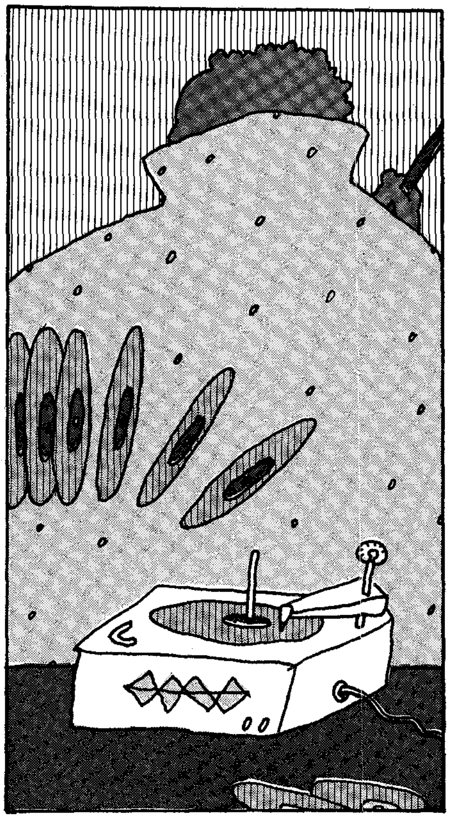
"... Of all Verdi operas available on multiple recordings, *Otello* has fared the best; there are no truly bad performances ..."

Seventeen years ago this month, RCA and London produced competing albums of Verdi's **Otello**, and now they've done it again. Now, as then, neither album is a clear choice over the other; now, as then, I hanker after some as yet uninvented collagemaking device that might combine the best elements of all competing recordings into one superalbum. Both 1961 albums are still listed in *Schwann.* Never try to understand record companies.

RCA's new performance (CRL3-2951) is the sort you might hear on a good night at the Met: Placido Domingo, Renata Scotto, and Sherrill Milnes, with James Levine conducting. London's (OSA 13130) re-creates the 1976 Paris Opéra production that came to the Met that September: Carlo Cossutta, Margaret Price, and Gabriel Bacquier, with Sir Georg Solti conducting. Both recordings were made at some remove from their points of origin: Levine's in London, with an English orchestra and chorus; Solti's with the Vienna Philharmonic and Vienna State Opera Chorus. Never, *never,* try to understand record companies.

Of all Verdi operas to undergo multiple recordings, *Otello* has fared the best; there are no truly bad recorded performances past or present. That should come as no surprise; the stature of the score, the incredible power that went into its creation (and that is demanded of any re-creation), should frighten off any performer but the worthiest. The power of the opera is transfiguring; the worst-sung performance (Nelli, Vinay, Valdengo, on RCA LM-6107) is transmuted into gold by the incandescent reading of the music itself under Toscanini.

Yet, there are problems with the two new recordings, which the aforementioned collage machine might correct (if only it existed). The robust eloquence of Domingo's Otello comes as a surprise; he has found a way to darken his usually bright, lyric production without losing any of his glinty, thrusting urgency. His Otello is obviously a descendant of Manrico and all that Verdi crew, a relationship some tenors (Vickers, most successfully) try to conceal. Some may still find it light-textured; I did on first hearing, but do not any longer. It's an interesting, vital, resourceful performance, the better of the two in the competing albums.



Scotto's Desdemona begins well; by the end of the performance I am disturbed by a lack of character growth, a sameness—and, ultimately, a dullness—in her singing. The London Desdemona, Margaret Price, is preferable; her performance grows from radiance to heartbreak, wonderfully, imaginatively sung. Between the two Iagos there is a hairbreadth choice: Milnes for the greater thrust of his vocal power against the fine, slimy insidiousness of the veteran Bacquier.

For me, the ideal combination would be Domingo, Price, and Milnes; the performance would be conducted, with the warmth, spirit, and originality that Levine displays—here as at the Met—but with Solti's orchestra, chorus, and corps of recording engineers. You takes, in other words, yer choice.

Up to now, I have regarded the Philips issues of the complete operatic output of Joseph Haydn with modified rapture. The performances under Antal Dorati have been decent enough, but the music has not always seemed worth the care: a great deal of eighteenth-century formula stuff, only sporadically lit by the genius that infused Haydn's instrumental writing. But now comes **Il Mondo della Luna,** the one masterwork among Haydn's early operas, a long work (four discs, Philips 6769 003) and, for the most part, a joy.

Haydn's libretto is based on a Goldoni farce—itself nothing but another variant on the theme of a foolish old man duped in the cause of young love. But this time around, the plot is full of amusing sidelights; the old man is tricked into imagining himself transported to the moon, and this gives rise to some delightful mumbo jumbo in both words and music. From the opening music, a lovely moonlit chorus, to the boisterous finale several hours later, *Il Mondo della Luna* bubbles with beguiling lunacy, especially as here sung by a cast that includes Arleen Augér, Frederica von Stade, and others on that high level.

Moonlit choruses are also an important part of Puccini's **Turandot** ("The best part," did I hear someone say?), yet Angel's new recording (SCLX 3857) of the opera must rank high among the year's least needed operatic issues. Montserrat Caballé, the Liù in the London recording of several years ago, is here the Turandot. Mirella Freni is the Liù; José Carreras is the Calaf.

Opera houses, as everyone knows, are often ruled to some extent by singers' egos; record companies, it's easy enough to guess, aren't far behind. I cannot find any other reason for a Caballé Turandot; the role is unsuited to both her temperament and the present estate of her voice; there are blemishes throughout, and almost no words can be heard. Merely a good try at a Turandot (which this surely is) is no try at all; the music must be made to sound far easier than it does in this

Illustration by Ben Chase

labored, tremulous effort. Carreras and Freni are not bad, nor is Paul Plishka, the Timur. But the chorus and orchestra are of the Strasbourg Opera, dutifully but dully conducted by Alain Lombard, and the sounds they make are no less provincial than their identity might lead you to suspect.

Domingo and Scotto again, this time in a performance somewhat harder to challenge, a marvelously sung, melting, yet remarkably strong reading of **Madama Butterfly** (Columbia 35181). This is Scotto's music, and always has been; the wonder is that, after a lifetime of identification with the role, she can still find the color, the turn of phrase, to wring the heart.

Yet, Scotto has recorded *Butterfly* before, not quite so worthily. The real hero here is Lorin Maazel, who conducts a performance full of light and shade, and with a respect for the shape of this not shapeless piece (whatever you might think) that gives it a fresh, fascinating power. Domingo is an ardent, fresh-sounding Pinkerton (using a vocal style far lighter, of course, than you'll hear in the *Otello*). Ingvar Wixell is a fine, sonorous Sharpless. For all this splendor, the set belongs to Scotto and Maazel, reason enough to welcome it.

The memory of Maria Callas has been variously honored by Angel records since her death over a year ago; a couple of recital records have been issued by way of memorial, with some exciting material and also a great many studio takes that Callas herself refused to approve. The reasons for her disapproval are sometimes painfully audible, and it is not to Angel's credit so to serve an artist who served it so well.

Far better is the news that Seraphim, Angel's low-priced subsidiary label, continues to reissue some of the great Callas recordings from her early days as an international star. The latest such reissue is of **Manon Lescaut** (IC 6089), a performance which, despite the age of its recorded sound, immediately takes precedence over any other available version of Puccini's uneven but often powerful score. For some reason this Callas performance had been, until this reissue, one of the harder to find of her commercial releases; it has been out of Angel's catalog for some years. All the stranger, since it is one of her most intense performances—the only one of the opera, in fact, in which the insanely overwritten final scene takes on some resemblance to musical drama. The young, still fresh-sounding Giuseppe di Stefano is the Des Grieux, and nobody else of consequence is in the cast—except that, way down on the list, you'll pick out the name of Fiorenza Cossotto in the walk-on role as soloist in the Act II madrigal.

Better than any of the above, however—at least if you like this sort of thing—is Angel's new recording of that sublimely rancid sort-of-masterwork, Richard Strauss's **Salome** (SBLX 3848). It's hard to believe that this is Herbert von Karajan's first recording of the opera; one might have assumed a lifetime interlock between the vulgarity and surface allure in Strauss's score and similar aspects in Karajan's conducting style. At any rate, the new Angel album is a fascinating blend of quintessentialities; not since, say, Leonard Bernstein's first recording of Liszt's *Les Preludes* has there been so perfect a blend of conductor and the work conducted.

Hildegard Behrens is the Salome, and she, too, is phenomenal. That marvelous vocal attack she seems to have developed in the past couple of years—an icy cutting edge, but with a great deal of warmth and passion behind that edge—is, of course, the perfect Salome sound. Her performance is amazing for its great range; she manages with equal mastery the girlishness of the early scenes with Narraboth and the imperious stubbornness of her final defeat of Herod. Not, in fact, since the great time of Ljuba Welitsch (the late 1940s, captured in an off-the-air recording on a pirate label) has there been so overwhelming a re-creation of the great Salome-Herod argument. The rest of the cast is perfectly adequate; the John the Baptist of José van Dam is far more than adequate. But the show belongs to Karajan and Behrens, and their triumph is complete.

Henri Rabaud (1873-1949) was a French composer of some proficiency if little originality; his *Procession Nocturne* occasionally shows up on pops programs; *Grove's Dictionary* finds it "curious" that Rabaud's four major operas were produced exactly ten years apart. Judging from the second of these operas, **Marouf** (now recorded in an agreeable performance under Jésus Etcheverry on Peters International PLE 061/63), little else about Rabaud *could* rate as "curious." Certainly not *Marouf*, a jingly bit of late-romantic, pseudo-exotic calendar art (set in Cairo). People who must own every opera in the world will welcome this release.

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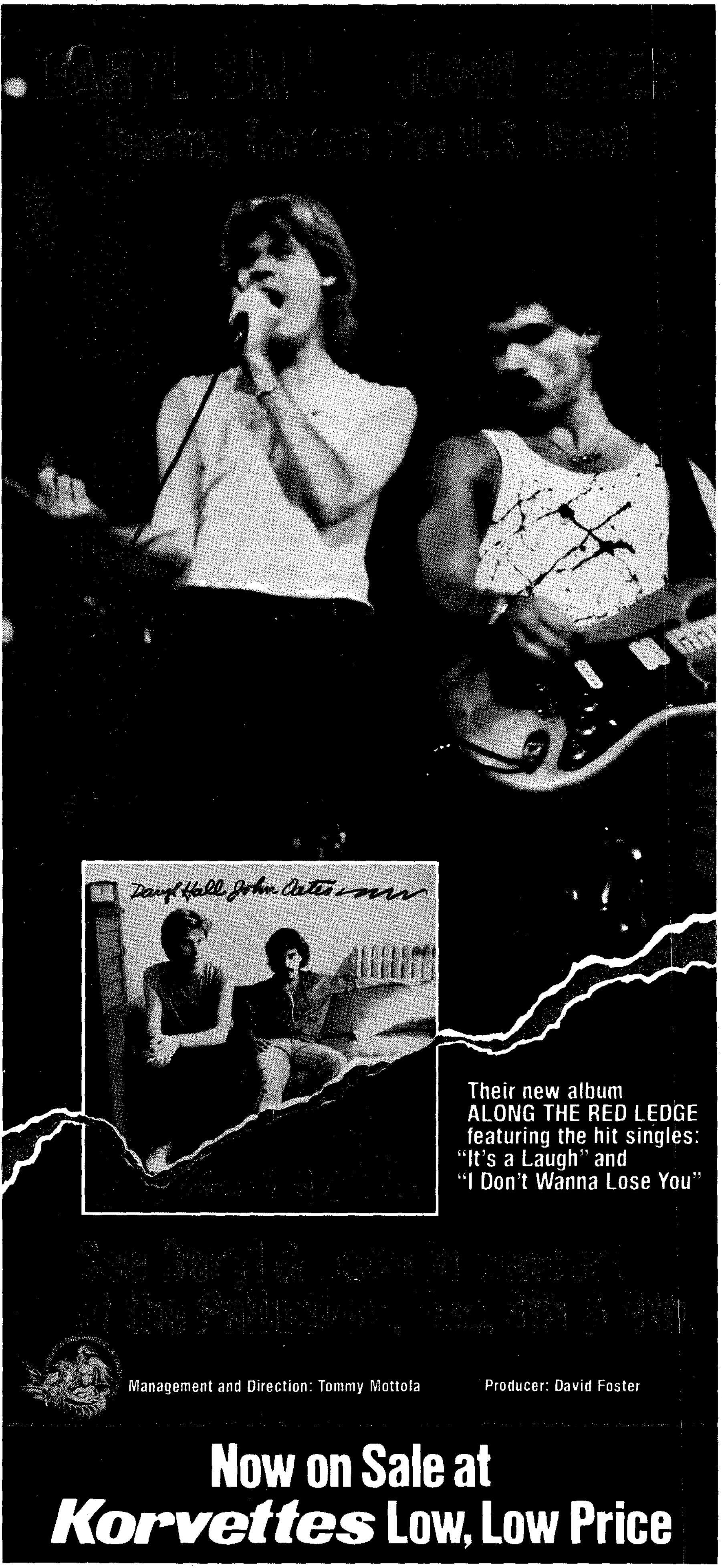


he claims he rents for $30 a month. He goes through periods of depression that create, in his words, "a total loss of meaning and motivation." But at other times songs come pouring out of his subconscious, and he writes them down so fast his hands ache. The latest collection is called *Flyin' Shoes* (Tomato 7017). Enigmatic, elusive, full of triumphs and terrors, these songs insist on being listened to over and over.

Marshall Chapman is the name of a woman, a strapping six-footer wielding a mean Telecaster guitar, a Southerner whose style and delivery owe more to Willie Nelson than to Dolly Parton. Or, as Waylon Jennings once put it, "Marshall's a good ol' boy. She can come on the bus." On *Jaded Virgin* (Epic JE 35341) she joins Patti Smith in the ranks of women who make tough, unsentimental music.

Arthur Prysock's velvety baritone is probably one of the most familiar voices in the country. Not because of his early reputation as the "new Billy Eckstine," nor because of 33 years spent singing in concert halls, theaters, and cabarets of every size, but because he anonymously croons, "Tonight . . . let it be Lowenbräu." Enjoying his album *Here's to Good Friends* (MCA 3061) requires two things: ignoring the title cut and forgiving him for including it.

Bryan Ferry, unsuccessful in his audition for King Crimson and, thus chastised, later described by the London *Times* as "the first man to bring a real intelligence to bear on pop," has taken his characteristic detached sophistication, mixed it with a dose of L.A.-laid-back, and, by adding a large measure of Waddy Wachtel, created *The Bride Stripped Bare* (Atlantic SD 19205).

At a time when the soundtrack from *Grease* is one of the top-selling albums in the country, the real thing (or something very much like it) can be heard on *Jerry Lee Lewis Keeps Rockin'* (Mercury SOM 1-5010) and *Ol' Blue Suede's Back* (UA 856), by **Carl Perkins.**

And since the last days before Christmas seem like the time to recommend "lives," and "best-of's," there's *Stage*, by **David Bowie** (RCA CPL 2-2913); *Aerosmith Live Bootleg* (Columbia PC2 35564); *Smokin'*, by **Smokey Robinson** (Tamla T9-363-A2); **Lou Reed**'s *Live Take No Prisoners* (Arista AL8502); *The Marshall Tucker Band's Greatest Hits* (Capricorn CPN 0214); *The Steve Miller Band's Greatest Hits* (Capitol S0011-872); *Best of Earth Wind & Fire Vol. I* (Columbia FC 35647); and—last but hardly least—*The Best of Crosby/Nash* (ABC AA1102). **—Tom Bentkowski**

Movies/David Denby

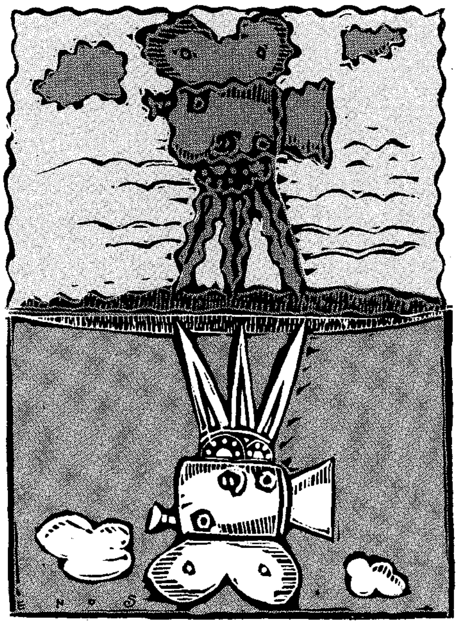
DOUBLE JEOPARDY

"... *Movie Movie* features a star performance by Barry Bostwick that breaks through the facetiousness of the whole project..."

Movie Movie, directed by Stanley Donen and written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, parodies, in two short but self-contained films, the maudlin up-from-poverty boxing pictures and the Busby Berkeley backstage musicals of the thirties. Although the movie is affectionate and funny and often highly skilled, it hardly seems worth the participation of high-powered people like Donen, Gelbart, and George C. Scott, and the expenditure of $6 million. While watching it, I had the same feelings of bafflement and irritation I had during *Heaven Can Wait* and *The Wiz*. Why was the picture being made? What did the filmmakers imagine they were trying to say? Specifically, why parody two harmless genres that no one took very seriously in the first place?

At its best, parody has an element of danger and revolt, but the recent movie parodies have been completely toothless—a way of appearing outrageous without offending anyone and bold without taking any risks. Almost all of Mel Brooks's films have been parodies of old movies, and so are the films of his epigones, Gene Wilder and Marty Feldman; Woody Allen's earlier films had parodistic sections (it's a mark of his new seriousness—for good and for ill—that he's left off poking at old movies); Neil Simon has taken a couple of mean-spirited swipes at the detective genre; and so on.

Why all the spoofing? I think the main reason is simple fear of putting new experience on the screen. Along with remakes and sequels, parodies have become endemic in a panicky industry intent on endless replication of past successes as a safeguard against risk. Perhaps a secondary reason is the peculiar insularity of show-business people. For many of them, media history comes to replace human history. The thirties was a time in which, as children, they watched double bills at the neighborhood theater, so *that* becomes the subject of an expensive movie, instead of what happened outside the theaters in the thirties or what's happening now. The country is seriously divided politically and ethnically, so filmmakers rely on old movie memories—jokes, clichés, bits of jargon, and the fond, foolish gestures of romance and heroism—as the only storehouse of experience that remains uncontroversial.



Donen and company have a few very mild satiric points to make. Most of the actors appear in both parodies, both begin with the same establishing shots, and both use some of the same sets—dressed differently to be sure, but not so differently that we can't notice the similarity. This is a nice joke on turn-'em-out-fast, studio-factory methods in which the entire world was recreated, not too convincingly, on a few sound stages and back lots. The viewer will also notice that both plots are essentially the same: A virtuous young man (boxer, songwriter), attracted to a simple, good-hearted girl (librarian, chorine), is tempted by a wicked older woman (floozy, alcoholic leading lady), but he survives the temptation and makes good (wins the fight, writes a hit show). Meanwhile an avuncular older man (fight trainer, show producer) offers encouragement from the sidelines and then dies nobly, but not before witnessing the triumph of virtue and young love. The filmmakers' point, I suppose, is that in the thirties the sappy conventions of Victorian morality proved stronger than the requirements of different genres. Both films are about the glories of self-sacrifice and the evils of high living and sex. This is funny but a little smug. Are contemporary filmmakers who are unwilling to investigate the life of the present in any position to ridicule the supposed moral simplicities of the past?

Dynamite Hands, the boxing picture, is the weaker of the two parodies, often falling to the hackneyed level of what it is spoofing, and sometimes below that level. Newcomer Harry Hamlin, who is almost a dead ringer for Tom Seaver, overdoes the sexless, earnest routine as the boxer (not a trace of William Holden's or John Garfield's erotic glamour there). I enjoyed the recap of thirties-film syntax—the wipes and superimpositions and spinning locomotive wheels—but I see no reason for the shlocky, dull-looking black-and-white cinematography. What happened to the intensely atmospheric highlights and shadows of the thirties?

The screenwriters' joshing of heartfelt banalities in the Clifford Odets style ("Without love, life is like a ride to nowhere on one roller skate") and of pathetic mixed metaphors and malapropisms ("It's funny, isn't it, how many times your guts can get a slap in the face?") is witty the first few times, but the verbal formulas are repeated so often that they come to seem like ordinary, greedy-for-laughs gag writing rather than satire. Parodied conventions, when repeated, can become clichés, too, and that's what happens here.

Baxter's Beauties of 1933, on the other hand, is buoyant, giddy, and sweet. Stanley Donen, who directed (with Gene Kelly) *Singin' in the Rain* and other musical triumphs in the fifties, brings real panache and a golden-age MGM color palette, out of period but beautiful, to the gleaming silver-and-black production numbers staged on endless ramps and nutty revolving turntables. These numbers, which Michael Kidd choreographed, aren't as bizarrely erotic (all those thighs!) as Berkeley's, but they honor the lyrical impulse at the heart of Berkeley's most

Illustration by Randall Enos

garish fantasies. And the movie features one star performance that breaks through the facetiousness of the whole project. As the bumbling, amorous bookkeeper-turned-composer (the Dick Powell role), Barry Bostwick is sensationally attractive and talented. Tall and lean, with a handsome, high forehead, sparkling blue eyes, and a crooner's throb in his voice, Bostwick slams his jackknife body through a satirical audition sequence in the irresistibly hammy style of great entertainers of the past like Jimmy Durante and Donald O'Connor. If nothing else, the movie should convince Hollywood to build a brand-new, non-parody musical around Bostwick.

I don't think I've ever seen a movie that so embarrassingly displays its Broadway-hit-play origins as Robert Mulligan's **Same Time, Next Year.** The basic plot gimmick—a housewife (Ellen Burstyn) and an accountant (Alan Alda), both married, meet one weekend a year for 26 years—depends on the audience's finding the idea of adultery endlessly titillating and also on the pleasant delusion that adultery poses no threat to marriage; indeed, Bernard Slade's play is finally a supreme testament to marriage, since neither partner can bring himself to leave his spouse. For Slade and the Broadway audience, adultery apparently functions as a kind of spiritual warming-up exercise for the higher rigors of marital boredom. It's only fair that Scarsdale have its screen fantasies too, but must these fantasies be as graceless and trivial as this one?

The movie, faithful to the play, confines us to one ugly motel room for two hours, and we also have to put up with violent changes in hairstyles and hair color, mustaches, clothes, and underwear (the movie merely shows every fifth tryst). This is the kind of wardrobe-room ingenuity that's fun in the theater because it so triumphantly makes a virtue out of the *limitations* of the theater, but it always looks phony in a movie. Alarmingly, the personalities change with the costumes. The man goes from callow youth to conservative manhood to relaxed, encounter-group middle age, while the woman goes from timid housewife to aggressive Berkeley hippie to tough businesswoman. They both seem like hopeless suckers for every fad that comes along. I know we're supposed to find these transformations touching and funny (and Ellen Burstyn, at least, makes them rather charming), a mirror of the national restlessness, but I kept wondering why I should be involved in the fate of two characters who don't have any center as human beings. ▬

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Theater / John Simon

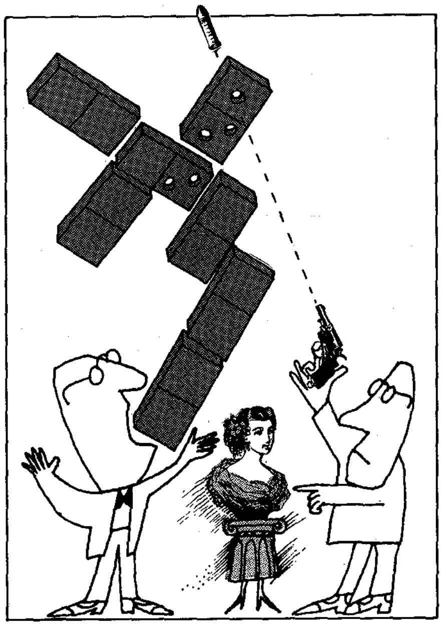
BOOKS BEFORE DRAMA

"...*Drinks Before Dinner* is about chichi people in a chichi apartment. They speak not sentences or paragraphs so much as slabs..."

What could have been in the worthy E. L. Doctorow's mind when he set out to write **Drinks Before Dinner?** I am reasonably sure that writing a play wasn't it. Perhaps it was to find out how unplaylike a play one could write and still get it produced on the strength of one's reputation as a novelist. Yet it wasn't exactly to write a stage novel either; in a novel, except in a Beckettian one, there are characters who have each his own life, personality, and language. Doctorow's characters are interchangeable. But perhaps that was it: to write a Beckettian novella with characters out of Maugham and freewheeling wordplay—untheatrical, but theatrically flaunting its untheatricality. What a great idea it must have been on paper—too bad it had to come out sounding like very late Chayefsky.

Drinks Before Dinner is about very chichi people in the very chichi New York apartment of a successful doctor and his wife who are giving a dinner party for like-minded and like-apartmented couples at which the guest of honor is the Nobel-Peace-Prize-winning secretary of state. The talk is quasi-Britishly, brittly witty: These people have been to good schools together, seem to have committed adultery together (pell-mell—or, rather, Pall Mall); and have grown mellowly bitchy together. Their prose style is peculiar: The men speak neither in sentences nor in paragraphs so much as in slabs—big slabs of marble, or imitation marble, rhetoric. Large, heavy, angular cutenesses that, on closer inspection, turn out to be dominoes.

Just as a 3 in dominoes joins another 3, whose other half is a 6 to which another 6 is added, so here each sentence picks up the final words of the preceding sentence according to some weird domino theory. Then it elaborates at great length its own ideas. When the next speaker enters the conversation, his exordium has to reiterate the previous speaker's peroration. The men don't speak, they orate. The women are a bit different: In between their moments of afflatus, they are as likely to be earthy, pithy, mocking, and bossy—instead of dominoes, domination. One—a painter—exudes unprolix languor; but, then, though a very expensive, upper-class bohemian, she is not quite of the milieu.



Well, one of these glittering people (about all of whom we learn as little as possible) has fortuitously acquired a gun, accidentally taken it out of his pocket, and randomly begun playing with it to the mounting terror of the others. These by now include also the hosts' maid and two smallish children. Eventually, the guest of honor arrives and is promptly tied to a chair. The chap with the gun means to shoot him by way of a rhetorical climax to his speeches, punctuated with wavings of the weapon, about how inconsolable he is on account of the world's growing superficiality, irrationality, and sheer ugliness, all of which herald the imminent End. The others, though partly agreeing with him (the dominoes at work again), try to argue him out of his position. One more sentence, and I'd be giving away the entire play.

Relentlessly coy, very intermittently clever, and ultimately rather boring—that is what this piece of group declamation is. Occasionally a well-turned conceit or a neat insight detaches itself from all these words that reflect themselves narcissistically in other words, even as the actors and spectators can see themselves reflected in Tony Walton's ultra-chic chrome and plate-glass décor. "When you come to think of it," somebody—anybody—says, "all mirrors are rear-view mirrors," but I could actually see the people *in front* of me reflected in the set. Unfortunately, this too palled on me a little after the dialogue, and I was reduced to the game Walter Kerr plays when he gets bored: trying to identify the books on the scenery's shelves. Here the books are, like everything else—and particularly Way Bandy's makeup—very high-toned; I recommend among them especially *Mahler: A Documentary Study,* by Kurt Blaukopf, Oxford, $37.50.

Christopher Plummer is marvelous as the man with the gun who may be having a nervous breakdown, playing a blasé parlor game, or penetrating the riddle of a jaded universe. He makes his deviously excogitated character extremely fleshly and recognizably neurotic or alcoholic: You can actually see his eyes get smaller and redder as the evening wears on. In the much shorter part of the painter, Virginia Vestoff is almost as good—out of it in a wonderfully in way. The others are passable (Maria Tucci, James Naughton), or competent but too mannered (Charles Kimbrough, Josef Sommer), or intransigently bad (Barbara eda-Young, who acts as if every word and movement cost her a superhuman effort; and Zohra Lampert, who tosses in hesitancies as a Spanish cook does garlic, and whose continually nodding head seems to be literally screwed on too loosely). The two last named, moreover, look and sound déclassé—like milking stools among high-priced showroom furniture.

As the maid, poor Fiona Hale is restricted to mute terror, all of her lines confined to her face; the two children, though not exactly cute, still manage to be undesirable. Mike Nichols, whose stagings are usually reservoirs of resourcefulness, has not been able to do much with this one: Here and there, an isolated bit of Nichols direction languishes unconsolably in a painted desert of diction.

Illustration by Jo Teodorescu

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Even more surprising is the fact that the usually fire-and-brimstone direction of Andrei Serban turns into quite uneventful, standard stuff in his and Patrick Burke's adaptation of Mikhail Bulgakov's novel **The Master and Margarita.** Bulgakov was an able playwright, and even though he was sometimes obliged to adapt novels for the stage of the Moscow Art Theater, it would have been wise to leave this very novelistic novel of his alone. The multi-layered tale, which tries to encode in symbolic terms Bulgakov's struggle to maintain his artistic independence in the teeth of a young Soviet Russian censorship that was already sharpening into Stalinism, and which brings in Satan and his entourage in a way I find a trifle too whimsical even for a novel (where, at least, you don't have to stare at the literalness of actors on a stage), is theatricalized by Serban mainly in two ways. The acting area consists of long, scraggly platforms that bisect the auditorium from left to right and front to rear, and intersect in the middle; the sound comes almost as much from piped-in offstage voices as from the mouths of the performers. Pieces of scenery are rushed in and out; the actors expend much energy on running, clambering, leaping from one bit of platform to another.

As fresh as yesterday's avant-garde, this is dramatically awkward business. We have to keep shifting from the novel about Christ and Pilate which the Master (really Bulgakov) is writing to the shenanigans of a welter of Gogolesque grotesques from bureaucratic, literary, and religious circles, and thence to the dirty doings of the Devil and his bizarre aides, who sometimes mix with the action and sometimes fly above it. The Faustian hero and his Margarita do not properly enter the story until the second half, by which time we are too exhausted to absorb them. The Devil (played by a Czech actor with a disturbingly irrelevant accent) indulges in too many gratuitous deviltries, obviously meant to mask the political satire, but also, alas, obscuring the sense. It all ends up diffuse and fuzzy. And will Rumanian directors never outgrow such a hackneyed device as a swinging lamp casting jazzing shadows? Ciulei milked this in his *Inspector General;* Serban worries it to death here.

The acting is undistinguished, except for Wallace Shawn's and Patrick Burke's, which is worse. Even the fine Dunya Ramicova has come up with rather ordinary costumes. And by directing mostly without gimmicks, Serban reveals his inner emptiness. ■

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ICE IS NICE, BUT FEET ARE NEATER

"...The aesthetic appeal of ice dancing is primarily that of plastique–the simple pleasure of seeing bodies in motion..."

Ice skating is one of those athletic pursuits that touch the border line of dancing. Like acrobatics and the martial arts, skating demands great refinement of timing and placement as well as the strength and stamina of other sports. I guess it's natural for skaters to have borrowed some of the embellishments of dance—the curving classical arms, the straightened working leg, the presentational lifted torso—and then I suppose it's not much of a jump to John Curry's concept for **Ice Dancing:** that skating can be a true performing art.

The questions with Curry are the same as with any magnetic performer who works in a highly individual mode. Can his personal style be passed on to others, and can the skating idiom be expanded enough to hold an audience when the spectacle value wears off? I've seen two concerts of *Ice Dancing*, one at a preview last June and one recently at the Felt Forum, and my answer is I don't know yet.

Curry has invited distinguished choreographers from many forms of dance to make works for his twelve-member company. The range of the material, though, is surprisingly small—at the Felt Forum the program consisted mostly of solo and duo display pieces, with suggestions of period or character provided more in the costumes or the music than in the skating itself. Few of the other possibilities of theatrical dance have been tapped, and I can see why it's hard to make the translation.

One of the ways we perceive dance is through its organization of space. Ice space works in a totally different way. Because of the skater's speed, the proportions and design of his "stage" change much faster than they do on a floor; the corners get rounded off; the long, gliding diagonal and circle are the favored pathways; the spacing between skaters is hard to control. Little use is made of group patterning, which constitutes most of what we enjoy in dance as the corps de ballet's contribution.

Ice dancers: *Patricia Dodd and Paul Toomey perform in two moments from Donald Saddler's* Palais de Glace.

Skaters don't stop or pose much, for obvious reasons of balance, and that puts another damper on the process of developing a clear imagery for the particular dance. Once in a while, as in Donald Saddler's costume piece *Palais de Glace*, somebody will snap into a pose from a mazurka or an attitude that characterizes the person as flirt, show-off, prince, waiter. But these are mere flashes of definition in an otherwise characterless flow of movement. Peter Martins's *Tango-Tango* puts the characteristic attitudes of tango on ice but doesn't take them anywhere.

Sustaining a dramatic presence is even more difficult. I suppose, for one thing, if you relied on the dancer's way of creating a persona you'd draw attention to what you're trying somehow to conceal. A skater's feet are just not on the ground, and the illusion of stage character conflicts with that. In Norman Maen's *Afternoon of a Faun*, Curry evokes this really intriguing creature, but instead of being awkward and earthbound and therefore slightly repulsive to the girl, he's graceful and almost airborne, so you can't figure out why she runs away from him.

And I also wonder how much it's possible to do on skates with focus, that immeasurably important tool of all dramatic artists. When so much of what you're doing requires centering and balance—usually associated with an inward focus—and when the speed and circularity require constant visual adjustment for the traveling skater to keep in contact with the outside world, you just can't relate to other performers in the same concentrated, detailed way that people do on the stage. Often, especially when Curry was performing, I found myself thinking that ice dancing's aesthetic appeal is primarily that of plastique—the simple pleasure of seeing bodies in motion. But that doesn't keep my interest for long, nor did it lead any of Curry's choreographers into extended or complex work.

All of the above is moot when it comes to Twyla Tharp. Her solo for Curry, *After All*, to a horn concerto by Albinoni, stood alone among the eight other pieces. Not even Curry himself applied such a formidable imagination to choreography for ice.

Tharp has rethought the whole problem of performance from a skater's point of view and has given Curry a real dance that makes use of the *skater's* possibilities for changing speed, direction, focus, the shape of the body, and the sense of body weight. Tharp understands the skater's abnormally rapid progression through space not merely as an opportunity for spins and slicing jumps, but as a chance to play with our perception. She lets Curry travel, quietly, motionlessly, toward us and away, his apparent size the only thing that's changing. She even lets him stop sometimes, and in arresting that rhythmic, nearly monotonous motion, she clarifies and crystallizes him after all as not merely a technician, not merely a star, but an artist.

The **New York City Ballet** is back for its fall season, to the great relief of its fans—and the disappointment of too many who found the State Theater nearly sold out in advance by subscriptions, with few seats available for single performances. I wish the company were able to cash in on its present popularity without excluding its most loyal suporters, the single-ticket buyers. Naturally, the presence of Mikhail Baryshnikov on the NYCB roster is drawing thrill seekers from far and wide, but as yet he hasn't attained the frequency of appearances that some of the other so-called non-stars in the

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company command, so the whole repertory and all personnel are getting good exposure.

People keep asking me whether Baryshnikov "fits in" with the company. I think the question is premature, and possibly irrelevant. Baryshnikov didn't join NYCB to imitate NYCB dancers, but to dance its repertory in his own way. So far he's doing that magnificently. He's consolidated the idea of *Rubies* that began in Saratoga last summer—the danseur as a brawny roughneck with the exactitude of a watchmaker. Not four days after I saw him do this, he transformed himself into a boy, a lightweight, in *Coppélia*—a totally different Franz, by the way, from the one he'd developed in the Ballet Theater version of that ballet.

Many dancers have adopted poses from Michel Fokine's famous Harlequin in *Le Carnaval* (1910) into contemporary ballets, but Baryshnikov in Balanchine's *Harlequinade* is the first I've seen project the character feeling of Fokine's photographs across an entire role. Not only does he take on Harlequin's body attitude—narrow and angular, one shoulder pulled down, the head slightly tilted, the legs crossed or bent as if he were always running on tiptoe—but he also dances with the sleek cleverness and easy changeability such a body implies. Masked and almost impersonally beautiful, he played very much inside the ballet rather than to the audience and made me realize as never before the historical roots of this ballet, in commedia dell'arte and in the early twentieth century, when Fokine and the other reformers and modernizers prepared the way for Balanchine.

For those millions who can't get in to see Baryshnikov live, there's still TV, and he was featured in Balanchine's *Prodigal Son* on the third of the *Dance in America* shows devoted to the New York City Ballet. *Prodigal,* choreographed in 1929 to music of Prokofiev, is not my favorite Balanchine product, but it lends itself well to the theatrical eye of television and *Dance in America's* story-oriented director Merrill Brockway. Baryshnikov gave a terrific performance; the Siren, Karin von Aroldingen, looked impassive and ironclad, and not even a little bit seductive. The ballet was teamed on the show with a horribly truncated version of the exquisite *Chaconne* (1976)—I'm told Balanchine did the hatchet work himself—in which Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins and the corps dance in what appears to be the crater of a volcano, or a clearing in an automobile junkyard. ■

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BE CHOOSEY

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Boutique chic—French and Italian designer imports for women, in sizes 4–10, are all on sale here at one third to one half off. Examples: French melton coats, were $749, now $374; other coats, were $375–$575, now half price; wool, silk, and jersey knit dresses (were $225–$400), long dresses, sweaters (were $48–$83), skirts with or without stole (were $145–$398), wool-gabardine and wool-tweed pants (were $119–$135), all now one third off; and more. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Arthur's, 27 East 61st St. (838-3482); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 12/30.*

Kitchen goodies—Zabar's is having its annual Christmas sale, with the likes of: Pavoni "Europiccola" electric 9-cup espresso-and-cappuccino makers, list $249 in chrome, now $159.95, and list $300 in brass and copper, now $198; Vita-Mix 3600 heavy-duty all-purpose mixer, blender, and processor, list $259, now $179.95; Sanyo "Food Factory" processors, were $99, now $69.95; Braun MP-50 juice extractors, were $79.95, now $49.95; Romertopf clay cooking pots, were $17.95, now $12.95; Bialetti electric pasta makers, with three detachable rollers, list $140, now $79.95; hand-operated pasta machines, Ampia or Hoan, heavy-duty-chrome plated, were $29.95, now $19.95; solid-copper double boilers from Korea, with porcelain inserts, list $49.95, now $31.95; Melitta Beanery electric coffee mill plus a 12-oz. tin of Melitta coffee, list $17.95, now $9.95; Revere 3-qt. whistling teakettles, copper bottom on stainless steel, list $16.95, now $11.95; Jena glass teapots, list $26.95, now $17.95; Triumph French salad spinners, list $14, now $7.98; Le Creuset flame-color, enameled, cast-iron starter sets, five pots and pans and three covers, list $79.95, now $59.95. Amaretti di Saronno Italian macaroons, individually wrapped, in red and orange litho tins: 1 lb., list $6.49, now $4.95; 4 lb. 6½ oz., list $29.95, now $19.95. American Express, Diners Club, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; UPS delivery additional; exchanges possible. *Zabar's, 2245 Broadway, at 80th St. (787-2000); Mon.–Thurs. 8 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Fri. till 10 p.m., Sat. till midnight, Sun. 9 a.m.–7:30 p.m.; through 12/31.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Tile—Nearly 400 varieties of floor and wall tiles are now on sale at 20–30 percent off at this tiles store. In addition to domestic manufacturers like American Olean, the Quarry has also reduced prices on Italian, French, Mexican, Dutch, and other imported tiles. For example: 8-in. Italian tiles, were $4 per sq. ft., now $3; decorative tiles, were $5.95 per sq. ft., now $4.75; 6-in. Italian terra-cotta-color quarry tiles, were $1.20 per sq. ft., now 95 cents. Also, tile-faced clocks and tile planters. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; installation extra. *The Quarry, 183 Lexington Ave., near 32nd St. (679-2559); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 12/23.*

Factory clearance—Run, don't walk, to Ulla's annual factory clearance for women sizes 4–16. As always, its separates—in all-wool flannel, tweed, jersey, knits, blends, wool gabardines, etc.—are priced by category. All pants, were $40–$58, now $10 and $16; all skirts, were $44–$62, now $18; two-piece suits, skirt or pants plus jacket, mostly all wool, now $20; silk-and-Helanca tops, cowl or turtle style, in twelve colors, were $24 and $28, now $5; all dresses, were $82–$88, now $20 and $33; all unlined jackets, were $62–$78, now $26 and $34. Melton pea coats, were $124 and $186, now $60 and $80; plus more. Cash and carry only; all sales final. *Ulla, 264 West 40th St., ninth floor (221-8595); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 12/4–9 only.*

Stained glass—Here are some striking examples of the glassmaker's craft, in modern and traditional designs, all good Christmas gifts. A Wizard of Oz series—Dorothy, Lion, and Straw or Tin Man, were $16 each, now $7.50, two for $12. Musicians, from fifteenth-century designs: were $8.50, now $4; in larger size, were $12.50, now $7.50. The Bell Ringer, leaded, 18 in. in diameter, from a beautiful thirteenth-century design, was $250, now $100; plus much more. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Glassmasters Guild, 621 Sixth Ave., at 19th St. (924-2868); Mon.–Fri. 11 a.m.–5:45 p.m., Sat. 10:15 a.m.–5:15 p.m., Sun. 1–4 p.m.; through 12/31.*

Showroom sale—You've seen these desk and stationery items around town in the better boutiques and stores; for one week only, you can buy them at wholesale, about half price. Plain and hand-painted canvas books with refillable note pads, retail $7.50 and $10, now $3.75 and $5; chunky note pads now $2.50; writing kits, with 30 sheets, 20 envelopes, and vinyl bags, now $4; cardboard-tube ballpoint pens, 25 cents each; handsome Nova colored markers, 75 cents each; an assortment of boxed Italian modern pens in discontinued styles (were a Best Bet last year), now $10–$20. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Stuart Harvest Collection, 95 Madison Ave., near 28th St., sixteenth floor (685-8070); Mon.–Fri. noon–7 p.m.; 12/4–8 only.*

Food and drink—PS 77 Café offers a gift certificate at 25 percent off. $18.75 will get you $25 worth of food and/or drink for yourself and/or a friend, for dinner or Saturday or Sunday brunch. Certificates are valid January 2 through June 30, 1979. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *PS 77 Café, 355 Amsterdam Ave., at 77th St. (873-6930); through 12/30.*

Pots and planters—Our typographical error changed the dates of the Earthly Delights sale last month, causing the management grief. The sale has been rescheduled for one day only, clearing away irregulars of pots from 3 in. to 3 ft. in diameter, plus urns, vases, bowls, and assorted decorative pieces for indoor and outdoor gardens, all for below wholesale. Prices for these seconds range from 5 cents to $150. Cash and carry only; all sales final. *Earthly Delights, 56-60 Sands Street, Staten Island (447-2728); Sat. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; 12/9 only.*

Underfoot—G. Fried is closing out hundreds of assorted European all-wool rugs in a wide variety of styles and sizes. Examples: contemporary rugs from Holland, 4 ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 6 in., $149; 5 ft. 9 in. by 7 ft. 7 in., $189; 6 ft. 9 in. by 9 ft. 9 in., $235; Belgian machine-made orientals, from $95 for a 4-by-6-ft. to $250 for an 8-by-11-ft.-6-in.; English Greeba rugs, rya-type, $49, for an approx. 3-by-5-ft.; also, one-of-a-kind rugs from Greece, France, and Germany. Delivery extra. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *G. Fried Carpets, 1285 Second Ave., at 67th St. (737-3700); Mon. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Tues.–Fri. till 7 p.m., Sat. till 5:30 p.m.; while stock lasts.* ■

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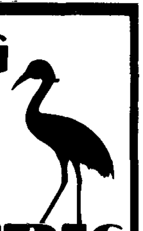

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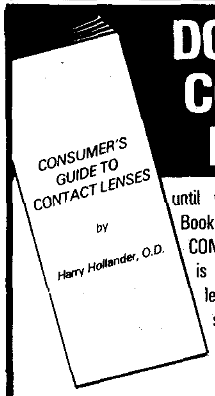
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Daniela Discount Shoes announces a Super Fantastic Boot and Shoe Sale. 1186 Madison Avenue (between 86th-87th).

Great Gift—Professional English Bristle Dartboard & Darts. THE DART STORE, 30 East 20th Street, NYC. 533-8155.

Handwoven India Silk Evening Wear—SHANTA FASHIONS, Suite 710, 527 Madison Avenue, Manhattan, 751-2810.

Exquisite Silk Flower Arrangements at paper flower prices. (212) 628-8051.

Nostalgic Clothing—Furs, Coats, Lace. JENTIQUE, 364 Second Avenue, 673-8208.

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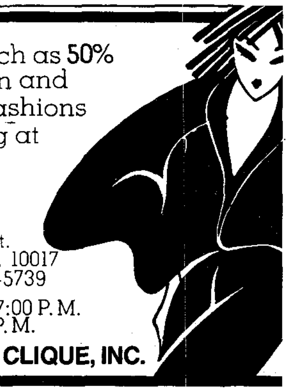

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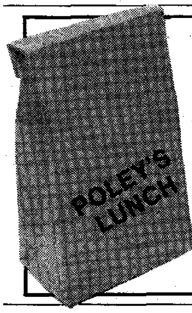

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Breckenridge—Five bedroom ski house. Car can be left at Denver airport for arrival. Sleeps eight - twelve. Decorator furnished. Five minute drive Breckenridge slopes. Near Keystone, Irapaho, Copper Mountain, Vail. Joyce (212) 532-5157. Write Breckenridge Properties, 134 East 38th Street, N.Y. 10016.

Ski House Killington, Vermont—2 shares available. Swiss chalet. Days (212) 391-8280; Evenings (212) 737-3568.

LAND AVAILABLE

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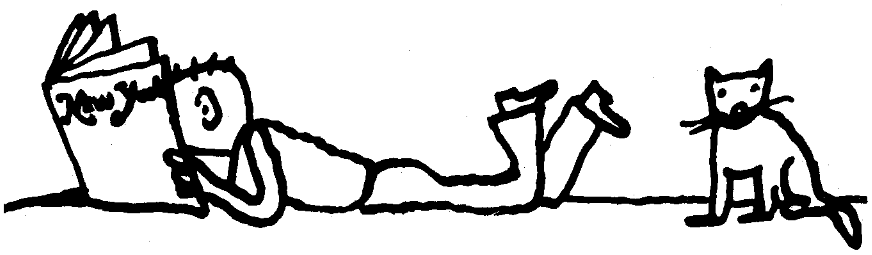

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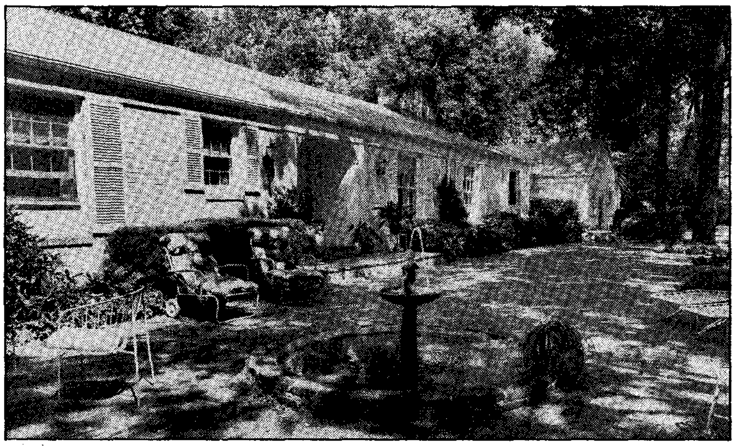

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Very large, light, airy, 2 bedroom, newly renovated, eat-in kitchen with dishwasher, French doors in living room & master bedroom, custom-made bath, track lighting in center hall & living room, other extras. Maintenance $343, $75,000. Weekends/Evenings (212) 624-6759.

East Hampton - Georgica Road

Gracious classic on 2 spectacular acres. Beautiful entry hall, living room, dining room, country kitchen; all with fireplaces, 5 bedrooms and more. PLUS: 25' x 50' heated swimming pool. PLUS: Cabana with 2 shower rooms, bathroom & kitchen. PLUS: 4 car garage or studio. $225,000. Adjoining acre available.

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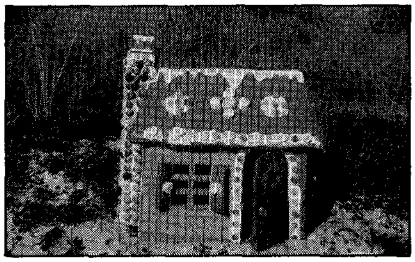

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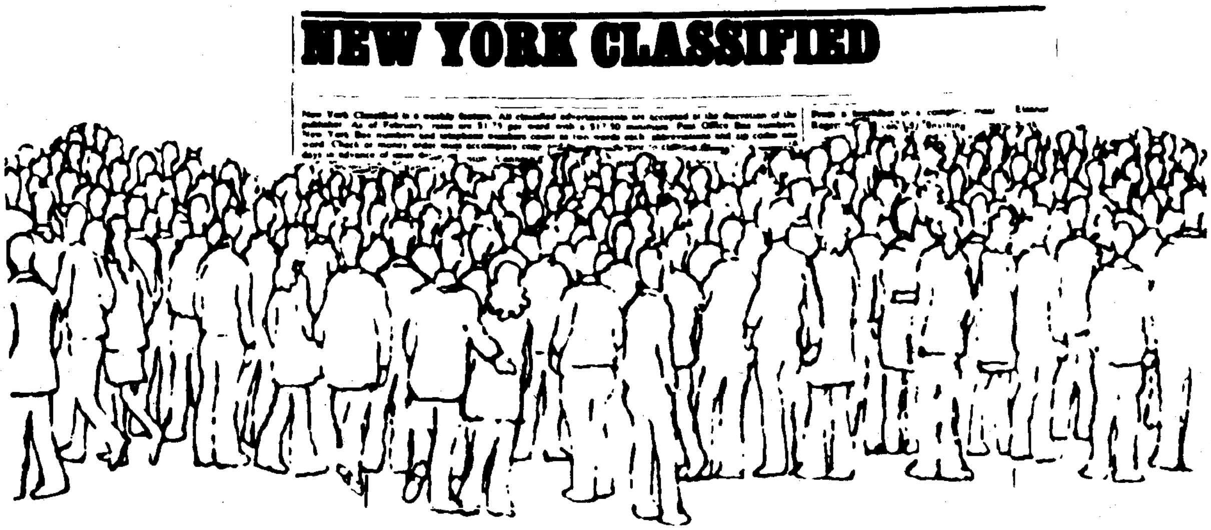

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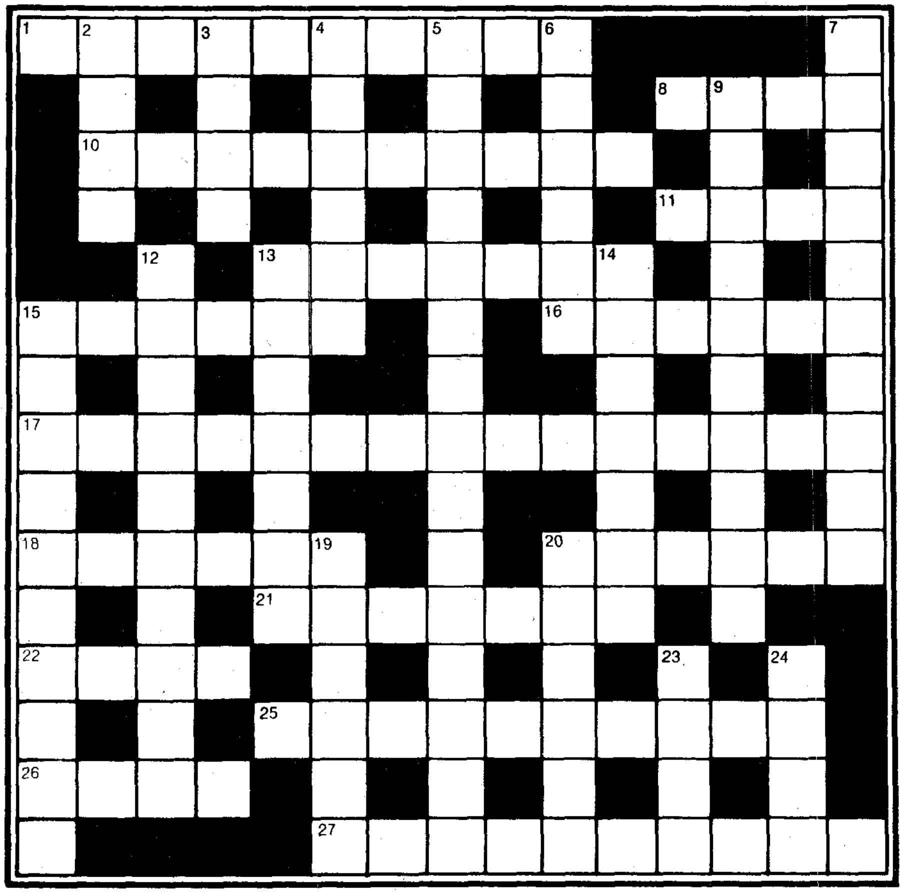

Clues

ACROSS

1 Without making alterations, spirit comes into the game. (10)
8 Mate in a top position in the navy. (4)
10 Not returning after fighting for a place. (10)
11 A friend's address is something precious. (4)
13 Place in Greece which is not rich in ruins. (7)
15 Wing which removes nothing from view. (6)
16 School used to break up on the farm? (6)
17 Dish for boy and girl in smart country. (7, 8)
18 Brings up being involved as sire. (6)
20 Sea-monster which makes a vessel turn back before its range of vision. (6)
21 Broken relatives kept in the outhouse. (7)
22 Blackleg who has a place in this cabinet. (4)
25 Gain roughly about a hundred in number when reckoning. (10)
26 Employer who appears in striped trousers. (4)
27 Select caps may provide fine sights. (10)

DOWN

2 Cuts for the sake of appearances, we hear. (4)
3 Girl without a standard. (4)
4 An inventor in bed is only human. (6)
5 Commoner's castle? (11, 4)
6 The truth about a maiden being comfortable for riding (6)
7 Went in again to discover no food well cooked. (8, 2)
9 Books a defender mentioned in the press. (5-5)
12 Expect one to appear before the head after a caper. (10)
13 Flowers for shells. (7)
14 Means of hoisting a man a short distance. (7)
15 Resentment about anxieties is kind of novel. (10)
19 Vessels used for punishment. (6)
20 The river has to know fishing gear. (6)
23 The record is between two numbers. (4)
24 After five the illness would be uncertain. (4)

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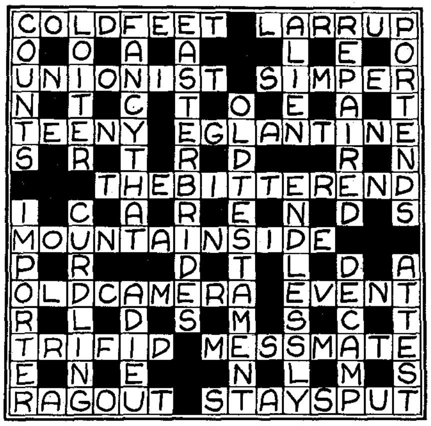
Solution to last issue's puzzle:



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NYM-12

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 337

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

Had Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward not been born, Billy beer might not have been born.

If Adam had not liked apples, Larry Flynt would not have been born again.

If MGM had not made *National Velvet*, Andrew Miller would be senator-elect from Virginia.

Above, contingent chronology. Competitors are invited to provide one example of an "If . . . then . . ." sequence based on well-known personalities or events of fact or fiction.

Results of Competition 334, in which you were asked for thank-you notes for unwanted or unsuitable Christmas gifts.

Report: Thank you for the giant entry. And small thanks for these repeats: Notes from M. Antoinette to Louis, Anne Boleyn to Henry for the necklaces. Dracula to Von Helsing for the sunlamp or mirror. Anita Bryant to United Fruitgrowers for the produce. Anwar to Menachem for the "candelabra." Spinks to Ali for the dental floss. And notes from Reggie to Billy, Sparky to George, Senator X to Tongsun P., Mommie to Christina, Joan to Olivia, Clark to Lois, Onassis to Galella, Bocuse to Perdue, Cleveland Amory to Ben Kahn, Henny Youngman to Marcel Proust. Thoughtless gifts included gloves for Captain Hook, knitting needles for Venus de Milo, and combs for Telly and Yul at Yule. Last (and there were hundreds of these), the thank-you notes from Larry Laiken, Miles Klein, Peri Crystal, et al., for gift subscriptions to you-know-what magazine. And I should like to thank all those who did not enter.

No individual prizes this week, but happy New Year and honorable mention to all:

Dear Parke-Davis:
Thank you for the prescription pads, but I already have . . .
Peter Bourne, M.D.
M. Weinberg, Fort Lee, N.J.

Gentlemen:
I am returning your unsolicited credit card. Don't you know who I am?
Howard Clark
Stewart Angell, Greenville, R.I.

. . . Actually, Aunt Sally, I'm already familiar with the magazine . . .
Larry
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

How inexpressibly droll! You cunning crazy, I can always count on you. A pet rock! A *pet* rock! Who ever heard . . .
Sisyphus
Mildred C. Doyle, Yonkers, N.Y.

. . . but when I said, "postcards, please," I more or less meant, uh . . .
Mary Ann
Kim Fuller, Miami, Fla.

. . . Although your gift of one year's supply of coal is much appreciated . . .
Yours, Reginald Hyphen-Smith, Chief Magistrate, City of Newcastle
Susan Salter, Southfield, Mich.
sp. mention: L. Garfunkel, NYC

Dear Major Adams:
. . . an Arrow shirt, how thoughtful . . .
Sincerely, Gen. G. A. Custer
Cassie Tully, Monsey, N.Y.

Dear Mom:
I appreciated the beautiful silverware, but it arrived already bent . . .
Uri
Len Elliott, Auburn, Wash.

Dear Jupiter: I can hardly wait to open your beautifully wrapped gift. Regards.
Pandora
John W. Survant, W. Los Angeles, Calif.

Prince Rainier and I have always enjoyed playing Monopoly and we thank . . .
Grace
Betty Bader, Scarsdale, N.Y.

From: Office of the Mayor
To: Andrew Carnegie
The City of Johnstown wishes to acknowledge the extraordinary generosity of your gift. In the years to come, the Municipal Swimming Pool, I am sure . . .
D. Mamet, NYC

Thanks for the lifetime membership card . . .
Francisco Franco
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

Hiya!
It was real nice of you all to remember me at Christmas after not seeing me for so many years. The lace and the rosebuds on the undies were real nice. As for the padding, well . . .
Dolly Parton
similarly: Sam S. Klein, Nikki Rachelson, North Caldwell, N.J.

Dear Frank:
Thank you for the framed picture. After finishing this letter, I am going to hang it on the wall where . . .
Your devoted brother, Jesse
James Feldman, NYC

Dear Dr. Spock:
It was most kind of you to send me a copy of your book. However, our views on the raising of children . . .
Joan Crawford
Anita L. Greenberg, Flushing, N.Y.
sp. mention: M. Weitz, Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Adolf:
Tanks.
Patton
Leo F. Schnore, Madison, Wis.

Dear Gadge:
An all-expenses-paid trip to your homeland . . . how nice. Unfortunately, my schedule is such that . . .
As ever, Billy Hayes
Joan Wilen, NYC

Dear Dorothy:
I can't thank you enough for the lovely bubble bath. I'd like to thank you in person. Perhaps . . .
Take care. Witch of the West
Mary C. DeBow, Pompton Plains, N.J.

Dearest Grandmother:
Thanking you for the necktie. What do I do with it?
Jawaharal
Charlotte Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

Beloved Elizabeth:
How much do I love thee?/I have computed the ways/O thanks for the calculator/What a heaven-sent craze.
Robert
Joan Falper, NYC

Bill and Emily:
Thank you for the book by Dale Carnegie and the seven-year subscription to *Life*, but . . .
Patty
Greg D. Rushing, Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Madame:
His Royal Highness, King Henry VII, appreciates your gift of your son, Lance, but wishes to return him to you, as . . .
Chancellor Thos. More
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Scrooge:
Thanks once again for our annual remembrance, but I must point out that we now have the new twins and little Ebenezer and Martha's four children. Being soccer

captain has given Tim such an appetite that one turkey simply . . .
Mrs. R. Cratchitt
Ross Allen, Bloomington, Ind.
sp. mention: Arlene Cohen, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Sheikh Agu Ben Saud:
Thank you for the truly vast assortment of perfumes. Unfortunately . . .
Lady Macbeth
Roger S. Jones, Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . for the handsome white onyx ashtray and lighter set. I feel sure that you are totally unaware of . . .
Yours for quitting, Jacqueline Rogers
Eleanore Padnos, Woodmere, N.Y.

To My Favorite Aunt:
It was so sweet of you to remember me. The year's supply of honey will last . . .
Lovingly, Mary T. M. Tinker
Laurie Grossman, St. Paul, Minn.

Why, John Warner:
Thanks for the lovely strainer . . .
Elizabeth
Steve Brody, Clearwater, Fla.

To: The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences:
Although I cannot attend the awards ceremony, I want to thank the members of the Academy for my Grammy. First a platinum record and now this! I never thought when I made the *tapes* that I would have such a hit on my hands. (If Dick Clark had asked me to "rate" it, I would have given it a fifty on the off chance that the flip side was a hundred. That's a joke; maybe *it's* two jokes.) There's no telling how good this might have been had I used really good equipment. . . .
Yours, etc., Richard M. Nixon
Robert M. Hunt, Cambridge, Mass.

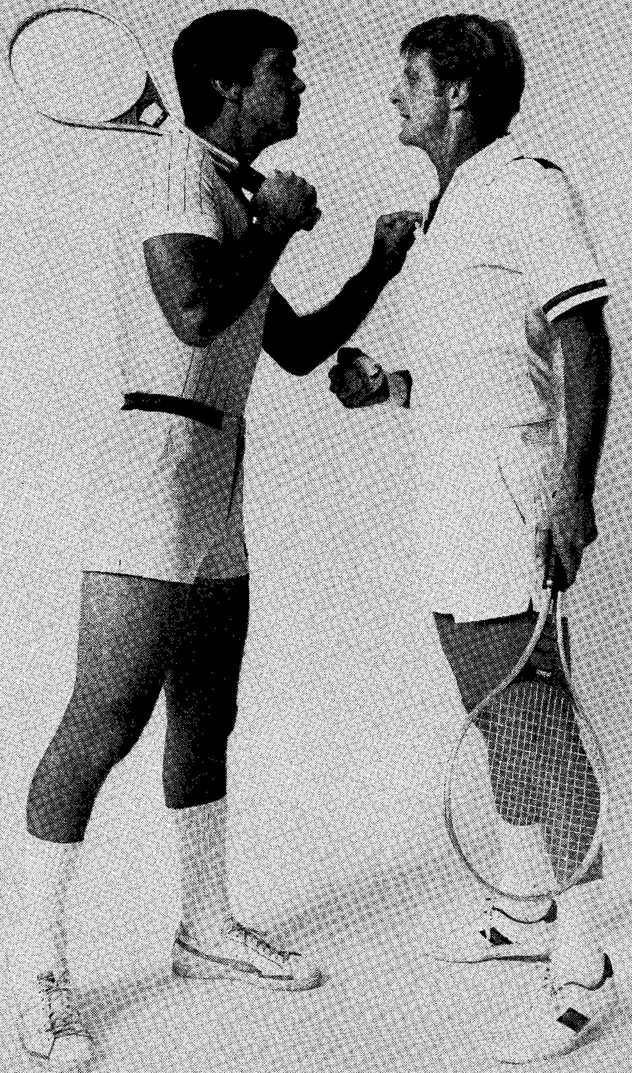
Vincent *chéri:*
I open the *petit cadeau* from you this morning, *alors,* thinking to find one of your *charmants* paintings. But you surprise me, *n'est ce pas? Merci mille fois* for this lovely *objêt d'art,* whatever it is. It appears to be a small pink ashtray, *hein?*
Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

From the desk of Arthur Ochs Sulzberger:
Thank you ____________________ for the gift subscription to *Not The New York Times . . .*
Debbie Simmers, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Rose Fogel:
I appreciate your sending me your book *My Daughter the Wit,* but I am returning your generous check, as I . . .
Sincerely, Mary Ann Madden
Jacqueline Fogel, Jamaica, N.Y.

Contest Rules: One entry should be sent to Competition Number 337, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by December 15. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York.* First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York,* and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of January 15. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards only.**

There's Bjorn vs. Jimmy, Martina vs. Chrissie & now, Dick vs. Howie.

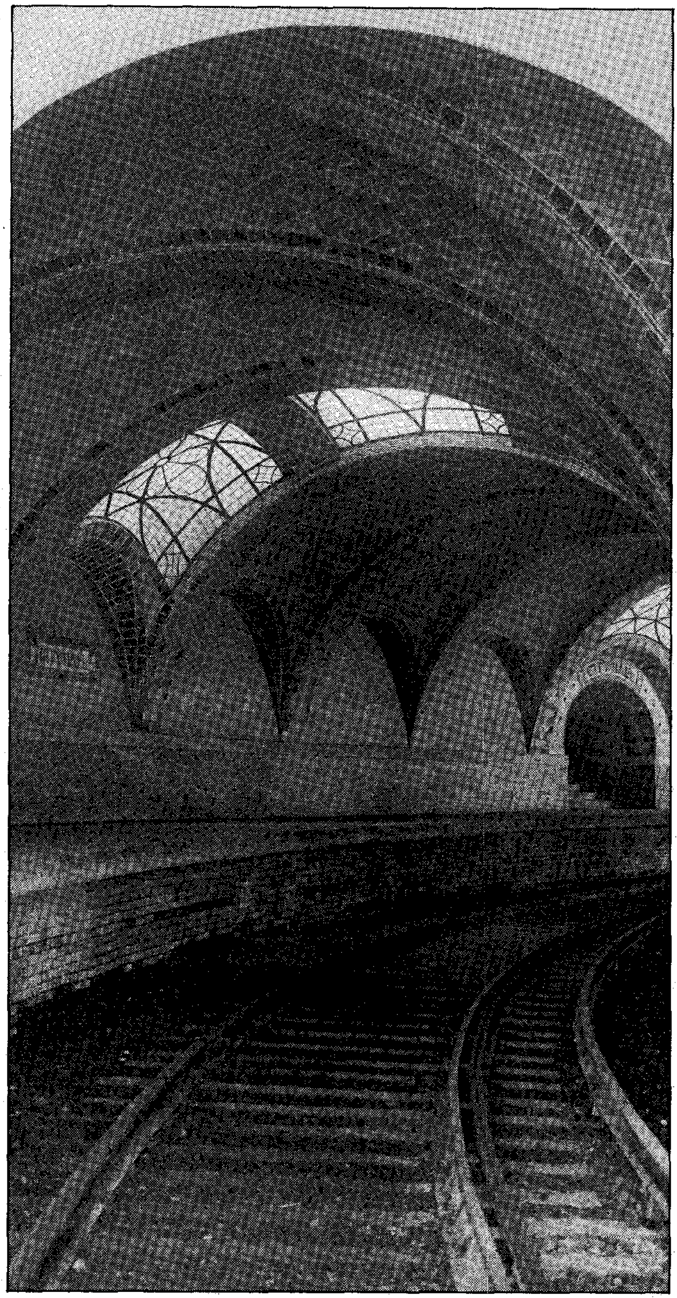


The great rivalries of tennis don't end when the warm weather does. They continue all year long.
Which is why Dick Evans of Port Washington and Howie Ripka of Larchmont decided to continue their rivalry, too. And when they did, they chose the only local spot truly worthy of such a clash of giants.
The Concord Hotel.
The Concord has the largest indoor tennis complex of any resort in America: Sixteen professional-level courts. This is a blessing for Dick, who for years has been superstitious about even-numbered courts but hasn't found a tennis complex large enough to indulge his superstition. Howie, on the other hand, has found he has the edge in evening matches ("superior conditioning," he says). The Concord is ideal for him since all our 16 indoor courts are open 24 hours a day.
There's a moral here for tennis lovers. Don't just come to the Concord with your favorite racket. Come with your favorite rival. Incidentally, since the Concord also offers skiing, ski touring, skating, tobogganing and a full range of winter activities, Dick and Howie also come with their families.
Which has given birth to another great rivalry: Dick and Joanne vs. Howie and Judy.
For details or reservations, write or call The Concord Hotel, Kiamesha Lake, N.Y. 12751 (212) 244-3500 or (914) 794-4000.
THE CONCORD HOTEL

Page of Lists/Daisy Edmondson

THE GHOST STATIONS OF THE SUBWAY

"...They are formerly bustling stations, now abandoned, and are dimly lighted, so you can see them if you know where to look..."



Underground masterpiece: *City Hall, with its tiled arches and vaulting, is the one stop you can't see from a moving train.*

Chances are that if you're a subway rider you've been whizzing past the system's six ghosts for years, probably unaware of their existence. These are not the spirits of the founding fathers of underground transit. Rather, they are the ghosts of formerly bustling subway stations, now abandoned and used for housing air-compression chambers and for storing lengths of track. To the artistically inclined they are graffiti galleries, and bums have called them home. The Transit Authority discourages both uses by keeping the stations lighted (dimly, for reasons of economy). So, with the exception of the City Hall station, you can see them now, if you know where to look, or you can wait for brighter lights: Some predict a return to the land of the living for some of the stations, perhaps as restaurants or discos.

1. City Hall, b. 1904, d. 1945. If you could stay on the East Side IRT No. 6 at Brooklyn Bridge–Worth Street while it swings around under City Hall Park to go back uptown, you would catch a fleeting glimpse of the city's most splendid station, designed by Heins and La Farge, the original architects of the Bronx Zoo and St. John the Divine. Staying on the train is proscribed, however, so you will probably have to wait for a possible reopening, when the colored glass, ornamental tile, vaulting, and arches can once again be seen by the public. One proposal is to reopen the station as a restaurant.

2. Court Street, b. 1936, d. 1946. This station may see more life now than it did when it served as the northern terminus of the defunct IND Court Street shuttle (HH), which has been described as "one of the system's bigger blunders." Few used it then, but now it is not only the Transit Authority museum; it is also the favorite of filmmakers (you may recognize it from *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*) and party givers (it's available for rental to anyone who can afford it). To get there, take the A or F to Jay Street–Boro Hall and walk three blocks to Boerum Place and Schermerhorn Street, or take the No. 2, 3, 4, or 5 to Borough Hall and walk only one block.

3. 18th Street, b. 1904, d. 1948. Another Heins and La Farge effort, though it's no competition for the City Hall station. It is visible from the No. 6 in either direction, but it isn't much to see. Apparently one entrepreneur recently saw something in it: He envisioned the station as a discotheque. Nothing has come of his plans so far, however.

4. Myrtle Avenue, b. 1915, d. 1956. This early-engineer-style station was once part of the BMT's West End line. It can still be seen from a Manhattan-bound D, M, or QB train. Start looking out the window as soon as the train pulls out of the DeKalb Avenue stop.

5. 91st Street, b. 1904, d. 1959. Noted as the most defaced station in the entire system—the T.A. suspects that kids walk the tracks to spray-paint its walls—this Heins and La Farge station can only be seen from a northbound No. 1 train on the West Side IRT. It is cleaned once or twice each year, so you may find very little to look at.

6. Worth Street, b. 1904, d. 1962. Perfect for the determined urban homesteader. Large space. Classic design (Heins and La Farge). Original detail, charm. Tile walls. Needs work. Must be seen. From the No. 6 train, between the Canal Street and Brooklyn Bridge–Worth Street stations. ■

We left
e North Pole. A case of Canadian Club.

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'Tis a great place to hide one for "the C.C. Season," we hought as we flew north. So we left our case of holiday cheer n the polar ice cap at 84°50'5"N, 63°55'2"W on April 25, 1978. Why April? Because we want to be home for the holidays, too.)

To find it, hire a ski-equipped plane and head north rom Resolute Bay in the Canadian Arctic. Remember, though, olar ice moves. So don't be disappointed if the C.C. has isappeared by the time you reach our coordinates.

There's an easier way to get your holiday supply of C.C. ust make a list of everyone you want to remember with gifts f Canadian Club. Then head for the nearest store displaying our handsome gift-wrapped package and say, "C.C., please."

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